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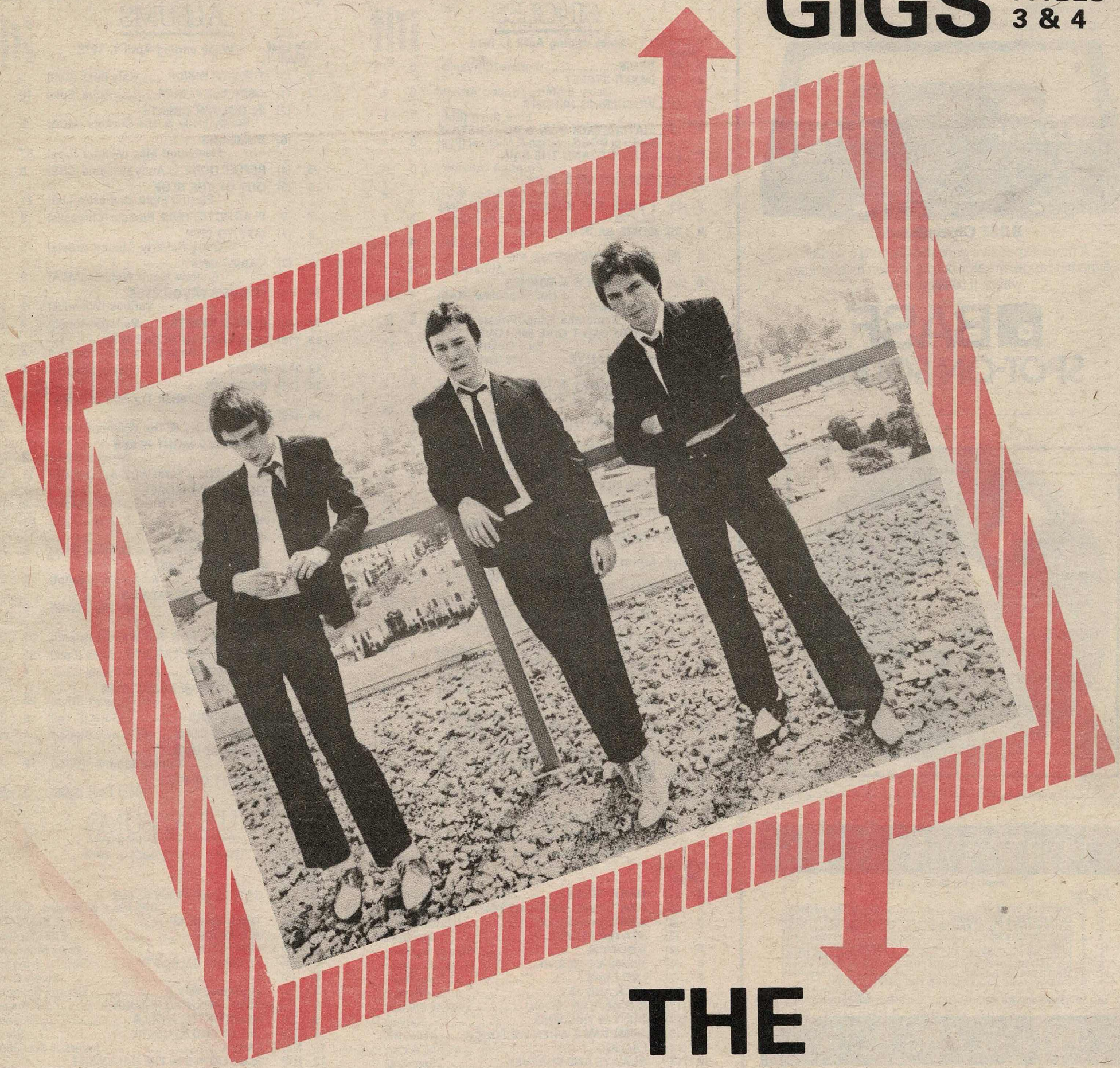
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

DURY, QUEEN, WILKO GIGS

PAGES 3 & 4



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 31, 1973.

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	TWELFTH OF NEVER	Donny Osmond (MGM)
1	2	CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE	Slade (Polydor
8	3	POWER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS	Cliff Richard (EMI)
2	4	20th CENTURY BOY	T Rex (T Rex)
11	5	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	6	FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
5	7	KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG	Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
22	8	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
7	9	GONNA MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE	Jimmy Helms (Cube)
18	10	NEVER NEVER NEVER	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 27, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
6	1	LADY MADONNA	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	2	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
1	3	CINDERELLA ROCKEFELLA	Esther & Abi Ofarim (Philips)
5	4	THE DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding (Stax)
2	5	LEGEND OF XANADU	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
11	6	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
15	7	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	8	ROSIE	Don Partridge (Columbia)
7	9	JENIFER JUNIPER	Donovan (Pye)
9	10	ME, THE PEACEFUL HEART	Lulu (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 29, 1963

Last week	This week		
2	1	FOOTTAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)
1	2	SUMMER HOLIDAY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
17	3	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
7	4	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
3	5	LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE	Billy Fury (Decca)
6	6	CHARMAINE	Bachelors (Decca)
14	7	SAY WONDERFUL THINGS	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
5	8	THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
4	9	PLEASE PLEASE ME	Beatles (Parlophone)
8	10	ISLAND OF DREAMS	Springfields (Philips)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending April 1, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	1
2	(3)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	6	2
3	(1)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	7	1
4	(9)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)	3	4
5	(4)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	6	4
6	(6)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	9	2
7	(13)	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS	Nick Lowe (Radar)	3	7
8	(5)	COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts (Magnet)	9	2
9	(8)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (Epic)	9	1
10	(14)	EVERY ONE'S A WINNER	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	4	10
11	(12)	EMOTIONS	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	8	11
11	(18)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	2	11
13	(11)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	8	5
14	(7)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	6	7
15	(26)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)	3	15
16	(—)	WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE	Real Thing (Pye)	3	16
17	(16)	LILAC WINE	Elkie Brooks (A & M)	4	16
18	(20)	I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA	Elvis Costello (Radar)	3	18
19	(15)	FANTASY	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7	14
20	(19)	RUMOUR HAS IT	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	10
21	(29)	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	21
22	(10)	MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	10	5
23	(22)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	5	22
24	(—)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	1	24
25	(17)	ALLY'S TARTAN ARMY	Andy Cameron (Klub)	3	17
26	(—)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	1	26
27	(—)	THE GHOST OF LOVE	Tavares (Capitol)	1	27
28	(—)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill (20th Century)	1	28
29	(—)	I'LL GO WHERE YOUR MUSIC TAKES ME	Tina Charles (CBS)	1	29
30	(28)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	2	28

ALBUMS

Week ending April 1, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	1
2	(1)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	10	1
3	(2)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	5	2
4	(6)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	57	1
5	(4)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	9	3
6	(5)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	21	3
7	(9)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	7
8	(7)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	5	7
9	(7)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	9	3
10	(13)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES	Various (Warwick)	3	10
11	(10)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	4	10
12	(18)	25 THUMPING GREAT HITS	Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	4	9
13	(12)	DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	5	8
14	(15)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	5	14
15	(19)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	2	15
16	(30)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	3	16
17	(25)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	11	12
18	(21)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL	Elvis Costello (Radar)	2	18
19	(26)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	61	1
20	(—)	IN FULL BLOOM	Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	5	20
21	(—)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	1	21
22	(13)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	9	7
23	(16)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	31	5
24	(23)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba (Epic)	91	1
25	(—)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	1	25
26	(17)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Riva)	20	2
27	(11)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	8	10
28	(22)	JESUS OF COOL	Nick Lowe (Radar)	4	22
29	(24)	GREATEST HITS	Donna Summer (GTO)	12	3
30	(29)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	2	29

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 1, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(5)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
3	(4)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
4	(3)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
5	(2)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
6	(8)	THUNDER ISLAND	Jay Ferguson
7	(7)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis
8	(10)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
9	(11)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
10	(12)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
11	(6)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill
12	(13)	FALLING	LeBlanc & Carr
13	(15)	ALWAYS AND FOREVER	Heatwave
14	(20)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
15	(17)	EBONY EYES	Bob Welch
16	(18)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates
17	(19)	OUR LOVE	Natalie Cole
18	(25)	THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND	Andrew Gold
19	(21)	FLASHLIGHT	Parliament
20	(22)	BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT	Gene Cotton
21	(23)	LADY LOVE	Lou Rawls
22	(9)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
23	(27)	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE AGAIN	England Dan & John Ford Coley
24	(24)	WHICH WAY IS UP	Stargard
25	(26)	HOT LEGS	Rod Stewart
26	(28)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra
27	(—)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
28	(—)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
29	(14)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME	Lynyrd Skynyrd
30	(—)	FOOLING YOURSELF	Styx

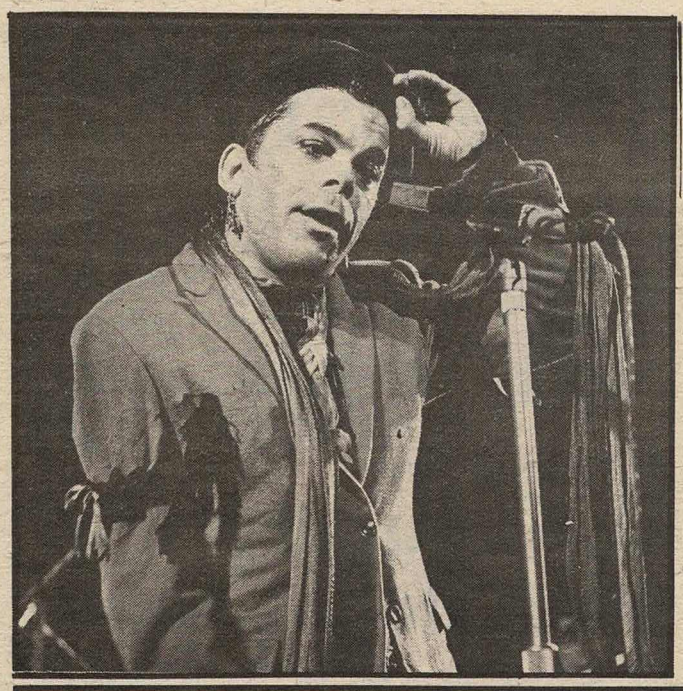
Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 1, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
3	(3)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
4	(6)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
5	(4)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
6	(5)	AJA	Steely Dan
7	(9)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
8	(8)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
9	(7)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
10	(10)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
11	(20)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
12	(14)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
13	(13)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
14	(12)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
15	(11)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent
16	(19)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan
17	(21)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
18	(17)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
19	(22)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
20	(16)	ALL 'N ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
21	(18)	WAYLON & WILLIE	Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
22	(29)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat
23	(28)	BOOTSY? PLAYER OF THE YEAR	Bootsy's Rubber Band
24	(15)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel
25	(26)	THANKFUL	Natalie Cole
26	(23)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
27	(25)	ENDLESS WIRE	Gordon Lightfoot
28	(24)	LONGER FUSE	Dan Hill
29	(—)	FLOWING RIVERS	Andy Gibb
30	(—)	TEN YEARS OF GOLD	Kenny Rogers

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

DURY TOUR SET

IAN DURY and the Blockheads headline a major month-long British tour in the late spring, taking in 26 dates nationwide and including two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon. There are two support acts, Whirlwind and Rico, to give the bill a package flavour.

Dates confirmed this week are Birmingham Odeon (May 11), Brighton Top Rank (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (13 and 14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Ipswich Gaumont (17), Canterbury Odeon (18), London Lewisham Odeon (19), the first rock show ever at Ilford Odeon (20), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Cardiff Top Rank (23), Swansea Top Rank (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Aylesbury Friars (27), Coventry Theatre (28), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (29), Manchester Free Trade Hall (31), Edinburgh Odeon (June 1), Glasgow Apollo (2), Newcastle City Hall (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Hanley Victoria Hall (6), Sheffield City Hall (7), Bradford St. George's Hall (9), Preston Guildhall (10) and Liverpool Empire (11). It's possible that one or two may be added.

Tickets are priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at all venues, except Leicester where there are no £1.50 seats — and Brighton, Cardiff, Swansea, Hemel Hempstead and Hanley, where admission is all at the one price of £2. Promoters Straight Music say that, in most cases, box-offices are already open.

Spex in record deal and first major tour

X-RAY SPEX, just back from the States where they played six sell-out shows at the renowned CBGB's club in New York, are all set to launch into the big time here at home. Now being handled by the giant MAM Organisation, they've been signed by EMI International, and this weekend they embark on their first-ever full tour of this country.

Confirmed dates and venues are Manchester Rafters (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Sandpiper (Friday), Liverpool's Eric (Saturday), Bristol Tiffany's (April 6), Plymouth Metro (7), Cheltenham Town Hall (8), London Camden Music Machine (10), Birmingham Barbarella's (11), Brighton New Regent (14), Bishops Stortford Triad Centre (15), Croydon Greyhound (16), Swindon Affair (17), Cardiff Top Rank (18), Manchester Middelton Town Hall (20), Wolverhampton Lafayette (21), Harrogate P.G's (22), Redcar Coatham Bowl (23), Blackburn King George's Hall (24), Coventry Locarno (25), Birmingham University (27), Maidstone College (28) and Shrewsbury Tiffany's (30).

Upcoming record product will be released on a specially created X-Ray Spex label, featuring the band's own logo. First single is one of their best-known stage numbers "The Day The World Turned Dayglo" — it's due out on April 14, with the first 15,000 copies pressed in orange vinyl and marketed in a full-colour sleeve. Their debut album is coming out later in the summer, and they'll be going on a major nationwide tour to coincide with its release.

POLY STYRENE of X-Ray Spex.

Essence of Vanilla!

SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES have a string of gigs during the next four weeks. They play Sheffield Limit (tonight, Thursday), Reading Bones Club (April 6), Margate Dreamland (7), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (9), Leeds F Club (12), Manchester Rafters (13), Tynemouth Maxwell's (14), Durham Denelm House (15), London Camden Music Machine (19), Liverpool Eric's (21), Huddersfield Polytechnic (22), High Wycombe Town Hall (24) and Birmingham Barbarella's (25).

● The Vibrators appear in BBC2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" next Tuesday (4), on the same bill as Patti Smith . . . and The Boomtown Rats guest in London Weekend's "Our Show" this Saturday morning (1).

CHERRY VANILLA is back in Britain to promote her debut album and prepare for European and British tours. She arrived just before Easter with co-writer and guitarist Louis Lepore, and is currently rehearsing her new stage act with her band — Zecca Esquibel (keyboards), Michael Mancuso (drums) and Howie Finkel (bass). The album "Bad Girl" is released on April 7, and will be the subject of a massive promotion campaign by RCA, including commercial radio and national press advertising.

The European tour starts in Paris on April 10 and continues for a month through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Sweden and Norway. This will be followed by a three-week British tour — including a major London venue and shows in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester — and the full itinerary will be announced shortly.

A Flamin' May

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES return to Britain in May for a lengthy tour, and they'll be bringing over their Sire Records stablemates Radio Birdman as support act. They play a series of gigs on the Continent before arriving in this country, and are scheduled to open here on May 11. Dates and venues are being finalised by the Nems Agency, and are expected to be announced in a week or two. With their new single "Feel A Whole Lot Better" just out, their latest album "Flamin' Groovies Now" is issued through Phonogram on April 7, and their two-year-old single "Shake Some Action" is being re-activated.

THE CAPTAIN GOES DUTCH

THE DAMNED's former bassist, the notorious Captain Sensible, has flown to Amsterdam to join new band The Softies. They were formed late last year by one-time Beatles chauffeur and ex-Damned manager Michael "Big Mick" Smith, with the financial support of Dutch "sex king" Jan Bik. They've already built up a large following over there, but at the moment have no plans to play in Britain. The Captain and ex-Damned drummer Rat Scabies are featured on The Softies' dubut album, due for release in late April by the Dutch company Basart. The Captain will, however, be returning to London for The Damned's farewell concert at the Rainbow on April 8.

The Doctors Of Madness have set their first dates since ex-Damned singer Dave Vanian joined the line-up (reported by NME last week). These are at London Marquee (this Sunday, April 10 and 16), Manchester Rafters (11), Scarborough Penthouse (14) and Bishops Stortford Triad Centre (15). Others are at present being finalised.

Wilko blasts round Britain

WILKO JOHNSON sets out next week on his first major UK tour with his new band. So far 27 dates have been confirmed, but several more have still to be added. And immediately after the tour, they go into the studios to record their first album and single under their new deal with Virgin.

Confirmed dates are Cromer West Runton Pavilion (April 7), St Albans City Hall (8), Swansea Circles Club (100), Cardiff Top Rank (11), Cambridge Corn Exchange (14), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (15), Redcar Coatham Bowl (16), Blackpool Jenkinson's (17), Manchester Rafters (18), Sheffield Polytechnic (19), Bristol Tiffany's (20), Keighley Victoria Hall (21), Wigan Casino (22), Plymouth Castaways (24), London Camden Music Machine (26), Doncaster Outlook (27), Newcastle Mayfair (28), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (29) and Fife St Andrew's University (30).

The tour continues in May at Edinburgh Tiffany's (1), Liverpool Eric's (2), Retford Porterhouse (5), Bradford University (6), London Marquee (9 and 10), Birmingham Barbarella's (13) and Reading Top Rank (14).

● Steve Hillage has now announced the line-up of his new band for his 30-date British tour, reported last week. It features ex-Krakatoa drummer Andy Anderson, Ex-Global Village and Man bassist John McKenzie, and former Hillage sideman Christian Boule on guitar.

Swarbrick concerts

DAVE SWARBRICK and Friends headline a string of seven major concerts during April, highlighted by a major London appearance at the Rainbow. The billing "Friends'" hides the identity of an all-star backing, comprising two thirds of the present Fairport Convention line-up and several past members of the band. Dates are Reading Hexagon Theatre (April 7), Croydon Fairfield Hall (9), Malvern Festival Theatre (10), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Sunderland Empire (19), London Rainbow (21) and Cardiff New Theatre (23).

DEVO IN VIRGIN SWITCH

DEVO have been signed to a long-term deal by Virgin Records, despite Warner Brothers' claim two weeks ago that they had signed them. It seems the two companies were in competition, and Warners' announcement now proves to have been premature. Devo are now back in the States, but will tour Britain to coincide with their first Virgin album release.

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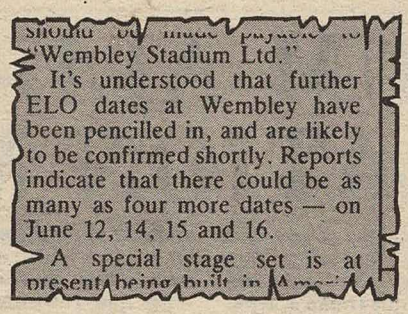
ELO extra; Foreigner visit

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA have now been confirmed officially for another four concerts at Wembley Arena (Empire Pool) in June — and the announcement of these extra gigs completes a remarkable scoop for NME, because they comply exactly with the dates forecast on these pages two weeks ago.

It was back in January that NME first revealed plans for the ELO shows, which were subsequently confirmed in early March — the dates in question being June 2 (a charity show), 9, 10 and 11. Then a fortnight ago, NME indicated exclusively that further dates were being set for June 12, 14, 15 and 16 — and now these also prove to be correct.

This means that ELO will be playing a record total of eight nights at the Wembley Arena. The four shows originally announced are now virtually sold out, but tickets are available for the four additional dates, priced £4.25, £3.50 and £2.75.



should be made payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd."

It's understood that further ELO dates at Wembley have been pencilled in, and are likely to be confirmed shortly. Reports indicate that there could be as many as four more dates — on June 12, 14, 15 and 16.

A special stage set is at present being built in A[illegible]

From NME two weeks ago.

FOREIGNER, who were named Best Band of 1977 in *Rolling Stone* magazine, fly into London to make their British concert debut at the Rainbow on April 27. The visit has been set up by Barry Dickins and Rod MacSween of ITB, and tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.25 and £1.50.

The London date climaxes the band's massive world tour, which is being filmed for an upcoming TV special. To tie in with their visit, Atlantic are releasing a 12-inch maxi-single featuring three of their biggest U.S. hits — "Feels Like The First Time", "Cold As Ice" and "Long Long Way From Home".

Three members of Foreigner are English — guitarist Mick Jones (ex-Spooky Tooth), Ian McDonald (ex-King Crimson) and drummer Dennis Elliott (ex-Hunter Ronson). The line-up is completed by Lou Gramm (lead vocals), Al Greenwood (keyboards) and Ed Gagliardi (bass).

QUEEN: FIVE ARENA GIGS

QUEEN return to the British concert platform in mid-spring, after an absence of nearly two years, to headline five major concerts as part of an extensive European tour. They play Stafford New Bingley Hall (Saturday and Sunday, May 6 and 7) and London Wembley Arena, formerly the Empire Pool (Thursday 11, Friday 12 and Saturday 13).

The Stafford shows both start at 7.30 pm and all tickets are at the one price of £3.50. They'll be available from next Tuesday (4) either by post or personal application from the Box-Office, New Bingley Hall, County Showground, Stafford. They will also be on sale from the same date at Mike Lloyd Music Shops, Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham), Hime & Addison (Manchester) and all the usual agents.

Special trains from Birmingham and Manchester to and from Stafford, and a bus shuttle service from the station to the hall, will be arranged.

Queen's FREDDY MERCURY

Wembley tickets are priced £4.25, £4.00 and £3.75, with all three gigs starting at 8 pm. Personal applicants take preference here, as they can buy tickets from 10 am this Saturday (1) either at promoter Harvey Goldsmith's own box-office (address below) or at Wembley Stadium box-office. Postal and telephone bookings will not be dealt with until April 10, but mail orders should be addressed to The Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London, W.1 (enclose s.a.e).

Queen have just finished a protracted and very successful American tour, and they open their European jaunt in Stockholm on April 12, subsequently visiting Denmark, Germany, Belgium. Holland, France, Switzerland and Austria, before closing in Munich on May 3.

At both Stafford and Wembley, they will be performing the whole show themselves, with no support act.

WETTON, JOBSON, HOLDSWORTH and BRUFORD

U.K. supergroup open debut tour

U.K. — the new all-star band whose line-up comprises Bill Bruford, Eddie Jobson, Alan Holdsworth and John Wetton — have their first album due out in a fortnight's time, followed by a major 13-venue debut concert tour culminating at London Rainbow.

The LP, simply titled "U.K.," is released by Polydor on April 14. As soon as they've completed their string of gigs in this country, they'll be undertaking tours of Europe and the United States. British dates confirmed this week are:

Southampton University (April 29), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (30), Guildford Civic Hall (May 1), Keele University (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Edinburgh Odeon (5), Glasgow Strathclyde University (6), Birmingham Hippodrome (9), Colchester Essex University (10), Lancaster University (12), Sheffield University (13), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (14) and London Rainbow (15).

BONNIE TYLER DATES

CHART STAR Bonnie Tyler headlines a dozen major concerts between this weekend and early June, interspersed with visits abroad, and the highlight of her itinerary is a prestige show at London Royal Festival Hall in late May. Her new single "Here I Am" is released by RCA on April 7, followed in mid-May by an album, still to be titled. She's got together a brand new band for her outing, comprising Steve Laurie and Gary Hayman (guitars), Kevin Dunne (bass) and Neil Adams (drums).

After playing Manchester New Century Hall tomorrow (Friday), Bonnie leaves for France and America. She returns to play four gigs in late April — at Northampton Salon (27), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (28), Eastbourne Kings Country Club (29) and Bedford Nite Spot (30) — before shooting off on a tour of Austria, Germany and Scandinavia. She's back again to headline seven major concerts — at Croydon Fairfield Hall (May 25), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (27), Oxford New Theatre (28), London Royal Festival Hall (29), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (30), Bristol Colston Hall (31) and Birmingham Town Hall (June 1).

RUSH COMING BACK TO U.K.

RUSH, now back in their native Canada following their sell-out British concert tour in February, will be back in this country in June. They're coming over primarily to cut their new album at the Rockfield Studios in Monmouth, where they previously recorded their most successful LP to date "Farewell To Kings". Although nothing is yet scheduled, it's likely that, in view of their proven success on the tour circuit here, they'll do a few live dates when work on the album is finished.

RADLETT GIG: COUNCIL BAN

PLANS TO stage a big open-air rock concert this summer on the site of the old Radlett Aerodrome, near St Albans in Hertfordshire, were thwarted last week when the local council refused to grant a licence. Top promoter Harvey Goldsmith had applied for permission to stage the event. The council committee said they were not opposed to rock shows in principle but, in this instance, they had to accept police advice of the congestion it would cause in the area. It's believed that Goldsmith is now concentrating on another site he has in view, near Brighton.

RECORD NEWS

● A double album called "Marc" and subtitled "The Words And Music Of **Marc Bolan**, 1947-77" is released by Cube on April 7. Besides all his hits, the set also includes a previously unissued 14-minute suite "The Children of Raarn".

● A new **Carly Simon** LP "Boys In The Trees" is issued by Elektra on April 7. It contains 11 tracks, nine of them penned or co-written by Carly.

● **Climax Blues Band** have signed a worldwide deal with Warner Brothers, who release their single "When Talking Is Too Much Trouble" on April 7. The Album "Shine On" is due on April 21.

● The new album by **Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow**, titled "Long Live Rock'n'roll", is at last scheduled for April 14 release by Polydor. The single of the same name was issued last week.

● **Roger Glover's** new album "Elements" is issued by Polydor on April 14. He's been working on it spasmodically for two years, since the release fo his highly acclaimed "Butterfly Ball" set.

● A live album is being recorded during April 17 week at East London's leading pub rock venue, the Bridge House in Canning Town, for release through the independent Mascot label. Bands featured include **Filthy McNasty, Remus Down Boulevard, S.A.L.T., The Roll-Ups** and **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days.**

● The **Iggy Pop** double-A live single "I Gotta Right"/Sixteen", recorded with David Bowie during his first 1977 tour, is now officially set for April 7 release by RCA. His live album "TV Eye", with Bowie on half the tracks, follows in May.

COMMODORES LONDON No. 3

THE COMMODORES have added a third show at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 24, their two previously-reported gigs at that venue having now sold out. Tickets for the extra date are available now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

HENRY COW'S END IN SIGHT

HENRY COW will cease to operate as a permanent group in December, the tenth anniversary of their formation. Between now and August they'll be playing a series of farewell concerts throughout Europe, before visiting Cuba for the Annual World Youth Festival. They're planning a final celebration concert for London in December "with everybody we've ever known". The band have two live albums and a studio album coming out on their own label — and they say that, after the split, some of the musicians are certain to work together periodically in the future.

KNEBWORTH: TICKET NEWS

HUNDREDS of postal applications have already been received for tickets for the Knebworth concert on June 24, starring Genesis and Jefferson Starship, although NME pointed out four weeks ago that they would not be available until April 21. It is stressed that printing of tickets will not be completed until then. Applications already sent will be retained and dealt with from April 21 onwards. Meanwhile bookings may continue to be sent to "Knebworth Concert", 28 Strutton Ground, London SW1. Advance tickets are £5.50.

GONG RE-SET

GONG, who were forced to postpone their Easter Sunday concert at Hammersmith, have now re-scheduled it for another London venue — the Piccadilly Theatre on Sunday, April 16. They also guest in BBC-2's "Whistle Test" on April 11.

NEWS BRIEFS

THE RICH KIDS play a major London gig at the Lyceum in the Strand on Wednesday, April 26. All tickets are £1.75, available now.

SLADE have slotted in extra dates at Ashington Regal Cinema (this Sunday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (April 5) and Sunderland Empire (12). Chesterfield Aquarius moves from April 5 to 11, and Bedford Nite Spot (this Sunday) is cancelled.

TRAPEZE play their last gigs at Liverpool Rock Garden (this Saturday) and Harrogate P.G.'s (April 8), before going into the studio to re-mix their new album with producer Jimmy Miller. A nationwide tour follows in early summer to coincide with the LP's release.

TONY McPHEE is currently auditioning for a multi-instrumentalist to bring his new band Terraplane up to quartet size. Latest gigs are Bognor Ocean Bars (April 7), Newport Village (21), Wolverhampton Lafayette (28), Dudley J.B.'s (29), Chelmsford City Tavern (May 5) and Manchester Rafters (20).

SHOWADDYWADDY headline a one-off concert at the London Palladium next Monday (3). Tickets range from £1.50 to £3.50.

FRANKIE MILLER and his band are showcased in "Sight And Sound In Concert" on BBC-2 and Radio 1 this Saturday (1).

THE SHIRTS were forced to call off their projected one-off gig at London Camden Dingwall's on Easter Monday, owing to singer Annie Golden's recording and filming commitments. But they hope to be performing here later in the year.

CHUCK BERRY is being negotiated for a British concert tour in the late summer or early autumn. No other details are yet available.

STEEL PULSE play their first major headlining concert in London at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, April 23. Support acts have still to be confirmed.

ROBERT GORDON AND LINK WRAY are being lined up for a second British tour from June 12 to 30 inclusive, to promote their recently released album "Fresh Fish Special". Details are expected in a few weeks.

PALLADIUM ALL-STARS: CANCELLATION MYSTERY

MYSTERY still surrounds the cancellation last week of the all-star super show, planned for the London Palladium during the first half of May. Barry White, Diana Ross, Gladys Knight & The Pips, The Carpenters, Helen Reddy, Perry Como, Petula Clark and Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme were among the artists involved, all playing either one or two nights each.

Billed as "The Golden Festival Of Stars," the series was intended to mark the 50th birthday of cross-Channel ferry operators Townsend Thorensen, who were sponsoring it to the tune of around £500,000.

But the project has caused numerous complaints from the public because, since it was announced in January, tickets have only been available to people paying for a return booking to the Continent (for a car and two adults) on one of the group's ferries. Any remaining tickets were to have gone on sale to the general public from April 1.

But now Townsend Thoresen have scrapped the whole venture and, beyond saying that the decision was due to "severe and unforeseen difficulties," they are not prepared to elaborate on what went wrong. A spokesman would only comment: "We felt it was not in the best interests of the public to continue."

There are no immediate plans to bring over any of the artists through an alternative promoter, although Barry White and Gladys Knight are among those who can be expected to visit Britain later in the year.

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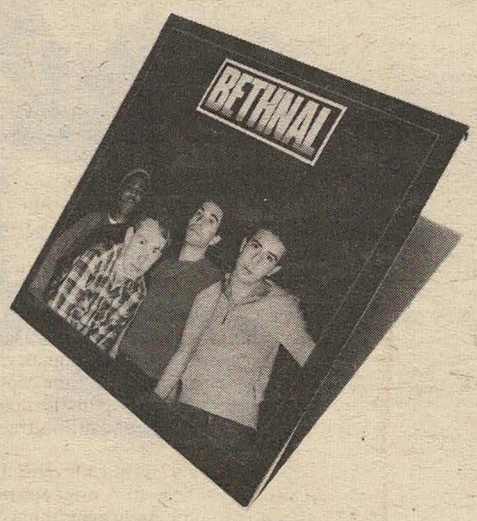

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VERTIGO

By PAUL MORLEY

A WOMAN'S PLACE . . .

. . . IS IN THE TOME

ARTHUR RIMBAUD, the late 19th Century French poet who dreamt of 're-creating life through his words' and whose work helped inspire poetic Symbolism, Dadaism and Surrealism, decided that women would be the great poets of the future:

"These poets will exist when the age-long slavery shall have ended, when she will be able to live by and for herself: when man — hitherto abominable — having given her her freedom, she will be a poet too. Women will discover the unknown, will her word be different from ours? She will discover things that will be strange and unfathomable, repulsive, and delicate. We shall take them from her and we shall understand them."

LENNY KAYE: ". . . there's not anyone in this band that doesn't accept the kind of affility, the bend of the knee, the humility that comes with working with her, because she is the best. We feel very honoured to work with her. She's great and she's a lot of fun."

THE PATTI Smith Group are touring Europe, their first dates since Patti Smith fell off stage a year ago during the song "Ain't It Strange", which contains a section where the group chop out an irregular, jagged rhythm for Smith to become dizzy and sway around to.

A pinnacle of performance, as if a Pain Barrier was attained — and Smith, dizzy beyond control, crashed and broke her neck.

Since then, she has struggled mentally and physically but ever optimistically. Her group prepared themselves for her return, rehearsing every day, introducing new songs, aware that what they had was unique and great and that there was no possible way they could lose it.

That they have survived, to continue to re-discover their growth-exploration process is a tribute to the strength of Patti Smith and her group, a testament to their pure commitment to their Art.

LENNY KAYE: "Y'know, all of us feel hopeful that, y'know past the first couple of nights where you don't think that you're gonna play a good show again, now we know that we can play great shows, now it's just a question of how great we can get . . . it's the same trajectory that we were on when the accident happened, we were pushing and pushing, getting higher and higher, and now we're on that path again there's going to be a time in the next few months when we hit that moment again and then the trick is to transcend that and go a bit further.

"The trick is when Patti is off that stage to do something in the music that reaches out and grabs her by the scruff of the neck and hold her back. It can be done."

I FLY over to Germany to see The Patti Smith Group and see them working — finding themselves before their important upcoming British and American dates, during which their true worth should be established. Sunday night, seven days before Easter Sunday, the group are playing the dirty, pert, industrial town of Dortmund.

Dortmund is an 80 kilometre drive from Dusseldorf Airport, and when I reach the hotel I find that the Patti Smith entourage have yet to arrive from their previous day's date.

I figure I can snatch a brief sleep. When I awake and stumble downstairs there are American drawls in the reception.

Patti stands in the foyer, surrounded by attentive people, looking precious. Wooly tights hug her twig-legs; she wears a loose-fitting three quarter length toothcomb pattern jacket, awful garish-luminous orange and green baseball boots, a bowler hat shoved deep down on her forehead so that her scraggy long hair falls out like mild dreadlocks.

She spots me. "You the English guy? You're coming with us."

It's Palm Sunday and we go to church — a driver, Smith, her friend and aide Andi Ostrowe, and me.

Ridiculously, there's trouble finding a church that's open but eventually a Catholic one is discovered, full of people in calm celebration momentarily alarmed as Smith stalks bizarrely and purposefully to a pew. Eyes drag away from the unusual sight as it soon becomes apparent that Smith means no harm.

There is worshipping, a sense of occasion that Smith, in her garb, with her intentions, oddly emphasises. The congregation and Smith worship different things, but they worship. Together, fleetingly.

Smith exits quickly, and I follow ashamed at my incredulity at what happened. As we leave the congregation sings a hymn, deep and rising.

A softly delighted Smith observes in the car going back to the hotel: "I like fast contact, none of this regular prayer. The best thing was hearing those people sing."

LENNY KAYE: "For me and Patti it's been seven years, a lot of it spent figuring out and defining what we were doing and trying to understand what we're about.

"I mean, I can't say that seven years ago we came together with a big scheme to have a successful rock'n'roll band — if you'd have told either of us what was in store we wouldn't have believed you.

"We didn't want money, we didn't want fame, we didn't even believe we could have a rock'n'roll band. All we wanted was a chance to do our art without anyone telling us what to do . . . everyone in the band is really committed to that.

Our dream is really to be the best and we realise that to be the best requires work."

I WALK the few hundred yards from hotel to hall for the soundcheck with Lenny Kaye, whose acute and thoughtful observations form the framework for this piece; the perspective.

At the turn of the decade he was one of rock'n'roll's more conscientious and believable journalists, and is still an editor on the photo-publication *Rock-Scene,* his thirst and keenness for rock still mighty. A real fan.

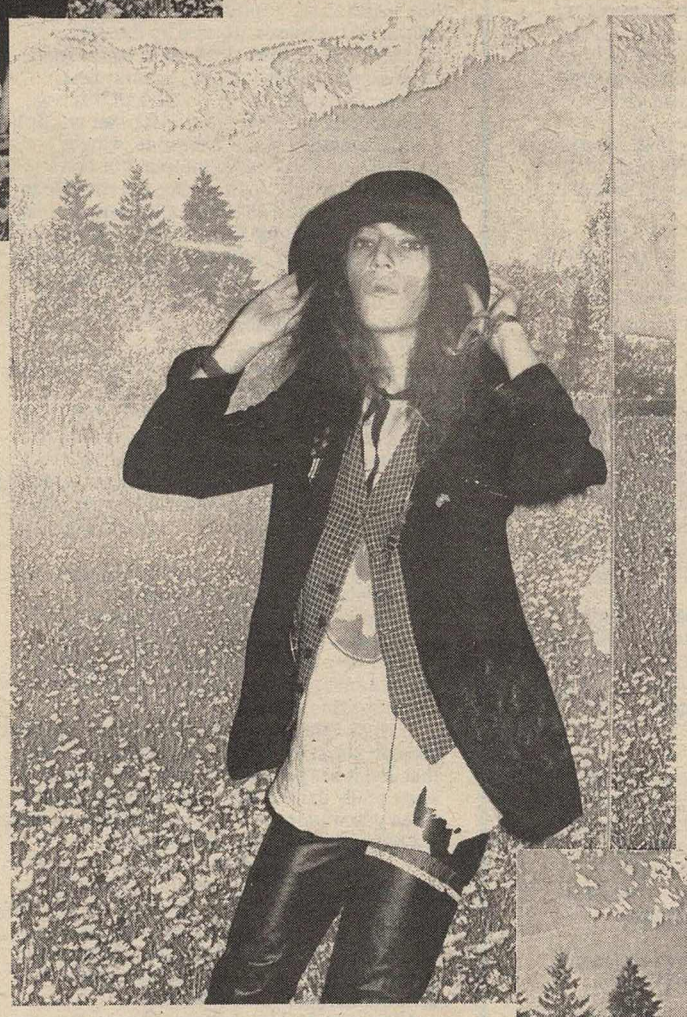
An acknowledged expert on real punk, he asks about new British Bands — and I tell him about Siouxie and The Banshees, Penetration and The Worst over which hangs a definite Patti Smith Group aura. But Kaye still eagerly looks forward to viewing Sham 69 and Devoto, and hearing the new Generation X album.

And, yeah, he wants to play those towns like Manchester and "the Glasgow Apollo. Pheewee!"

The soundcheck is 45 minutes behind schedule, which upsets Smith's fine balance. She strides into the huge barren hall straight faced and agitated. But there's a job to be done; she knows that, she's still polite but firm. A kink in the smooth running operation disturbs her but there are no tantrums. She concerns herself with getting things back on line. "OK Dave, whaddya need?" she asks the sound engineer.

The group run through "Free Money" and "Ghost Dance" and despite the huge emptiness of the hall, its coolness, Smith's transcendence is evident.

The soundcheck is quickly over, balance and smoothness regained. A brief episode that typified how ultimately everything, the group, equipment, revolves around her, because of her. She is the heart of an operation, a vision. She pumps . . .



Photos ROBERT ELLIS

LENNY KAYE: "Rock'n'roll is the hardest work any of us in the band has ever done. The physical toil, the mental toil, 24 hours a day that it has to be lived. It is an eye opener even to one as closely involved in rock'n'roll as I was as a writer . . . to actually go out there and live it . . . like it's almost that going on stage is the only time that you relax.

"But we like the work, we thrive on it. We organise ourselves militarily. We recognise that we have work to do; art to create and that's the hardest responsibility of all. It's not like put the money in the bank and show up at the studio for a couple of hours and that's it . . . it's hard work . . . but it's worth it, the most exhilarating work I know."

THE PERFORMANCE is due to start at about eight — a German obsession. The hall is closer to full than to empty. Speaking on a

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PATTI

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crude level, The Patti Smith Group do good business in Germany. They have a strong, fanatical audience, intoxicated by her mystique. At one gig tickets changed hands for 20 pounds, at another they drew 2,000 more than had ben optimistically anticicpated.

I stand at the side of the stage as hungry for the performance as the Germans out front. A roadie informs me that Patti Smith wants to see me. Strange. I'd assumed Patti and the group would've liked to have time alone in the dressing room before the gig, but what the . . .

I make my way down corridors to the dressing room, and warily position myself in front of Smith, fully conscious of her views on the press

She pulls me into a quiet corner. It's like royalty. She tells me it's a thrill having me there, asks if I'm feeling O.K., that it's great to have a friendly face in a strange town. She shakes my hand as I'm leaving. "We're counting on you." Shaking Dylan's hand ain't in it. . .

LENNY KAYE: " Patti Smith's like the focal point. . there wouldn't be a band without her. . all the individual personalities of the group are so different, as well as they are so alike. . . it's like, without her there's no focus. . . y'know, we function as a band, we don't function as Patti Smith plus X number of faceless musicians: we've earned the title to be The Patti Smith Group, especially over the last year.

"But without Patti, we just have fun. I think that's what we learned over the last year when we did a few jobs to keep us occupied, it was fun for the first couple of days, but after that it was like being a bar-band. She gives us inspiration."

THE PERFORMANCE is a mesmerising, sucking hole in time. The Patti Smith Group are crucially speculative, attempting to merge in some unholy communion the three most important 20th Century musical forces — rock'n'roll, improvisation, reggae — honouring the vibrant spirits of destiny, anarchism, surrealism.

The essence all these things have in common, and the power that The Patti Smith Group proclaim is: Freedom.

LENNY KAYE: "The concept of freedom involves much more than just freedom itself. . . it involves everything . . . the only thing that puts a break on it is responsibility. In our early days we used to describe it as madness with control, now perhaps it's freedom with responsibility, to understand what your duties are to yourself and to your art, y'know 'cos freedom just in a vacuum is nothing, it's like nothing, it's like talking about infinity.

"The concept of freedom only becomes real when you put something inside, when you start actually translating it into your own thought processes, y'know there is so much. . . I mean, we're going up blind alleys. . . but when people have seen us they know that they've gone through an experience, whether it's functionally pleasurable of somewhat painful or confusing or totally exhilarating as it is at the most ideal.

They won't forget that they've seen us, they've got something that will really stand on its own good, really proudly, which we fight for every single day of our life, 'cos to maintain that freedom, it's tough, not only from the outside but from yourself. . . it is a big burden to go out there and keep doing something great."

THE GROUP honoured "Jailhouse Rock" and "Be My Baby," played a long, long set starting with "Land" and moving from there, exploring, charging, through to an eerie translucent "Radio Ethiopia", a short energetic "My Generation" that floated through to some inspiring guitar playing from Smith.

A battered Fender slung sensually over her shoulder, accompanied only by dirge like bass plonking from Kaye, she coaxed and scratched and implored deathly wails and screeches from the instrument.

For five, ten, 15 minutes. . . it was timeless, dreamlike. Smith crouched over her guitar, ripped the strings off, finally leant it against its amp for concluding penetrating feedback. She can't play a note. It was beautiful.

The Patti Smith Group have grown — matured as their audience has expanded. The group played strong rock'n'roll, and Smith is finding her way back into performing. They are at a transition period: one more effort and they are *truly* great, *truly* special. Classical.

After the gig there's an honest appraisal of the performance by the group, a detailed post mortem. They probe, continually looking for ways to improve. Smith reprimands herself for trying to recreate former glories, upset at her obsession with her past.

I hadn't felt that. What I'd felt was that Smith had shaken away the influences that hung over the early days and created something as Powerful and Individual as those influences. She is now On Her Own, with the responsibility that entails. But she knows that. Knows about the responsibility. She has the experience and the perception. And the love.

We go back to the hotel, settle down in her room for a talk. Kaye joins us, out of confessed genuine interest in what Smith says, real joy in listening to her talk, the references, cross-checks, revelations, ideas that Kaye reckons will surface in her work in months to come.

She places herself in front of me, closes her eyes, draws breath, and gives the O.K. I ask two questions out of about 78 in my head. Her answers stretch out, explore, astound, discover. She seems to tap a spiritual energy flow of reason and unreason, throws up thoughts, half-ideas, goes down dead-ends, starts again. It's fascinating, bewildering, structureless.

There's enough on tape to fill half this issue. Offered here are brief areas. After her words I wonder what is incomprehensible, what is pretentious? Only our limitation, our fears.

"In my universe, performace is a struggle to communicate with all the people everyone, its like a very telepathic field. . . there are moments when people relax, but people feel that zeroing in is submission — dominance and submission are really just two sides of tuning in, you have tuning in in the middle, and that's what it's like.

"It's liking tuning in, the whole process of performing is like getting to that moment where you've tuned in, it's like tuning a radio. . . in performance I feel a lot of archaic energy, not necessarily overt archaic energy — maybe it's like watching a movie. Sometimes I feel like a human movie, y'know, like, people are watching a movie and sometimes what they forget is that they are also the movie that I'm watching, it's a two way process. . .

"Every night something greater happens, we take another risk, we go through one membrane, we've been through that one, so we're gonna push and push and penetrate another one, so if you imagine a long ribbed canal, a snake pushing out of its skin, you can really imagine that. . .

. . .snake shedding, and that's something I've thought about for years, and performing is like that and it has got some ecstatic moments and some really painful moments, some moments when you wanna die when you feel like a worm, the moments when you feel like god. . .

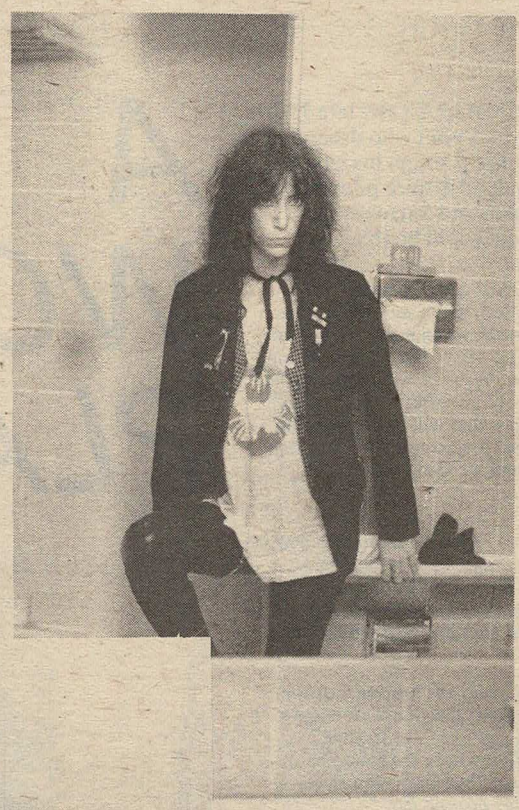
". . .going to church was supposed to be like inspirational, divine worship. It wasn't like going to a supermarket — you went in, you felt a seed together, you gave to the Lord, you gave. . . the whole church was like a sea, it's like that thing in 'Land', a sea of jelly, see inside of an archaic church, people believed.

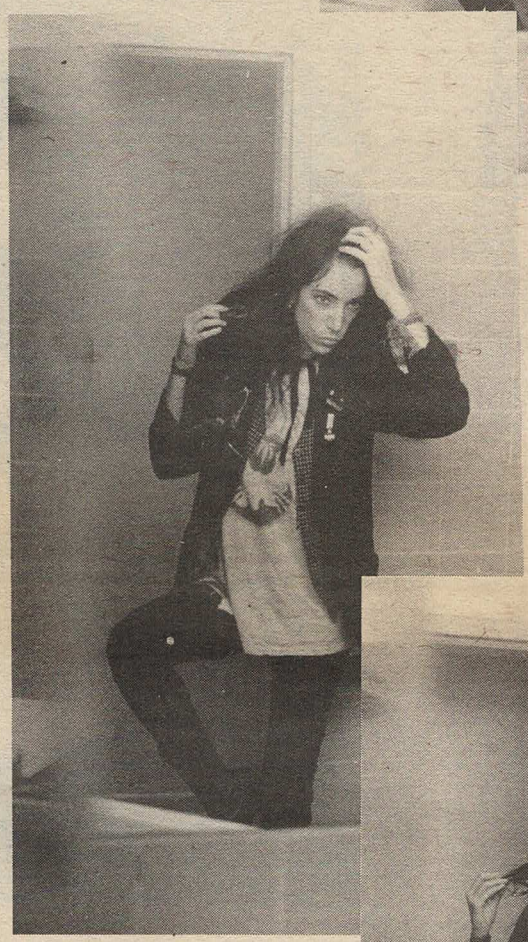
Now, people don't believe. They're just there! When they're singing it's sort of pretty. They do it right, but it's not ecstatic.

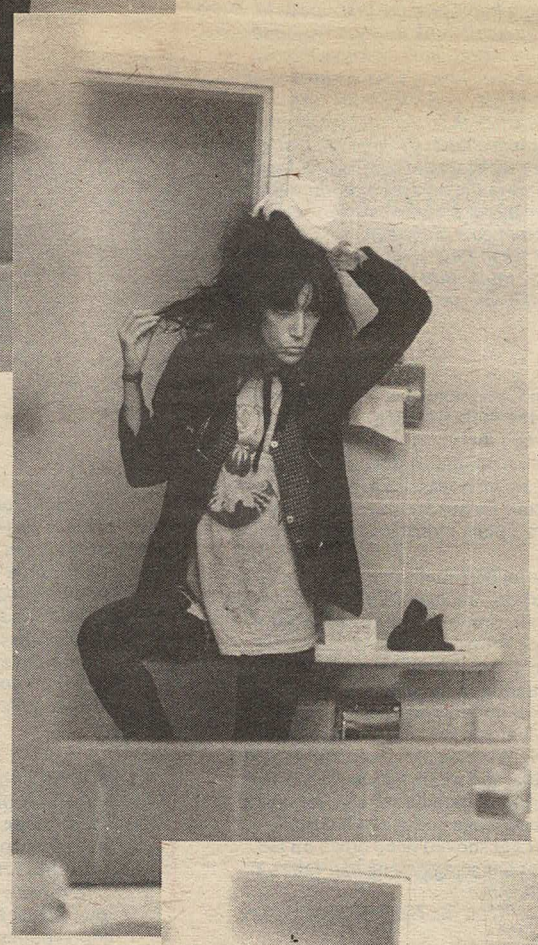
"I mean, church should be an expression like 'I did this all week and this is how I express my triumphs and my sorrows.' It should be a place of release: call it God, call it Buddy Holly, you should just let go, no special reason, just to take a breath of totally pure air where you're not prejudiced by what's polluted or what's fucked up, just total jamming, and that's what we support."

It's not WHAT you worship, but HOW and WHY. ". . .I don't seek ecstacy all the time, I don't want to be like some Hare Krishna weirdo, but there are sometimes when I don't give a fuck about anyone else, if they haven't gotten off, then that's their problem.

"I'm leaving — if they want to stay down there, they can, but I'm inviting them higher. I can take them with me. I mean, who wants to turn down a good drug. . .







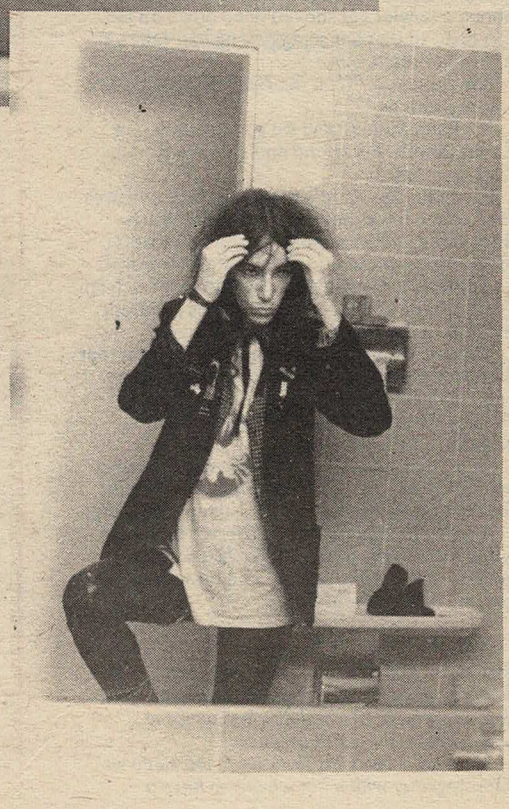
"I'm not trying to take over anyone's grandmother or kidnap their daughters, I just want to have moments where like were all into something, moments where we are shot by mutual belief, where we can grab hold of something. . ."

AFTER about an hour her brother Todd, head of the road crew, comes into the room. It's their mother's birthday. They ring her up in New Jersey. Patti is so excited.

"Hello Mommy it's Patti! Aren't you pleased to hear from me?" She talks to them for many minutes, getting all the news about airplay of the single, calming their fears, saying how good things are going. She digs her parents.

There's a lot about Patti Smith I've never realised before. She is a child, a disturbingly different person, wise and gifted. And she is a truly concerned human being.

LENNY KAYE: "And when the time comes that we're just going through the motions, there won't be any Patti Smith group any more and Patti Smith will be the first one to cast it into the Ocean and move onto something else."



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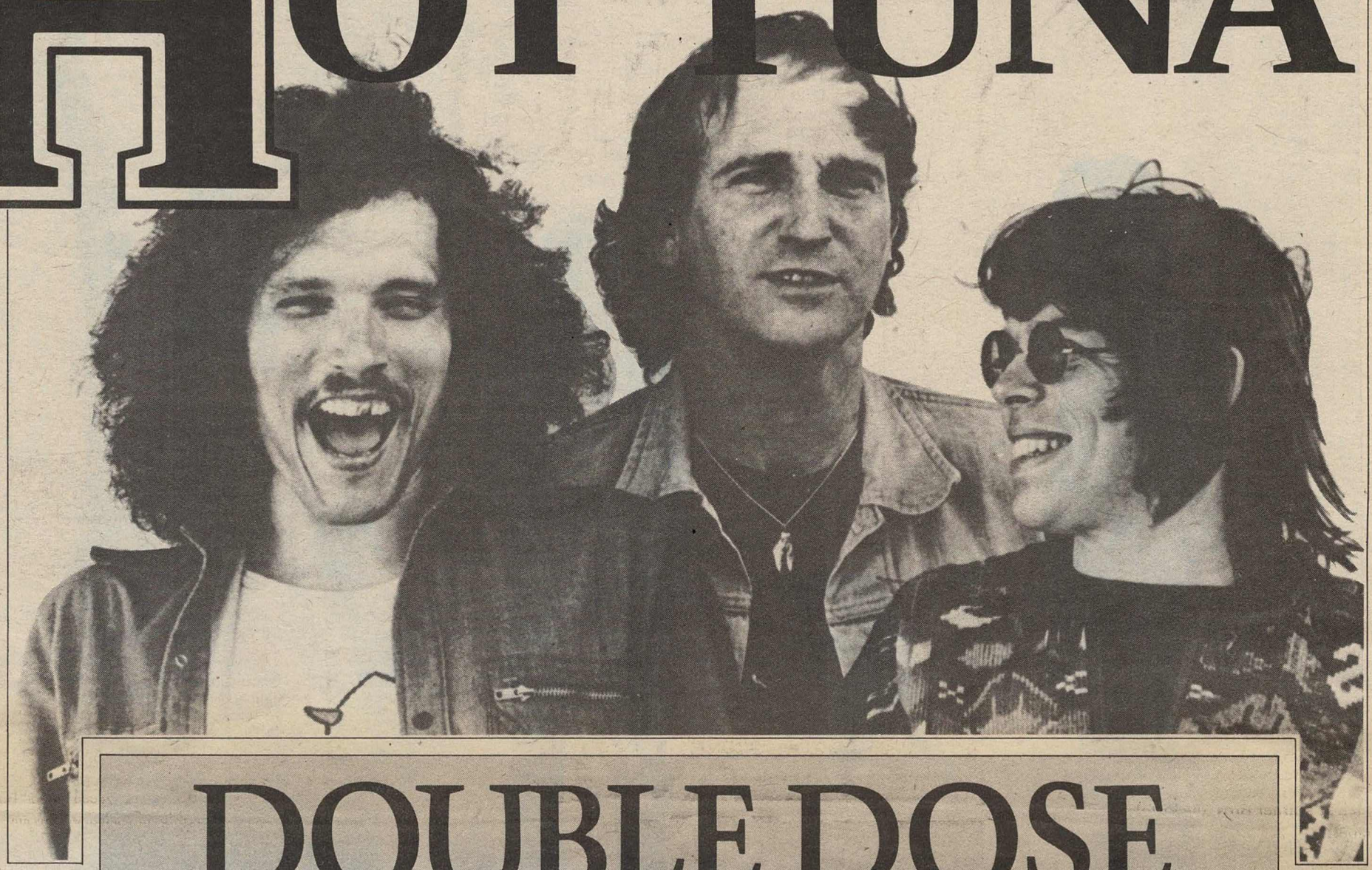

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SAN FRANCISCO – THEATRE 1839. Jorma Kaukonen strides on stage to rapturous applause. 'Okay . . . we'll do a few old timey numbers. Like to do a Jelly Roll Morton thing called Whinin' Boy Blues.'

Through Extrication Love Song, Serpent of Dreams, Watch The North Wind Rise, to Sunrise Dance With The Devil the band cruise on. And so does the audience – cheering, stamping, whistling, yelling. Until the final song. I Can't Be Satisfied . . . which seems like fair comment.

And then it's all over.

Or not. The concert was recorded for Hot Tuna's live double album, which is now released under the title of Double Dose. One side is acoustic, the other three electric.

As a record of the actual concert, it's about as close to being there as you'll ever get from a piece of black vinyl.

As a record of all that's best in American music seen through the eyes of one band, it's unique.

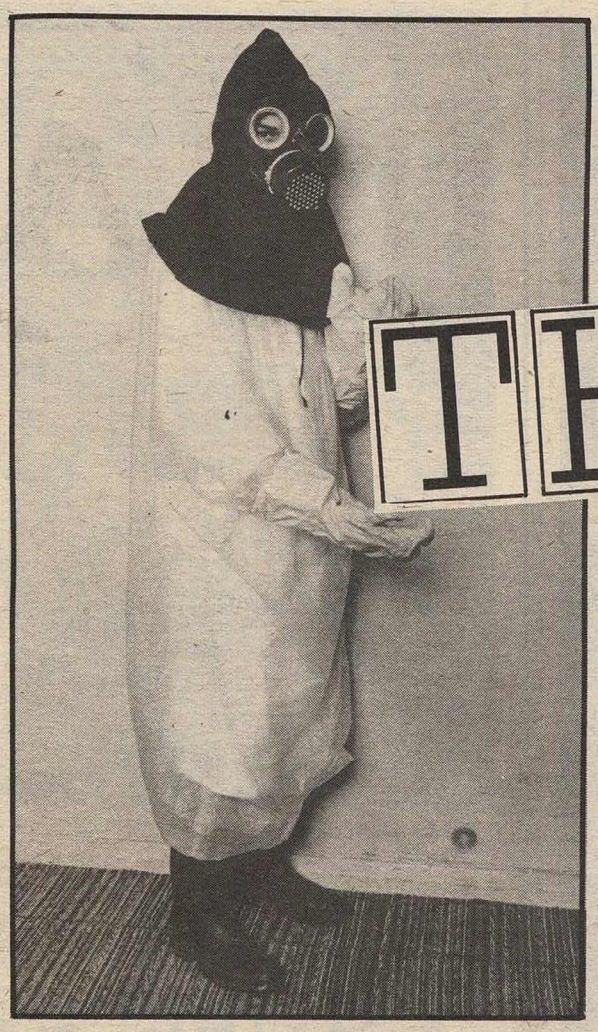
...all held together and heightened by his fluid glittering guitar work.

Which is what Hot Tuna have always been about. American folk music. Songs by Morton about the pre-war South . . . by Chuck Berry about '50s urban thrill and spills . . . and completing the cycle, by Jorma himself – songs about Haight Ashbury and after, all held together and heightened by his fluid, glittering guitar work.

The acoustic set ends and Jack Casady, Bob Steeler and Nick Buck – a new addition, on keyboards – enter. The music becomes more charged, more epic.

Hot Tuna: Double Dose
FL 02545 (2)

RCA



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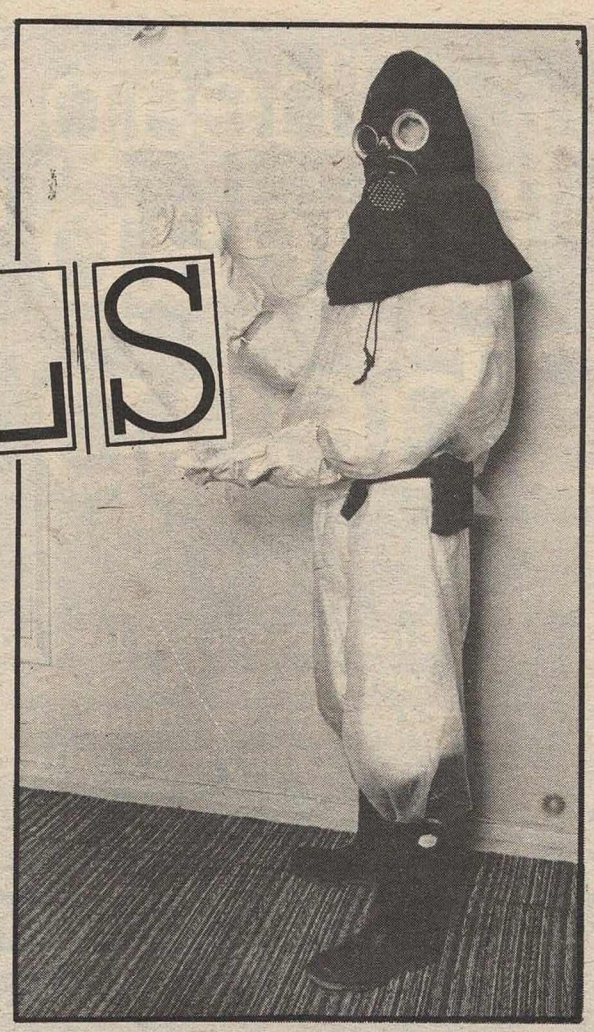

Pics: CHALKIE (full insulation, please) DAVIES

NME HAS GAINED exclusive access to a master tape copy of what should have been The Sex Pistols' 'memorial album' — "Anarchy In The USA".

It is now clear that Johnny Rotten's stop-over in New York after the Pistols broke up in San Francisco was actually designed to enable him to have top-level consultations with executives and A&R men at Warner Bros, the Pistols' American label.

During this period, without the knowledge of the other band members, was born the "Anarchy In The USA" concept, involving live tapes from the band's shows in the States at the beginning of January — Atlanta, Memphis, San Antonio and San Francisco.

Rotten flew back to London with the tapes. There he played them to Virgin Records boss Richard Branson, who expressed dissatisfaction with the sound quality. Nick Lowe, Phil Spector and Mickie Most were apparently just three of the candidates for remix duties, but eventually, at Rotten's request, the two of them — Branson and Rotten — flew out to Jamaica, where they hoped to enlist the services of a top reggae producer to knock the album into shape.

However, Rotten's sojourn in JA was less than successful, and he arrived home in London with a set of very rough mixes.

By this time Messrs Cook and Jones had also returned home from *their* jaunt to Brazil, where they had laid down a couple of cuts with Rio de Janeiro's most celebrated resident, Great Train Robber Ronald Biggs. These they left with Virgin, simply as demos, but Virgin considered one track — "Birds And Bees" — so good that they immediately added it to the "Anarchy In The USA" album.

At this point, with the album still in rough mix form — and with only Rotten, Branson and a couple of other WB and Virgin execs aware even of its existence — plans for its release went ahead. Covers were printed up (which is how *NME* landed the exclusive preview, after Warners approached photographer Joe Stevens to ask permission to use one of his shots on the sleeve), a tentative catalogue number was assigned, and a release date was set.

That date was April 1.

But then problems set in.

First, Malcolm McLaren learned of the proposed release, and promptly slapped injunctions on it to prevent the record companies upstaging the launch he had planned for the Jones, Cook & Biggs trio. (Malcolm's plan was for the 'New Pistols' to perform their debut gig during the half-time break at the World Cup Final in Argentina.)

Then Virgin, so they claim, got cold feet due to the dubious quality of the mixing — which remains unresolved. Also, they decided to delay in order to avoid hurting sales on the newly released Tangerine Dream album, "Cyclone" — "most Pistols fans groove on the Tangs," said a company spokesman.

"Anarchy In The USA" — thousands of these covers may never see the light of day.

RELEASE THIS ALBUM, VIRGIN!

Anyway, this is the 'unofficial' track listing of The Sex Pistols' "Anarchy In The USA" album:—

Side 1: "Belsen Was A Gas" (the controversial 'next' single which never saw the light of day), "Substitute" (the Who song which was a stand-out of their earliest gigs), "Anarchy In The USA" ("Anarchy" as we know and love it with just a title change), and "Pretty Vacant".

Side 2: "Holidays In The Sun", "Birds And Bees" (the studio track with Ronnie Biggs on vocals), "God Save The Queen", and "Bodies", which disintegrates into a hail of cans and feedback halfway through.

Judging by the extremely rough mixes we've heard, it's one of the most anarchic 'official' releases ever put out by any major record company. How they ever hoped to salvage anything listenable from the sea of sirens, explosions, bleeps, crowd noises, feedback and general chaos, Rotten only knows. The whole thing sounds like they parked the Virgin Mobile outside the hall and recorded it from there — which is, in fact, what they did.

The most interesting track, of course, is "Birds And Bees", where Ronald Biggs performs a superbly basic lyric in a toneless Cockney accent any punk singer would be proud of over an energetic, if somewhat low fidelity backing track. The chorus — which comprises most of the song — is brilliantly incisive: *"I hate the flowers / I hate the trees / I hate the birds / And the fuckin' bees."*

So what happens now?

The famous Al Clark, Virgin's stalwart press person, had this to say: "As Virgin Records have always maintained, we have no ongoing plans to release any further Sex Pistols artefacts in the foreseeable future. It may be true that an album by the title of 'Anarchy in the USA' exists. I have also heard 'Live Bollocks', 'Bollocks In The West', 'Bollocks Goes To Randy's Rodeo', Radio WB-OLLOX' and 'Bollocks — What Kinda Damm Limey Talk Is That' mooted as possible nomenclatures for as-yet-unheard works by Messrs Rotten, Vicious, Cook, Jones, Biggs. McLaren, Matlock, Wally and no doubt positive galaxies of session stars of the Chris Spedding ilk.

"That notwithstanding, any moves to issue any Sex Pistols record at this moment in time must inevitably be confounded by the veritable maze of legal transactions which are attendant upon the disintegration of any major rock band — and The Sex Pistols are no exception."

Meanwhile, Virgin boss Richard Branson commented: "Anyone trying to get a copy of this album is wasting their time. However, we do have some very nice Steve Hillage and Henry Cow albums, available for £1 off in all Virgin stores if you buy six copies of Mike Oldfield's boxed collection at the same time. . ."

In London, Warner Brothers refused to comment on behalf of their American arm — though the Yanks are supposedly most keen to get something on the market to recoup some of their enormous financial investment in the band. Their next project, apparantly, is to set up a duet between Linda Ronstadt and Johnny Rotten on a well-known Jackson Browne song whose title escapes us.

When approached by *NME*, Glitterbest, the Pistols' own organisation, merely commented: "Bugger off, you stupid bunch of hacks." Asked whether Malcolm McLaren was personally available for comment, a Glitterperson simply yelled: "We deny that Malcolm is on the planet, OK? Let alone in bloody London!"

APRIL FULE BOLLOCKS

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Cheap Trick

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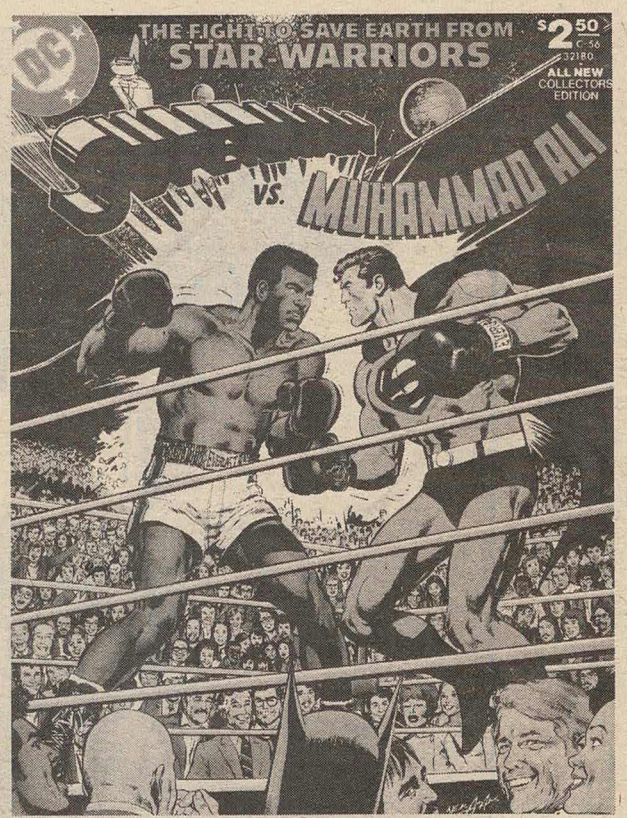

Graphics: NEAL ADAMS copyright National Periodicals Publications 1978.

ALI SHUFFLES OFF

IT'S A tough life in the celebrity exploitation business. No sooner have ABC Television in the States begun screening an early-morning kiddie kartoon TV-show dealing with the apocryphal adventures of famous boxer Muhammad Ali and National Periodical Publications (DC to you) put out their massive *Superman Vs Muhammad Ali* book than the sucker goes and loses his title to hip rookie Leon Spinks.

Will ABC and DC find their investment crapping out on them? Will Ali win his title back and thus prove himself a fit opponent for Superman? Only time will tell.

Incidentally, the comic — due to be imported over here later this year, undoubtedly at some ludicrously inflated price — is well worth the price of admission, seeing it is both written and drawn by Neal Adams, the finest artist that the modern graphic story field can currently claim (based, incidentally, on an original story by Denny O'Neil and inked by Dick Giordano).

Just to spoil your enjoyment somewhat, Superman fights Ali *without* his super-powers and gets pasted to pulp for his pains, but the story doesn't end there. Meanwhile, be advised that artist Adams has sneaked the likes of Jimmy Carter, Sonny and Cher, Liberace, Donny and Marie Osmond, Tony Orlando, Alfred E. Neuman, Batman, Frank Sinatra, Kurt Vonnegut and The Jackson Five into the above illustration, so if you've nothing better to do for the next couple of hours, you can have lotsa funfunfun looking for them. . .

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THRILLS

. . . OR DOES IT?

IN AN EXTRAORDINARY gesture of faith in its readership, *Gay News* has put itself in its readers hands to decide whether or not the paper should appeal to the Lords now that its Criminal Court Appeal on the Whitehouse Blasphemous Libel conviction has failed.

The latest issue of *Gay News* carries a front page coupon for readers to fill in, telling the paper whether they would support a further appeal, both financially and morally.

When *Thrills* spoke to *GN* editor Denis Lemon on Tuesday, he was still unsure what the outcome would be. It looked likely that he would appeal personally, but less certain that the paper would do so. They had until midday Thursday to decide; thus far, he said, the readership survey had been "very divided".

***Thrills* sincerely hopes he *will* appeal. The decision returned by Lord Justice Roskill and his crew on March 17, quashing Lemon's suspended prison sentence but upholding the conviction and fines, is plainly ridiculous.**

"A very timid judgment," Lemon euphemised.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

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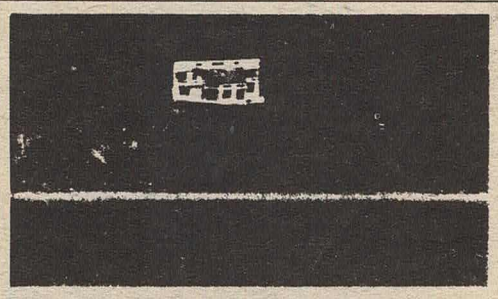

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THRILLS

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Lee Cooper and the Massiles?

DON'T BE A REDNECK ALL YER LIFE — IT'S LEVI & THE ROCKATS!

SO IN 1978 the old and the new become easier bedfellows. Rock undergoes, on the one hand, an extreme futurism, an uneasy speculation, and on the other, not so much nostalgia but more of a 'rooting-out' of forgotten archives, a dusting-down of obscure corners.

"Rockabilly cannot be revived," say Levi and The Rockats, "because it was never widely enough accepted in the first place."

Rockabilly (for those who don't know already) started out in the Southern states of America, enjoying a sort of local 'heyday' around 1953-54. It was a hybrid music, the bastard-child of an illicit liaison between the black R&B sound produced by the likes of Joe Turner and Arthur Crudup, and the music of white country singers like Hank Williams. It was played anywhere an audience could gather — barns, cafes, country-clubs, etc — with a 'rawness' hitherto rare if not unknown in white artists.

Sam Phillips at Sun Records (the small Memphis-based label responsible for a great deal of early rockabilly) wanted a white man who could sing with the *soul* of a black man without imitating one. At its height the Sun label produced and recorded such artists as Roy Orbison, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, and of course Elvis Presley. Basically a rural music, as it reached the big cities rockabilly became streamlined-down into rock'n'roll "as we know it". Cash and Perkins went to Nashville and Presley and Orbison — well, we all know what happened to them, don't we?

Rockabilly achieved 'underground recognition' in this country with the release of the "Sun Collection" about four to five years ago. Since then its supporters have never looked back, and after all these years it seems due for a full-scale resurrection.

Rockabilly bands are nothing new. The likes of Crazy Cavan and Shakin' Stevens have been treading the boards of the rock'n'roll circuit for what seems like centuries, with minor recognition to show for it. It's only the arrival of young blood into the music that has caused any real interest outside the select string of Ted clubs and pubs.

The only other 'young' band that immediately springs to mind is, of course, Whirlwind, who have it in common with The Rockats that they are aiming for the same market. Namely an open one.

The Rockats claim that this action on their part has led to something of a "loss in popularity" among some of their acquaintances on the Ted scene who wish to preserve the elitist purity of the music. But they go on to point out that, while London's traditional Ted circuit of pubs, like the Adam and Eve in Hackney, is a safe, steady source of gigs, it offers little scope for five potential teens idols.

When I spoke to The Rockats it was between dates on the 'Eddie and Sheena' tour (named after a Wayne County song about a romance between "a punkette and a Teddy-boy") with Wayne and the Electric Chairs. I asked them how they went down with punk audiences.

"Well, reaction-wise punks are better audiences. They don't just stand there combing their hair all the time.

"There was no trouble — in fact we were surprised at how friendly they were. But that's the point of the whole tour, to bring the two sides together with music."

Their aims in putting a band together were to express the frustrations of modern teenagers. What else?

"Most rockabilly bands were made up of 30-year-olds singing about the frustrations of being a teenager in the '50s. Well, we're teenagers in 1978."

Their self-penned composition "Rockabilly Idol" is a good example of their ability not only to write modern rockabilly, but also to straddle the gulf between the two warring factions.

"Yeah . . . all the punks think it's about *you know who* and the Teds think it's about Ray Campi and Charlie Feathers. . ."

On stage the Rockats are more about energy than expertise, and it's here that they claim punk has helped to break down barriers.

"It was punk that showed us that you didn't have to be an amazing

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musician to get up onstage and play."

I remember well the first Rockets gig I saw at the Music Machine on Boxing Day last year. Bass player Steve 'Smutt' Smith seemed more content with rolling around on his back, spinning his double-bass on his feet like the guy from Bill Haley's Comets, than he was with getting the notes right. Still, it's the *spirit* that matters, innit?

"Oh yeah," Smutt recalls. "I played two songs on it then we unplugged it."

"He plays well enough for us to let 'im leave the plug in now," grins singer and frontman Levi (the cat) Dexter. And he's right. The double-bass is not an easy instrument to master, but in the short time that he has been playing it, Smutt has improved considerably, developing that 'slapping', percussive technique that gives rockabilly its distinctive sound. If they'll be remembered for anything, it'll be as the first young band to actually use one of these 'antique' instruments in the cause of a more authentic sound.

Even so, though they claim to take their playing seriously, the Rockats say they're really more concerned with putting over the fact that they're having fun onstage than with faithfully reproducing old licks.

Time was, when blood used to flow between punk and Ted with far greater regularity than it does now (the feud seeming to have abated in recent months). I seem to remember that the first members of either 'tribe' to proffer any kind of olive branch were the 'dear little punkettes', prostrating themselves with an uneasy mixture of diplomacy and coy masochism before the creepers of whichever burly, drape-coated ruffian had just sent their 'wimp' boyfriends packing, tails between their strides. It got to the point where a Ted on yer arm was as 'de rigeur' as yer 'Boy' bondage pants. Levi & Co ain't exactly burly, but I just had to ask them . . . how come you Teds get all the girls?

"Well, I just reckon that it's pretty trendy for punk birds to be seen with a Ted right now. It'll soon die down though, then we'll be beggin' for birds just like anyone else."

Oh really?

Levi Dexter is smart, well-groomed and confident. His style of dress is bassed on the image of the Southern 'Hepcat'. Modest, tastefully-cut drape-styled jackets, peg-type pants, and loafer shoes. He reminds me of the kind of "southern boy with too much of the big-city about him", cruising suavely through the torrid environs of a Tennessee Williams play in a '49 Chevvy (honest, I've seen it in the movies). Onstage he drinks — wait for it — *milk*. Smutt, on the other hand, looks more like the guy who shifts corn at the general store (I've seen that in the movies too) — a cow-poke with a Stetson and two armfuls of tattoos.

LEVI & THE ROCKATS (L-R): Don Devereaux, Smutty Smith, Mick Barry, and (below) Eddie Dibbles and Levi Dexter, caught in a casual pose by their manager LEEE BLACK CHILDERS.

Both of them have forsaken the traditional style of drape-jacket along with the label of 'Ted', because they only see it as a source of trouble. Besides which, "too many idiots have taken to wearing drapes. We'd prefer it if people just called us 'Hep-cats'."

I find it strange indeed that it's only now that young rockabilly bands are beginning to spring up. The rock'n'roll 'revival' as such, has been going in one form or another since the early '70s — at least for a good four years before the advent of punk. Indeed, the two movements had their respective seeds sown in the same ground of small records collectors' shops and 'street-couture' establishments like Let It Rock.

Levi remembers hanging around in the original incarnation of McLaren and Westwood's Seditionaries in the days when the differences between punk and Ted were not so sharply defined, nor the cause of so much aggro. What made him remain a 'rocker' instead of becoming a 'punk'?

"Well, I suppose it's just that when I get into something, I tend to stick at it and see it through to the end," Levi shrugs. Ironically, however, help only came from the punk scene in the form of Heartbreakers manager Leee Childers, himself a native of the Southern states. Levi explains that most Teds are too narrow-minded and set in their ways to see the potential in a young band. In fact there are those on the Ted scene who abhor the idea of a *band* playing rockabilly, believing that the music is only valid on disc. And as for the idea of a bunch of youngsters playing rockabilly to non-Ted audiences, well!

"Still," Levi says with disarming loyalty, "we ain't running 'em down. They're our mates and you can't run yer mates down, can you?"

● *Next page*

HARVEST DISQUES PRÉSENTE
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HARVEST

● *From previous page*

The only thing that may initially cause audiences misgivings about the Rockats is the presence of The Confederate flag onstage and the general 'South will rise again', redneck overtones that much rockabilly seems to have. But Levi points out that the music *is* a fusion of both black and white cultures, and that Elvis, in his early days, was branded a 'nigger-loving faggot' by 'good old Southern boys' because of his predilection for the loud 'drape-style' suits then favoured solely by negroes and *strictly* from the wrong side of the tracks. And anyway, *rednecks* touring round the North of England in the same van as Wayne County?

Com on, you must be joking.

Levi and Smutt have come a long way since the days when they used to hang around the dodgems and pier bar at Southend, and they look set to go further. In the past few weeks such diverse personages as George Melly and Patti Smith have been spotted watching The Rockats at their gigs. Iggy turned up to see 'em once (but missed them) and Joe (Strummer) and Billy (Idol) think they're OK — so there!

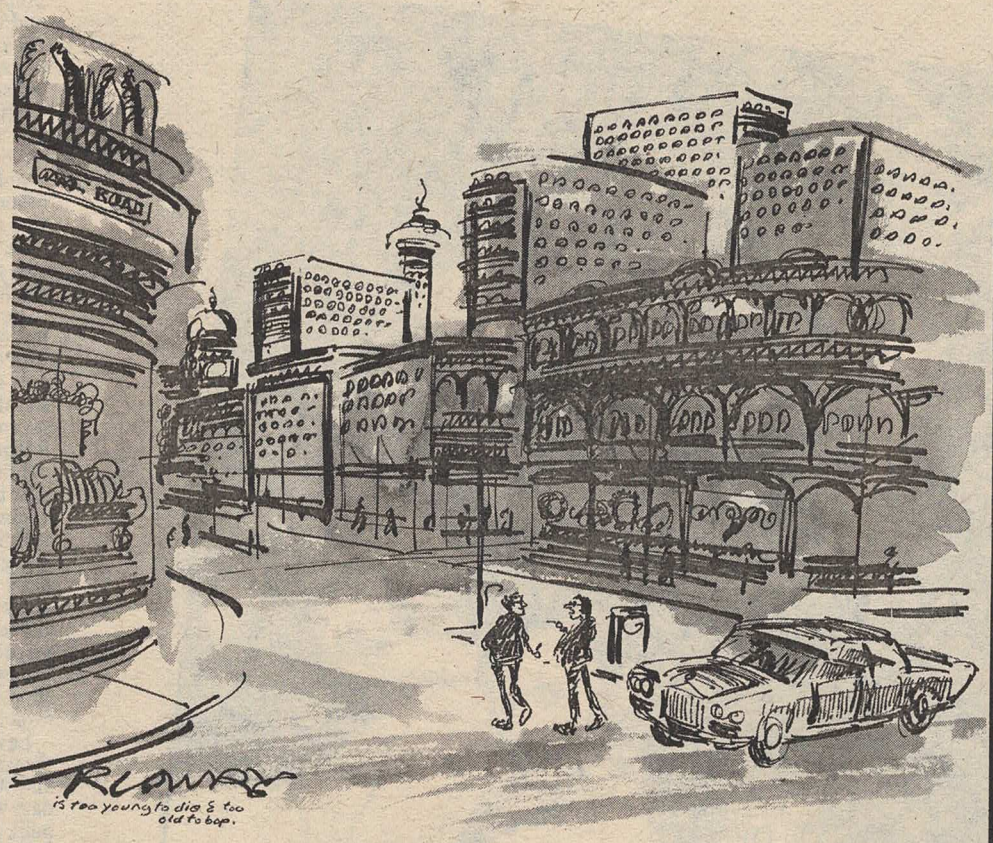
Me, I dig the suits (an' I've always bin' 'Hep') and if you're quick off the mark then you'll be able to catch Levi and The Rockats on the Eddie and Sheena tour with Wayne County.

Be *there* or be square, daddy-o!

STEVE WALSH

THRILLS

LOWRY



"My record company felt that I was becoming elitist and out of touch with the street, so I got my manager to buy me this one."

MYSTERY BOOMS (2)

THE SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS BOOMS off the East Coast of the United States in recent months (*Thrills* 25.2.78) has now been dubbed with an 'official' explanation.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the noises, from secret weapons tests to spacecraft or even methane bubbles escaping through faults in the sea bed.

The theory favoured by two scientists at NASA's Langley Research Centre is that the noises were the sonic booms of military aircraft, which sounded different due to very cold weather conditions. They reckon that the booms bounced off a layer of warmer, higher altitude air, and were deflected for up to 200 miles. This, they claim, explains why the U.S. Defence Department denied that any of their planes were involved.

We still prefer to believe that it's the dolphins testing out their tactical response missiles to retaliate against those Jap fishermen . . .

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

MORE CRANK CALLS FOR CASH

DAVE CASH with a souvenir of his recent Caribbean vacation.

PHONE CALLS threatening DJs who play black music on London's Captial Radio (*Thrills 18.2.78)* are still being made, but their main target, Dave Cash seems unperturbed.

With a sharp sense of irony, he played Bob Marley's "Is This Love" immediately after telling listeners he'd received yet another crank call last Friday.

"I'm a rebel person," Cash informs *Thrills,* "and if somebody says don't do something I'm more inclined to go the other way."

So far the commercial station has received half a dozen of these calls, mostly from people who claim they're members of the National Front. But to date only one has inadvertently been broadcast, on Michael Aspel's *Swap Shop* programme.

Cash is surprised to find that he is the principal potential victim, as he is a country music fan and probably doesn't play much more black music than his colleagues.

However, since he returned from a Caribbean holiday in January he says he's aired more reggae than he would normally.

Even so, he insists he is "apolitical", and for this reason didn't play tracks from Marley's "Rastaman Vibration" album, as it had a strong political content. But Cash doubts the threatening calls are politically motivated or connected with the NF.

"I don't believe it's that much to do with the National Front," he explains. "I think it's cranks.

"It's unfortunate. Obviously it's somebody's idea of a sick joke, but if they remain anonymous you can't really take much stock of what they say."

Neither is he unnerved by the threats, which have only been issued through Capital and not directly to his home.

"I don't think these guys are hip to get that close," he says. But if they did, "I can look after myself. I don't go looking for fights but I've never lost one yet."

Basically he's contemptuous of the threats.

"I think they're just nutters mainly. It's unfortunate that people should take that stand about a musical thing."

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

THE FILM AND THE SCORE ARE INSEPARABLE.

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by

TANGERINE DREAM

MCF 2806

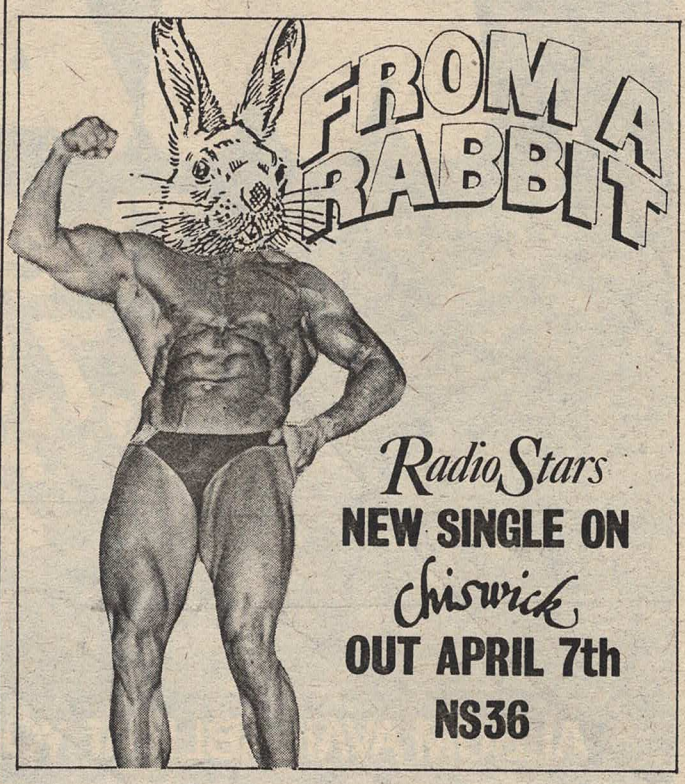
"At their best (as here) Tangerine Dream evince a captivating cheerless beauty."
NME

"The music of TANGERINE DREAM was an early and major inspiration for the film "WAGES OF FEAR." I first heard the TANGERINE DREAM while in Munich for the opening of "THE EXORCIST." Had I heard them sooner I would have asked them to score that film." *WILLIAM FRIEDKIN*

Tangerine Dream records for MCA Records courtesy of Virgin Records Limited

MCA RECORDS

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1



LONDON TOWN

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LOOK OUT, KEITH MOON!

THE TRIBULATIONS of being a pop star (Part 965). This week: Getting Your Gig Money Reduced By £50 For Damage You Supposedly Did But The Promoter Won't Let You See, starring The Fabulous Poodles.

The trouble all started after the Poos played a closed, unadvertised show at the Royal Academy Of Music in Marylebone Road on February 15. As far as lead singer Tony De Meur is concerned it was an incident-free occasion, and at the time the Academy's Student Union gave them their gig fee, a cheque for £400 (plus VAT).

Later RAMSU uncovered alleged damage to the dressing room.

First of all they cancelled their original cheque, and another one for £350 (plus VAT) was sent to the band's agency, March Artistes, with a covering letter from the President of RAMSU, a D. W. Phillips.

In the letter, Mr Phillips claimed that as agreed in a contract between RAMSU and the Poos, a lockable dressing room for the group's sole use had been provided at the gig.

"When the room was unlocked the following day (after the show) with the master key, it was found to be in a disgusting state," wrote Phillips graphically.

"Cigarettes had been stubbed out on the carpets, beer glasses had been strewn everywhere and one glass had even been crushed and ground into the pile of the carpet. Furthermore, a light fitting had been torn away from the ceiling and a speaker, which had been stored in the room, had been damaged."

Phillips estimated the cost of damages at £50, and so RAMSU took it upon themselves to deduct this amount from the Poos' fee; hence the cancellation of the first cheque and the issue of a second.

"If the cost of the damage done is less than the estimated cost," Phillips concluded, "we will forward the balance to you in due course."

Going by the letter, it sounds like the Poos were almost as destructive as the infamous Who. But De Meur pleads innocence on the band's behalf.

The POODLES limber up to trash another innocent college dressing room. Pic: PETER KODICK

He claims RAMSU are "trying to screw us out of fifty quid. They're accusing us of something we didn't do."

When he read Phillips's allegations, De Meur and two friends went to the RAM and saw the Social Secretary, Mark Snee. Snee refused De Meur's request to inspect the damage because, he said, it had already been repaired.

From the beginning of this affair, RAMSU have insisted that any communication between them and the Poodles should be in writing.

De Meur does admit there was some damage to the dressing room, but this was only a ceiling pipe which came away from its fittings when coats were hung over it. He says they informed the organisers of the gig of this at the time. Otherwise they left the dressing room as they found it, he claims. But they did leave it unlocked, the key left in the room.

Of course, it was then possible for *person or persons unknown* to enter the room and do the damage.

What annoys De Meur is the way in which RAMSU penalised them by £50 without first giving them a chance to respond to the damage claims. And to recover this amount would possibly involve the Poos in legal costs which they can ill afford.

Not notorious for smashing places up, De Meur says, "This sort of thing can happen at any time to any band".

When eventually contacted by telephone, Mark Snee told *Thrills* this is the first time they've deducted gig money for alleged damages. But to most of our questions Snee refused to comment, although he did admit that De Meur visited RAM to inspect the alleged damages.

He concluded our conversation by saying we should make sure we got our facts right as RAMSU obviously didn't wish to undertake any "unpleasant legal action against *NME*."

The President of RAMSU, Dafydd Phillips, was equally reluctant to discuss the points De Meur raised. He said he had "no comment to make whatsoever."

Before ringing off, Phillips said, "I think this is a pointless conversation now. Thank you for ringing. Bye."

To date The Fabulous Poodles haven't received an invoice for repairs carried out on behalf of RAMSU.

The least Phillips could do is let the band know how *their* money was spent.

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

LAST JULY, we took the opportunity to digress at some length in these pages on the subject of Leroy Smart, "Superstar": the title of his debut album for Bunny Lee. We found the singer consolidating his reputation, having "mashed-up the UK during his first visit here (early '77); stood the bewildered scene on its head, and shook it some."

Meanwhile, "Leroy reserves his hustling hours jetting between London, New York and Kingston — hanging out, looking good and sidling the good-lookingest dolls in circulation."

To the conclusion that "many a swell-head has come swaggering the reggae scene before; but I-man cannot remember anyone creating so much enmity — in so brief an emergence — as the startling Mr. Smart."

In these interim months, kismet has regarded our crooner's pretty pace with countenance far from benign.

SHORTLY AFTER "Got No Pride On The Flat Foot Hustle" appears in *NME*, North London nobleman Count Shelly of Third World Recording Company "falls against my knife" as Leroy cutely tells me later, whereby his (Shelly's) person sustains injury.

The outcome is, for the next few weeks Shelly appears in public nursing a bandaged left arm, and Leroy Smart books a swift six-month vacation to HM Prison, Brixton, to nurse a grievance. Proof of his own observation herein preserved that "Badness No Pay."

From then, I don't see Leroy Smart again for some while, owing to his restrictive existence as much as my own great antipathy to further acquaintance with his residential address, even during visiting hours, until one evening recently when I am in Moses Joshua's Green Banana restaurant off Old Compton Street enjoying a rice and peas dish, which is a most stimulating matter in cold weather such as is current at the time, when who walks in but Leroy Smart, and I am so surprised to see him that some of my rice and peas catch in my throat, and I cough some.

CHICK COREA

THE MAD HATTER

HIS FORTHCOMING ALBUM

MARCH 31

Rainbow

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THE PRIMROSE path of Leroy Smart's dalliance the past twelve months is decked with fitful vicissitude. Perhaps it is the wayward genius! The same that oft time hath charmed magic casements . . .

Its passage has led Leroy Smart to an overstanding similar to that described by Prufrock in the celebrated love song, and seen the moment of his greatness flicker. Seen too his destiny cast in the eternal Footman's role, like a natural mystic blowing through the year. Now read on . . .

THE LOVE STORY OF LEROY SMART

Naturally, I am also much pleased to sight the man after such an extended tribulation, so I give him a big wha' 'appen, and say I hope and trust he is feeling iry.

It transpires that, during his confinement, Mr. Smart falls to discontented musing on the effect this might have on his subsequent career. In fact, Leroy says, he is meaning to look me up ever since his return to Freedom Street so I can inform my readers that, in spite of malicious rumours to the contrary, Mr. Smart is such a man as loves peace at all time, especially as regards label owners, and holds to the Rastafarian doctrine, even though he doesn't see the necessity of cultivating locks or stepping out in country bwoy attire in this man's town.

"My mother didn't name me Smart for nothing," he claims, adding, "for the future I-man a sign a contract with Island or Virgin and set up at the Rainbow. Me nah gwan with this local business t'ing, like shows at Aces and Noreik again."

Until the fulfilment of such expectancy, however, we might content ourselves with the artist's new Conflict set, "Ballistic Affair," which originally appeared on the Channel One pre-release label last year and assembled ten of Leroy Smart's recordings for the studio during the period 1975/7, including the title track, his biggest hit to date.

"Jah Jah" is the earliest effort on this album. It surfaced in this country on pre circa the beginning of 1976, when Leroy Smart records were as infrequent as they were rare and invariably of the highest quality. In common with this LP's other two highlights — "Ballistic Affair" and "Without Love" — the song features Leroy at his most sympathetic, oozing feeling with a lyric that urges, *"Youths you better change your ways"* and desist from *"fussing and fighting and killing your own brothers,"* to the accompaniment of a dancing organ and solid Channel rhythm.

Actually, Leroy Smart was just beginning to attract attention at this time. He had his best year in 1975, with recordings for a variety of producers, including Lloydie Campbell ("Just Tell Me"), Jimmy Rodway ("Mr. Smart"), Big Youth ("Keep On Trying"), Tommy Cowan ("The Road Is Rough"), and Vivian Jackson ("Get Smart"); but it was not until issue of his next Channel One title, "Ballistic Affair," that Mr. Smart stood up there well strong.

Contrasting strife-wracked modern Jamaica with the camaraderie and comparatively balmy climate of his youth, the song continues the "Jah Jah" theme as Leroy recalls: *"We used to lick chalice, cook ital stew together, play football and cricket as one brother; but through you res' a Jungle, a you might black a Rema, you are go fight against your brother . . ."*

It proved Jamaica's biggest song circa summer '76; repeating its success in this country upon Island issue and soaring to the top of the UK reggae chart.

"Without Love," released the following year, was nearly quite as popular; due to the subject matter of its lyric, it proved even more endurable a sound-system favourite. Whilst Sly Dunbar pounds a militant drum foundation, we mark the fairground organ's recurrent theme, to which Leroy vocalises with power and much grace.

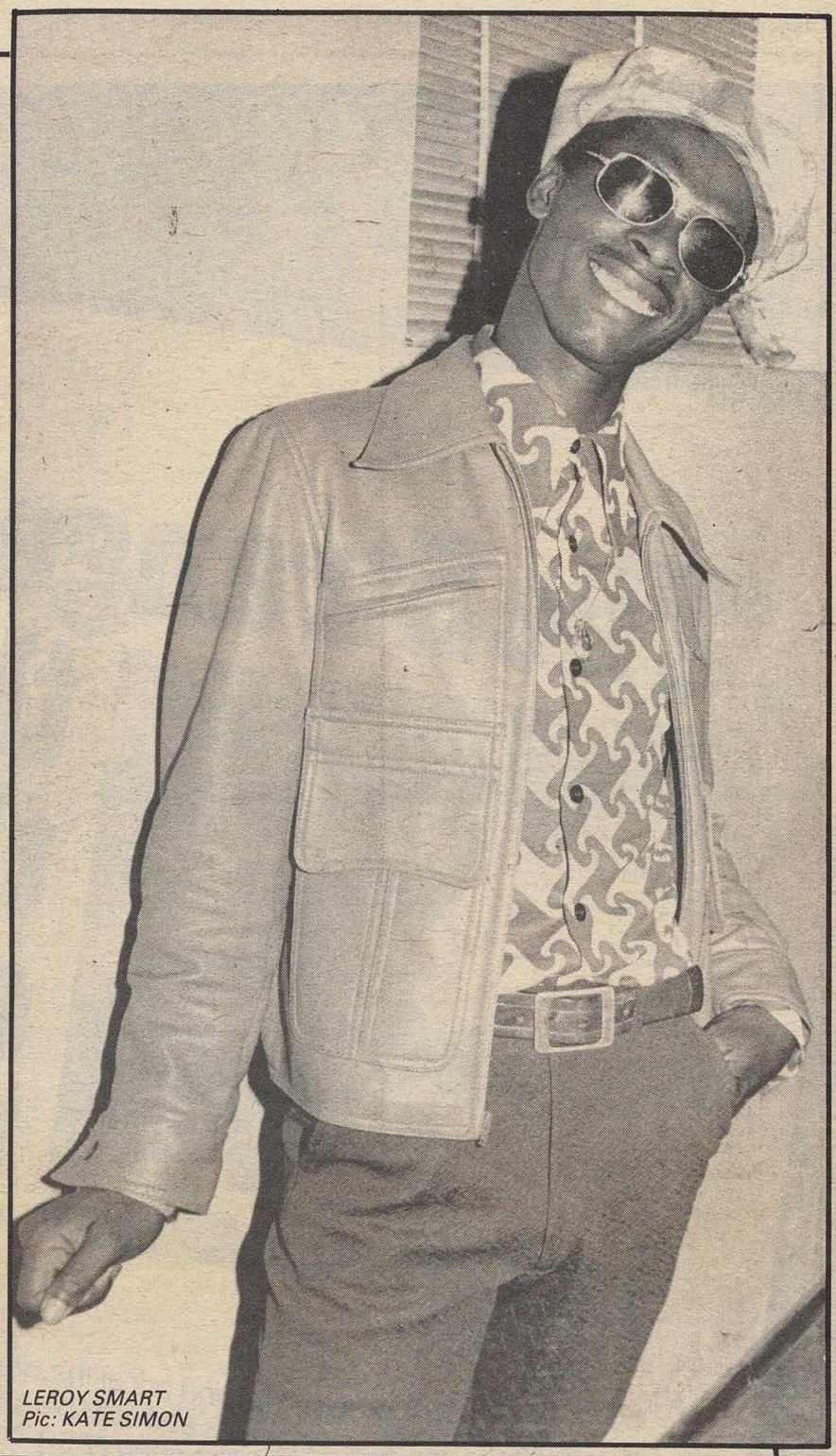
Also worthy of remark is the reworked "Pride And Ambition" song, which, even though lacking the same strange compulsion of Augustus Clarke's original production, nevertheless remains a notable recording in its own right.

For reasons known only to themselves, Conflict have omitted the "Jehoviah" title from side two and repackaged it here on 12" Disco 45, replete with its respective bass'n'drum version, so the album contains two discs. Once again, Leroy returns a spirited vocal performance in the execution of this brilliant number; whilst the dub can generally be guaranteed to affect the sensibilities of those jumping jacks at your all-night raves in manner not unlike a shot of rhythm and blues.

It must be remarked that the abundance of Leroy Smart issues in the last eighteen months or so in no way compare with his earlier inspirations, when the raw style of the singer carried its most urgent conviction. Until such time as the seagulls sing once again to Mr. Smart to his rediscovery, an event that those of us who cherish the man's considerable talent eagerly await, this set will remain his legacy.

PENNY REEL

THRILLS



LEROY SMART
Pic: KATE SIMON

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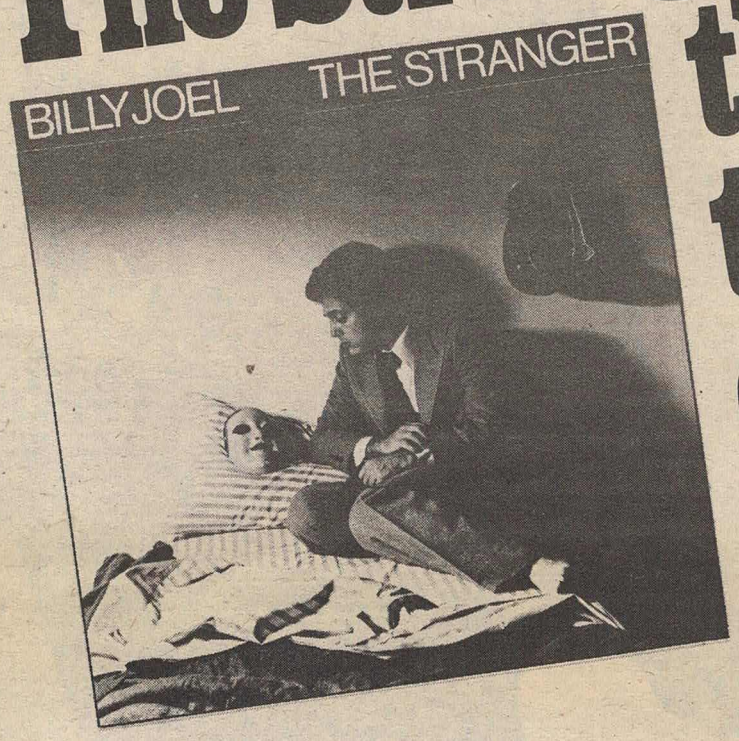

"I remember those days hanging out at the village green
Engineer boots, leather jackets and tight blue jeans
Drop a dime in the box play the song about New Orleans
Cold beer, hot lights
My sweet romantic teenage nights..."
Reprinted by kind permission of April Music

A couple of lines from Billy Joel's 'Scenes From An Italian Restaurant', just one of nine finely-crafted songs contained on his classic album 'The Stranger'.

All human life, as they say, is here. Disillusionment ('Moving Out'), Deceit ('The Stranger'), Love ('Just The Way You Are'), Love Gone Wrong ('Scenes From An Italian Restaurant'), Seduction ('Only The Good Die Young'), Adoration ('She's Always A Woman'), Rebellion ('Vienna'), Ambition ('Get It Right The First Time') and Romance ('Everybody Has A Dream').

Almost six thousand people crammed Birmingham's Odeon and London's Theatre Royal to see his two standing-room-only shows and came away boggled by his brilliance.

If you were there, you won't need telling, but if you weren't you can find out what you missed by listening to 'The Stranger'.

It's glimpses of the world through the eyes of Billy Joel.

Album 'The Stranger'
Single 'Just The Way You Are'

82311
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Records & Tapes

The page for coprophiliacs

THE SUBURBAN VENTURES OF SOLID WASTE

THE LAST TIME SOLID WASTE played on their home ground of Chelmsford in Essex, the crowd sang their anthem "Normal Life" between other songs in their set *and* while the support acts were struggling to assert themselves.

"Normal Life" is an oddly cheerful song about alienation which singer Lee Harvey wrote on his way to work:

"It's a normal like, just any other day/It's a normal like, doing what they say/It's a normal life, gotta get away-ay-ay-aaay."

Lee Harvey and his band write the sort of choruses that would make Mickie Most or Nick Lowe drool, but their lyrics offer sharp political rhetoric a world away from mob slogans:

"Don't let the bastards buy you/Like they're trying to buy me/ Peace and love said Jesus/But where in hell is he?"

When Solid Waste played a support gig at the cavernous Music Machine in Camden, punks there to pogo to the likes of The Killjoys and The Lasers looked totally bemused.

And with good cause. The Waste can be a very bewildering band the first time you see them.

Mainly that's because they roar through their set like they're performing their Greatest Hits for a stadium full of rabid fans. The Greatest Hits haven't happened yet, but no doubt they will. The songs are certainly there. And the band seem to know it.

That sort of confidence can create enemies. And when the Waste played at one of the London new wave fashion catwalks, the leader of a heavily populist band *(J. Pursey — Ed.)* went for the Waste's bassist Billy Bibbit with a chair.

"I was standing by the bar with three ladies," says Billy, "and I casually remarked that it was a hard life being a rock star. This guy heard me and thought I was talking about him. So he come at me. Luckily someone stopped him, because I'm a coward.

"Since then, I read in the paper that someone said he'd trust him with his life. He nearly had mine."

The name Solid Waste came from a technical magazine that Billy read one day. "It was about something called Solid Waste technology — machines used for digesting shit. It seemed like a good name at the time."

One result is that the Waste sound like they ought to be punks. The fact is they're not. Lee Harvey, a butch Geordie, actually has an Open University degree. Mr Bibbit possesses similar academic distinction.

If they went in for mock-Cockney condescension with their audiences, then they'd be poseurs. Some bands may come on like aggressive updates of Max Bygraves, but not these guys.

Lee Harvey describes their music as "agit-prop", which sounds like another ad-man's hype, albeit an intellectual one. Lee explains:

"Back in the '20s and '30s, Brecht and Weill were developing their kind of dramatic semi-documentary style which treated politically subjects in an artistic way, and it was known as agit-prop theatre. We're trying to do the same thing with our songs."

At this, durmmer Peter Lake says: "You're so intellectual, Lee." But he's only half-joking.

"Savage In The City" is one of Lee's songs, about political terror:

"You can travel anywhere with your briefcase bomb/Any plane in the air will help your cause along/Urban predator, urban prey/Savage in the city, today is your day."

If all this sounds grimly serious, then the Waste never let polemics distort their performance. Fast, snappy pop songs are their forte, with no room for long-winded sermons.

The key to their stage act is the guitarist, a former mental hospital porter called Ken. You'd be hard-pressed to notice him visually. He's got totally diffident manner, and says: "I feel at home in institutions."

But all the while, the band rides along on the powerful riffs and rhythms that he's pushing out.

Ken listens obsessively to Keith Richard, and no-one else. "I used to like Be Bop De Luxe," he says, "but Bill Nelson is such a toyshop guitarist."

The band's biggest handicap and greatest strength is that they're based in Chelmsford in Essex: thirty miles from London, a dormitory for commuters. The place where the infamous Chelmsford punk festival was held, and precious few turned up.

Close Encounters Of The Turd Kind with SOLID WASTE . . .

After they opened that day's festivities, Lee Harvey and Billy Bibbit got very drunk indeed, and caroused a new version of their song "Anti-Hero" at John Peel: *"Who needs heroes anyway/And who the hell's John Peel?"*

Chelmsford remains a great place to break out of, and the Waste have the musical muscle to do it. But no short cuts. No power pop.

Lee Harvey has written a great song about power pop. It's called "Institution Rock", and it goes:

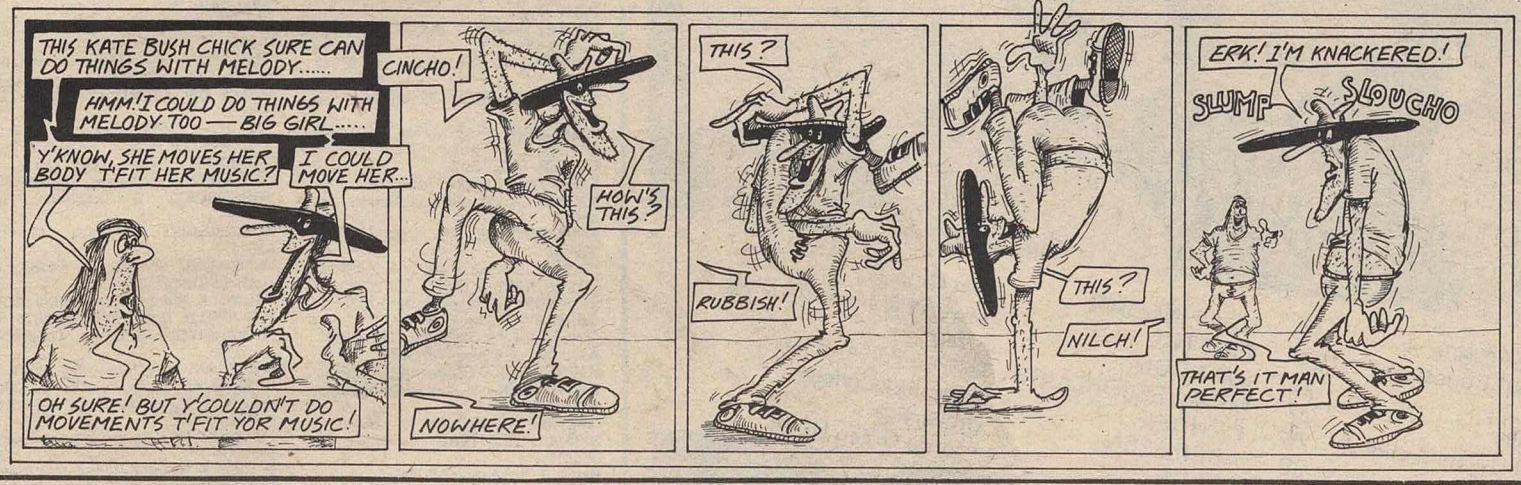
"Here comes another one, just like the other ones/ Your can't get it out of your head/If you're sick of all the fun songs and all the silly love songs/ Then sing along with this one instead."

Ironically, of course, it goes down great at their gigs.

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON



when the deceptively frail winger burst through on his own.

In 12 minutes Rough made his first save, a direct shit from McGhee after the winger's penalty claim for hands against Mackie was ignored. Seconds later, Bremner, with the Edinburgh fans sensing a goal, sent a 30-yarder just over the bar.

Hibs were showing most of the skills but the most remarkable aspect of the proceedings so far were referee Gordon's decisions —or lack of them—as swinging

Evidently this bloke McGhee will go down in the anals of soccer history. Spotted by Keith Wardrop of Inverness in his local sports paper, Green Final.

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FACING THE FUTURE IN A NUCLEAR GARBAGE DUMP

IN ABOUT FIVE WEEKS' time the most significant anti-nuclear demonstrations ever held in this country will once again bring the whole issue of nuclear power back into the headlines.

Many people have been confused as a result of the Windscale Enquiry. Indeed, the 100-day marathon was in many respects designed to generate confusion.

It was the first major public airing in Britain of the issues surrounding nuclear proliferation, but it was also an Establishment stand-off. The anti-nuclear lobby, represented by Friends Of The Earth, played the game, providing expert evidence to prove the unnecessary and dangerous aspects of the Windscale proposition. In the official report, however, this evidence was in many cases misrepresented or ignored, leaving one with the feeling that the scales were weighted against the objectors from the start.

In a sense, though, the objectors have already made their point. There's a key paragraph in a booklet on reprocessing by Foe member Czech Conroy which reads: "If [the Enquiry] had not taken place then a decision to go ahead with as internationally important and controversial a project as a £600 million reprocessing plant would have been left to 15 part-time councillors and a four-hour public meeting."

We have Friends of the Earth to thank for the fact that the Enquiry took place at all. But the question now remains — where do we go from here? The answer is out on the streets.

The anti-nuclear activities, beginning on April 29 and continuing through the week until the following weekend, are designed to demonstrate to the powers that be that a large and very vocal section of the population is against nuclear power and the lifestyle that it represents.

Windscale however stands for more than that. Reprocessing produces plutonium, the stuff nuclear bombs are made of, and direct links can be established between the two. Strong evidence has emerged in the last few days to this effect.

John Pilger's front page story in the *Mirror* last Tuesday concerned a secret CIA document which he had got his hands on. The document suggested that the Japanese plan to build nuclear bombs. Under the £250 million contract they have pending with the Windscale owners, British Nuclear Fuels, the Japanese not only get 1600 tons of their nuclear waste reprocessed here in Britain but also have a right to the plutonium that's extracted. No one can now deny that a vote against Windscale is also a vote against the threat of nuclear weapons.

Since *NME's* special on the nuclear issue back in June last year, the fight against nuclear power and weapons has spread and intensified.

In Holland earlier this month some 30,000 people marched past a uranium enrichment plant near Almelo owned by Urenco, a joint British/West German/Dutch enterprise which has plans to supply enriched uranium to Brazil. As a result of this public pressure from the Dutch, Urenco now plan to move the contract to their British plant at Capenhurst, near Warrington.

This pattern of public action against nuclear power plants has been repeated elsewhere: in Spain, where Basque guerillas recently bombed a nuclear plant, in Australia, in New Zealand and in America, where there are plans by the Clamshell Alliance, a leading anti-nuclear group, for a kind of political Woodstock — a mass invasion of the Seabrook nuclear site.

You may have noticed the amount of CND nostalgia around, bearing witness to the ripples that the nuclear issue is once again producing.

The Nuclear week represents the best chance to date to make our views felt. Don't miss it.

DICK TRACY THRILLS

DEVO: "The end of expansion, the end of frontiers, the end of resources. There's no further to go, no more virgin territories to eat up. The world got small."

NUCLEAR WEEK

April 29: March and rally to oppose the Windscale plans. Assemble Speaker's Corner, Hyde Park: 12.00. Rally at Trafalgar Square: 3 pm.

May 3: Greenpeace will be launching their boat, the "Rainbow Warrior," in support of the nuclear issue and to head off to defend whales in the North Atlantic.
This is also Sun Day in the USA, a nationally organised campaign to point out the benefits of solar power.

May 6/7 Rally, march and occupation of the Torness site, near Edinburgh, which has been earmarked for the construction of the next AGR (Advanced Gas-cooled Reactor). Meet at the harbour in Dunbar at 11.30 am. The event will be supported by Scottish miners and European anti-nuclear spokesmen, with entertainment by various rock and folk groups, and there will be the signing of a formal anti-nuclear declaration. Further details of travel arrangements, etc., from either Pete Wilkinson, Greenpeace, 47 Whitehall, LONDON SW1A 2BZ (Tel. 839 2093) or from SCRAM, 2a Ainslie Place, EDINBURGH (Tel. 2257752).

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13	PLYMOUTH	Metro	24	SWINDON
15	LONDON	Dingwalls	27	MIDDLESBOROUGH
19	LONDON	Lyceum (with Tonight)	28	DUNDEE
20	LIVERPOOL	Eric's	29	ABERDEEN
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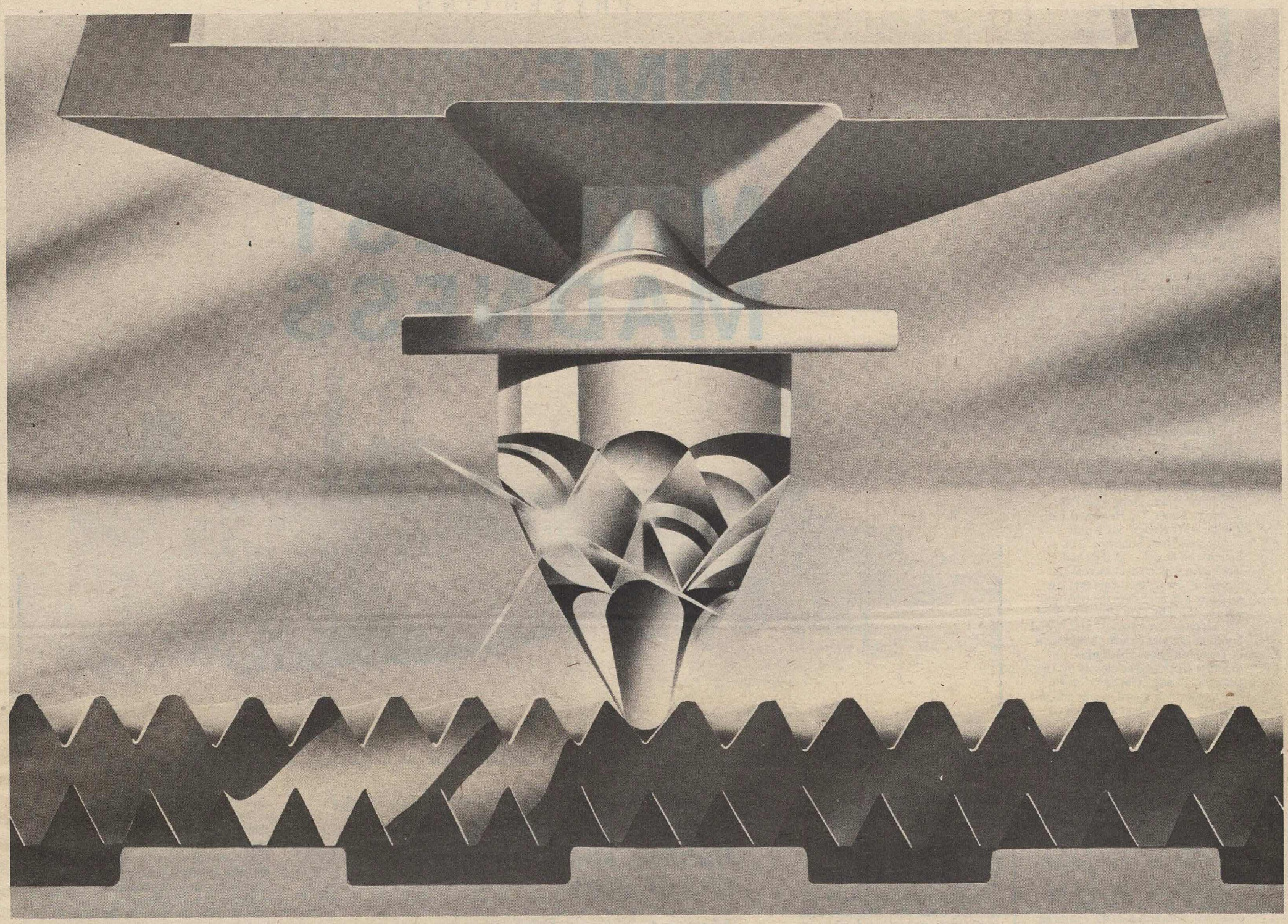

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PRESENTING

THE NME CONSUMERS' GUIDE TO AMERICAN MIDWEST MADNESS

Exploring alternative hives of industry in Akron, City of Rubber, and Cleveland, City of Steel.

Your tour guides: PAUL RAMBALI (words), ADRIAN BOOT (pix).

FIRST NEW YORK, then Boston (remember the "Live At The Rat Club" album?) and now, the latest focal point for subterranean agitation—Akron and Cleveland.

Situated on flat lands where the Cuyahoga river flows into the Great Lakes, Cleveland produces raw, fresh steel by the train load. Some 30 miles inland lies Akron, unashamed to call itself the rubber capital of the world.

Together the two towns are rapidly becoming known for something other than spewing grey waste ceaselessly into the atmosphere. Another kind of seepage is soon to be their trademark, and it's not bouncy heavy metal either.

Ever heard of Idiots Convention? How about Chi-pig, or The Clones, or The Belvederes? I hadn't heard of them either until it was revealed that Stiff Records in their wisdom are soon to unveil The Akron Sound, to use it's generic title, of which the aforementioned, along with The Bizarros, Devo, Tin Huey and The Rubber City Rebels, are a part.

The latter four I had heard of — and indeed heard — as they had clocked in with an ever increasing stream of low budget vinyl that has made its way here over the past year. Spearheaded by Pere Ubu with their "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Final Solution" singles (which should soon be given full release by Radar records) and followed closely by The Bizarros' "Lady Dubonette" E.P., the ensuing rear guard garage action has only recently begun to show its true colours.

It would be foolhardy to claim that a movement of extreme significance is emerging from the Cleveland area. There's a discernable movement, the most potent and sharply-defined exponents of which are the two bands that have already gained access to the open market, Pere Ubu and Devo, but it's more of an electric air of activity than a cut and dried musical manifesto.

Cleveland and Akron are situated in Ohio, part of the American mid-west, which as a whole sports an unsavoury reputation for being grunge rock territory. Nugent, Aerosmith and other purveyors of guitar hellfire have the stranglehold.

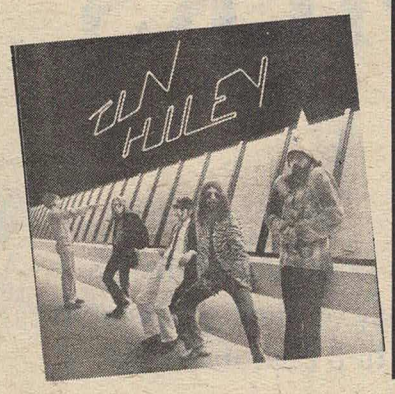
In such a climate it's inevitable that a fair percentage of the music in Cleveland should be mimicry of the big league. Much of this, by its nature, hasn't found its way onto privately pressed vinyl. It resides in reactionary clubs and bars where, if you can't do a passable imitation of a large commercial radio station, your services aren't required.

All the musicians who have put out singles on the local labels have the same story to tell: the clubs won't have them because the owners are afraid that any kind of unknown commodity spells disaster, so the bands are forced to resort to recordings.

The Bizarros, for instance, who after Devo and Pere Ubu have a fair claim to being the area's front runners, can only play live once a month—this gig being at the Pirate's Cove, regarded as a hotspot for original music, but still only featuring it one night per week.

The club owners' definition of original music, by the way, roughly encompasses anything that isn't cover versions of current or standard Top 40 songs. If The Eagles had started in Cleveland playing their own material they probably wouldn't exist now . . .

But it's the reaction against such constrictive circumstances that helped cause the current outburst. Also there is a limit to how much aural candyfloss the human ear can withstand. As Pere Ubu's portly David Thomas noted, you could surrender to the mire and start churning out cover versions, but there's no future in that so you may well take the other extreme and play whatever your heart dictates.



THESE CONDITIONS apply to both Akron and Cleveland, though according to most there is a tangible difference between the two towns' musical output.

What they have in common, broadly speaking, is people who've spent a lot of time listening to too many Beefheart, Stooges and Velvet Underground records.

There's the influence of a once hip FM radio station called WMMS to consider here. Three or four years ago it was playing the likes of Roxy, the Dolls and Syd Barrett, and its adventurous programming left a mark on local tastes. Nowadays, however, WMMS refuses to play the Pere Ubu album, an ironic turn considering the station helped create a context for Ubu.

Maybe, also, there is the influence of the area's industrial vista to be sociologically dissected, Certainly, mechanised rhythm figures heavily in Akron/Cleveland consciousness, but not so widely amongst the bands that it could be said to define a style.

In the absence of any kind of club scene to give feedback and impetus, the musical community in Cleveland gathers mainly around a record shop called Hideo's Disco Drome. Added impetus comes from a fanzine called *Cle,* which astutely reads out local activity.

Akron also has a paper — more aptly an annotated news-sheet — called *Blank* and run by Chris Butler of The Belvederes, but the activity there seems centred mainly around people's front rooms. Home-built studio set-ups with few collective entities, merely a flexible pool of musicians working in makeshift combinations. It's from this incestuous circle that Stiff have culled their Akron album, with a few additions from the Clone Records stable.

Clone is run by The Bizarros main man Nick Nicholis. He formed the label originally as a means of bringing The Bizarros to the attention of dozing record moguls, but somewhere along the line found available space for the Rubber City Rebels, Tin Huey and The Waitresses.

But enough of the background, let's have the names, faces and serial numbers.

WAHN

THE BIZARROS, though they look normal to us.

THE WAITRESSES looking for a restaurant.

TIN HUEY – all you need is a home studio.

DEVO AND PERE UBU have already had a shakedown in these pages, and all that needs to be added at present is that Devo's first album should be out by June and Pere Ubu should be playing gigs here sometime in the next few months.

The Rubber City Rebels, rumoured to be on the verge of a record deal, should be regarded in much the same light as The Dead Boys, who are also from Cleveland. A sicko song mentality pervades their basic, loud, infantile boogie. They shared an album on Clone with The Bizarros, their portion of which was disposable then and unlistenable now. The Rebels also once ran a bar in Akron.

The Bizarros are supposedly on the verge of a deal with Chicago's Blank Records, after an album side and two EPs on Clone. They rock hard and vicious, and have lately toned down their Roxy/Velvets leanings to good effect. At their best, The Bizarros have a brooding edge that compares well with The Stranglers. One to watch.

Jane Aire & The Belvederes positively assert that the future of rock lies in awkward, unwieldly time signatures, this causing band member Chris Butler to form The Waitresses as an outlet for his 4/4 songwriting. Jane Aire does a passable, if painful imitation of a banshee.

The Waitresses are blurred by the one-off nature of the cuts that've so far surfaced. There must be some potential in a band that can veer from Bo Diddley to Devo in the space of one disc, but what it is I'm not sure.

Tin Huey from Akron have released two EPs on Clone, the second of which, "Breakfast With The Hueys", is less eventful than the first. Tin Huey would once have been labelled a progressive band. They've been playing for a few years now and started out, oddly enough, with an admixture of The Stooges and Family. Professed inspiration comes from Henry Cow, Syd Barrett, Daevid Allen, Robert Wyatt, Don Van Vliet, Donald Fagen and it sounds like it too. There's a soft spot for them somewhere, but mainstream potential is definitely limited.

The Human Switchboard comprises some of the philosophy faculty from nearby Kent University. They've released one EP that features a potentially interesting blend of cheapo "Nuggets"-type '60s punk pop and mid-period Velvets naivety, with for the moment too much of the latter.

The Mirrors, along with The Electric Eels and Rocket From The Tombs, were the forerunners of the current scene. They recently re-formed with an altered line-up and put out a single on Ubu's Hearthan label which Max Bell reviewed and found less than enthralling. Sounds to me like the Velvets playing, of all things, The Grateful Dead's "Uncle John's Band".

The Gooses are two people and a home studio with a single out that accurately reflects and updates the psychedelic west coast sound.

The Poli Styrene Jass Band have a single out called "Drano In Your Veins" of undeniable off-the-wall clockwork charm. Vaguely redolent of Robert Wyatt, this band seems to hold much cryptic promise.

Apart from a layover from The Raspberries era of Cleveland Anglo-pop in bands like **Pictures, Games** and **Don Kriss Entourage,** the above are the most intriguing of what has so far emerged from the area. It should be noted that there's no particular trend in this music other than an emphasis on quirky individuality.

Perhaps Stiff's Akron album will offer a more complete picture of the foundling musical enterprise out there. Reports suggest the sudden success of Devo has exerted a strong pull on local music, but the contents are for the time being strictly under wraps. Perhaps, also, there will be some explanation of the mysterious potato cult that permeates the Akron scene. Perhaps factories (and lollipops) will be this year's towerblocks. . .

This has been a public service survey open to impending data updates.

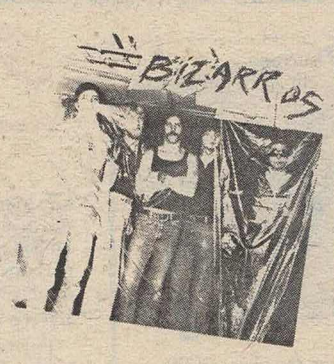
JANE AIRE with cold shoulder.

DISCOGRAPHY

CLEVELAND
PERE UBU: 30 Seconds Over Tokyo/Heart Of Darkness; Final Solution/Cloud 149; Street Waves/My Dark Ages; The Modern Dance/Heaven (Heathern)
MIRRORS: Shirley/She Smiled Wild (Hearthan)
THE GOOSES: Just A Tailor/Is It New? (MSI)
POLI STYRENE JASS BAND: Drano In Your Veins/Circus Highlights. (Mustard)
HUMAN SWITCHBOARD: EP (Rug)
QUADRON: I Love That Feeling; Still/Never Is Such A Long Time (Ricochet)
WILD GIRAFFES: New Era/Dreams Don't Last (Neck)
MAXX BAND: Too Much Lovin/Whiplash (Maxx Waxx)
THE DIAMONDS: Sight For Sore Eyes/Parachute Woman; I'm In Trouble/Be Here, Be There

AKRON
THE BIZARROS: Lady Dubonette EP (Gorilla); It Hurts, Janey EP (Clone)
TIN HUEY: Puppet Wipes EP (Clone); Breakfast With The Hueys EP (Clone)
THE BIZARROS/THE RUBBER CITY REBELS: From Akron LP (Clone 001)

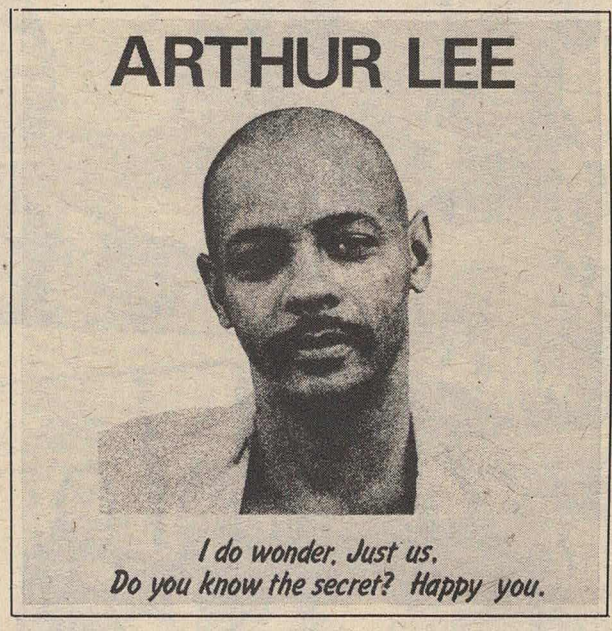
DUE SOON:
HARVEY GOLD (from Tin Huey): Keep A Close Watch/Armadillo (Clone)
THE WAITRESSES: Short Stack (Clone)
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES: Yankee Wheels/Nasty Nice (Stiff)
DEVO: Mongoloid/Jocko Homo; Satisfaction/Sloppy (Boojie Boy)



SINNIG

SINGLES

SHE'S SO MODERN
She's so 20th Century
She's so 1970's
She knows the right things to say
She's got the right clothes to wear
She's a modern girl on years
The Boomtown Rats



REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY ROY CARR

SINGLES OF THE WEEK OF WHICH THERE ARE THREE

ELTON JOHN: Ego (Rocket). Elton 'n' Bernie's diatribe of disillusionment has already generated the wildest guessing game (since Carly Simon's "You're So Vain") as to precisely who is being publicly.

The barbed message is delivered against a clipped tense quasi-tango beat, which momentarily lapses into neo-psychedelic first-person narratives, before regaining vitriolic momentum. Powerful stuff which takes quite some time to absorb, but once it has . . . I reckon it's arguably EJ's finest-ever recorded statement.

This uncharacteristic Elton John Plastic Ono Band stance may not appease those craving a schmaltz fix, but if this is the direction EJ intends to pursue, I for one wholeheartedly endorse it. File next to your Elvis Costello records.

JOOLS HOLLAND: Boogie Woogie '78 (Dartford Fun City). Squeeze's pumpin' piano man J. Holland utilises the Squeezers for five cuts of raucous roadhouse rockabilly ("Dartford Broadway Boogie") and passion-wagon jump band jive ("Buick 48"). He might not be pushing forward the frontiers of rock (that's not his intention), but in basic terms of fun 'n' feel, instrumentally Holland and chums succeed in trashing almost everything else on offer this week. So the edges are rough, the production minimal, but it connects. Point proven.

MEATLOAF: You Took The Words Right Out Of My Mouth (Epic). Pity someone didn't grab the microphone out of his paw! Can you credit the audacity of this joker! A surrogate Springsteen with the hysterical pretensions of a holy roller, the subtlety of Slade, the desire to out-sweat Mitch Ryder, and no sense of humour. Shall I continue? To compound matters, it seems that Todd Rundgren has been gullible enough to stage this horrendous hoax in stereophonic sound. The Runt pilfers Spector's Wall Of Sound blueprint ("All Things Must Pass" model) and transforms it into something utterly grotesque. Meatloaf? More like Spam!

FRANK POURCEL: Close Encounters Of The Third Kind (EMI). The race is by no means over, and of all the versions (this is a non-starter) of the five-note cosmic door chime, the full-blown ELP

interpretation will undoubtedly be the one to attract the biggest custom.

THE PLEASERS: The Kids Are Alright (Arista). In '76, '60s rock was still regarded by rock's emergent fourth generation as sacrosanct. Last year, it was the opposite. Would you believe that this year it's once more back in vogue. First reactivated by The Rods, this 'Oo anthem is now afforded a lacklustre presentation devoid of the mettle of the original. Even crude self-conscious studio trickery doesn't redeem it. The kids are all right, but not so The Pleasers. What next? "Ferry Across The Mersey", "Daydream Believer", maybe "Mrs Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter!"

JOHN TRAVOLTA: Whenever I'm Away From You (Polydor). Come in David Soul, your time is up. Whether or not you approve, the remainder of the year will probably belong to Travolta.

FOGHAT: I Just Want To Make Love To You (Bearsville). Less than subtle Heavy Metalisation of Chicago blues, which probably only connects if you're fuelled on a gallon of ripple and a fistful of reds. Muddy Waters and Willie Dixon never saw it like this.

ASHFORD AND SIMPSON: Don't Cost You Nothing (Warner Bros). Reminiscent of the psychedelic soul shots Whitfield and Strong once penned for The Temps. Whereas Ashford and Simpson used to lead, they now seem content to follow. One for the feet.

BOOMTOWN RATS: She's So Modern (Ensign). This one's got me worried. The impression I get is that they thought up the title first and then wrote a song around it. Though I can't fault the high-energy performance, it's all a little too contrived for comfort, unlike their album which substantiates that they are capable of better things. Maybe this time around they've played it too safe!

ARTHUR LEE: Do Wonder/Just Us/Do You Know The Secret?/Happy You (De Capo). The enigmatic and erratic Love-man resurfaces with what one presumes to be a bunch of demos. Side one (especially the first track) is evocative of his still unsurpassed "Forever Changes" period, but sans strings. On the flip, "Do You Know The Secret?" sounds like something Van Morrison could get his chops around, while "Happy You" is our Arthur doing his Hendrix routine. Essential purchase for Lee devotees, but hurry, only 3,000 copies pressed up.

T-REX: Hot Love/Raw Ramp/Lean Woman Blues (Cube). This almost made the Single Of The Week slot. Along with "Get It On", for me "Hot Love" personifies Bolan at his very best, and, coupled with early Slade and Gary Glitter singles, it makes a mockery of the current Power Pop non-event. Containing the finest extended outro since "Hey Jude", Boley's "Hot Love" sounds even more magical than it did seven years ago. Actually, with a little airtime there's no conceivable reason why it shouldn't once gain excite an audience to whom Marc Bolan is just as influential as were The Fabs to a previous generation. Bop on.

Status Singles?

AMERICAN:
THE AVENGERS: We Are The One / I Believe In Me / Car Crash (Dangerhouse). RAZZ: C. Redux / 70's Anomie (O'Rourke). THE CRAMPS: Surfin' Bird / The Way I Walk (Vengence). THE REDS: Joey / Automatic Boy (Go Go). THE NAMES: Why Can't It Be / Baby You're A Fool (Fiction). EASTWOOD PEAK: Ain't No Sinner / I Don't Know (Pure & Easy). THE ZIPPERS: He's A Rebel / You're So Strange (Back Door Man). KILLER KANE BAND: Mr. Cool / Longhaired Woman / Don't Need You (Whiplash).
BRITISH:
COMIC ROMANCE: Cry Myself To Sleep / Cowboys And Indians (Do It). THE BILLY KARLOFF BAND: Crazy Paving / Back Street Billy (Wanted). BLUNT INSTRUMENT: No Excust / Interrogation (Diesel). DEMON PREACHER: Royal Northern / Laughing At Me / Steal Your Love / Dead End Kidz (Illegal Pressings). SKIDS: Charles / Reasons / Test-Tube Babies (No Bad).
FRENCH:
ASHPHALT JUNGLE: Plante Comme Un Prive / Purple Heart (Skydog). 1984: D-Section / Salted City (Skydog).

WHILE vigourously

championing the cause of the front-room label and the store-front distributor, in the final analysis the proof is in the product — and, sadly, I must pass on the news that the high quality control of a year ago no longer seems to exist.

With more and more labels appearing and even more displaying an alarming lack of anything remotely resembling artistic integrity, the status single is rapidly losing all status. The minors are blindly persuing the kind of mud-against-the-wall policies they vehemently lambasted the majors for adherring to for so many years.

As a direct result, against their will many specialist dealers are being compelled to emulate the economics of the Top 50-*only* chart shops to stay in business.

Whereas in the past the *alternative* record shop would buy in minor label waxings by the dozen, nowadays they will only stock one or if pushed perhaps two copies of any obscurity for fear of getting stuck with a turkey.

Furthermore, many are working on a strict sale-or-return basis. And, judging by the standard I've come across this year, I don't blame 'em.

Do I really need to remind you that the likes of Television, Patti Smith and Television launched their careers on ever-so-small custom labels before being picked up by big-bread corporates?

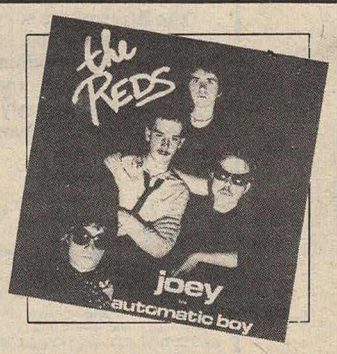
Well, those days have gone — and unless they can finance their own sessions, I very much doubt it if more than one of the bands listed above will ever be heard of again.

As far as America is concerned, most of the bands under review don't appear to realise that they're living in the tail-end of the (savage) 70s, being content to re-vamp the more redundant stances of the mid-60s.

The Avengers: Four self-styled Heroes Of The People self-consciously mutilate the riff of The Doors' "Hello I Love You Won't You Tell Me Your Name" (itself a wrong-side-of-the-blanket relative of The Kinks' "All Day .. etc, etc") in an effort to save *personkind*. It's lunk-heads like this who have the audacity to put-down hippies for having tried to establish an alternative society. Three tracks and not one original lick to be heard within earshot.

Razz: Instrumentally, this team appear able to cut the mustard. Pity the mustard grew in someone else's garden — namely Aerosmith's (and we know who they copped *their* chops from). Given decent material, Razz just might be rescued from instant obscurity.

The Cramps: Don't be mislead by the Alex Chilton production credit. If the originals are either not to your taste or hard to find, then check out the far superior recent retreads of "Surfin' Bird" by The Ramones and Robert Gordon's "The Way I



Walk" — the latter (if issued as a single) could (unless competition was really tough) be a contender as single of the week at any given time.

The Reds: Phil McNeill, who knows all about such things, detects an Aerosmith influence. Personally, I wouldn't know. When Aerosmith played Hammersmith Odeon I fled after five numbers and gifted what albums I had by the band to a local headbanger.

The Names: A Cheap Tricks connection here. The intro is *neat* but after that the song leads slowly nowhere. If they have a future, it's writing entries for various European Song Contests.

Eastwood Peak: A-side sounds like it could have easily been an out-take from Alice Cooper's first album.

The Zippers: Can't see any point is recording a duff version of The Crystals' classic. Flip really doesn't make it either.

Killer Kane Band: Formed by ex-New York Dolls' bass-bashing juice-head Arthur Kane, this record (with Arfur's emaciated mug-shot on the sleeve) didn't surface until long-after his sidemen had dumped him and split-up. Despite the fact that it sounds like it was recorded three doors down from the actually studio, there are flashes on "Mr. Cool" (a song which McNeill reckons owes sumpfing to Aerosmith's "Dream On", but then weren't A-Smith originally modelled on the Dollies and not the Stones ? blah, blah, blah) which, through the low-fidelity murk, give the impression that something worthwhile could have been done with this band. It's too late now.

If the British contingent of **Billy Karloff, Blunt Instrument, Demon Preacher and Skids** have nothing more than enthusiasm going for them, and only just, then all I can say about the French entries is that someone should have sealed up the holes in the middle. **1984's** "D-Section" must be one of the worst records I've ever come across, with the schoolboy smut lyrics amounting to even less than the music.

EGO

Norman Parkinson

First 100,000 in Colour Sleeve ROKN 538.
EGO the single from ELTON JOHN on Rocket Records.

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Friday 28th — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Saturday 29th — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THE WORLD AT ONE -UH-TWO-UH -THREE-UH-FOUR!

(And showdowns therein. PHIL McNEILL on THE JAM'S American tour)

"FAGGOTS!!" IS NOT a word with which to start a feature lightly, but when it is being yelled at the top of his lungs by an "all American clean-cut long-haired filthy hippy" type, male, complete with waist-length ponytail (!), and when this individual is yelling "Faggots!!" at the ambassadors of all that's Great about Britain Today, the one and only The Jam — well, I tell you, it's enough to make a chap forget that he's only over here in the 'new world' in the role of Neutral Observer, and damn well get up there and sort this grubby hippy specimen out!

Except he's with his mates. Hundreds of them. All hollering for The Jam's blood.

Hardly the best start to a five-week tour, this — stuck out in blizzard-torn Bridgeport, Connecticut, surrounded by hostile natives who seem to have banded together in some unholy New England alliance to give Our Boys the most decisive thumbs-down I can recall since Paul Jones unveiled his abortive Big Band at the 1967 Windsor Festival (whaddaya mean, you missed it? Believe me, he got the bird.)

Well, this is worse.

What is so surprising about it is that The Jam are performing an absolutely stunning set. The sound is great, the lighting is good, the execution is faultless. It wouldn't surprise me if this was, in its way, The Jam's best gig ever: the one to film and record, to capture the glory of the music unmarred by the excited emotions their shows usually arouse.

The only emotion they're exciting tonight is derision. Playing unbilled support to Blue Oyster Cult, coming on late (not the band's fault) to a sell-out gymnasium full of doped-up college kids, The Jam and their audience go from instant culture shock — Suits?!! What is this, some kind of Bay City Rollers concert? — through puzzlement to open antagonism.

If The Jam were a folk group it would be easy to understand. If they were an Aztec reggae combo, the audience's loathing and impatience would be perfectly excusable. That's not what all these people came for, bub — they came to get on their feet and on their knees to cities on flame with rock'n'roll!!!

Which, albeit in a less spectacular form, is precisely what The Jam deliver.

Ultimately, the audience reaction is simply a commentary upon the Cult's success in moving into the bland-rock platinum album market. Whereas us Brits tend, I think, to associate Mr. Lanier with Ms Smith, see nothing surprising in Sandy Pearlman producing The Clash, and view the Cult's oeuvre as that point where bondage meets braggadoccio, where Satanism and Spectacle do mortal battle at the crossroads of decadence and heavy metal — well, it's evident on the other hand that this Connecticut audience, at least, see only the BOC's new populist image, and are consequently somewhat more enamoured of the grandeur than the guts of rock'n'roll.

Whatever, they don't like The Jam — and The Jam aren't too struck on them.

Paul Weller is positively surly, even during the intervals between the first few songs, when the audience haven't yet decided whether to laugh, cry, cheer or jeer. Not that they can understand a word he mumbles, but — good grief! — ordering them to get up out of their canvas gym seats, grind out the joint butts and *dance!* The sole respondents are a couple of members of The Dictators who've come up to see the Cult and generously bop around by the side of the stage in a fierce show of support for The Jam.

But it just won't wash. "Modern World", "News Of The World", "All Around The World", "Whicker's World" *(Very droll — Ed.)*, "I Need You", "Bricks And Mortar", "The Combine" — it's sheerly sensational, and all it receives is a hail of abuse . . . though not, significantly, of missiles.

Glad you came, boys? Me too.

PAUL WELLER, his girlfriend tied inseparably to his side, disconsolately signs another autograph on another free album, mutters a terse reply to another formula question, and looks disinterestedly at his off-duty pumps. Your replies, I remark, are incredibly monosyllabic.

"I dunno what that means, Phil, quite honestly," he answers — and he's not being awkward. I tell him he seems to have come over to the States with a distinctly hostile attitude; he doesn't exactly enter into casual conversation with great vigour.

"I don't think I'm very intelligent," he replies, to my surprise. "My IQ's really dropped in the last year. I dunno — I think it's terrible, y'know. I can't speak properly to people any more."

Is that because he's on the spot all the time?

"I dunno. I think it's because I don't read so much any more. Reading does a lot for your brain."

Nonetheless, Weller's interest in this tour is hardly all-consuming. He hasn't the least idea of where the band is heading after the next town, for instance; and, asked whether he's met Blue Oyster Cult, whom The Jam are supporting on half a dozen more gigs, replies: "I dunno. They all look alike, don't they?"

Here he is now, doing a personal appearance at the National Convention of the IBS — America's network of college radio stations — in one of the biggest and most central hotels in New York, a city completely immobilised by enormous St. Patrick's Day parades, and he's totally browned off.

Isn't he interested in seeing New York, seeing the sights?

"Nah, I've seen 'em all in history books."

Would he rather have stayed at home?

"Yeah, I think so."

So why has he come?

"A lot of reasons really. I signed a contract to the effect that I'd come over here and play — and there's some kids over 'ere wanna see us..."

But is he actually interested in 'breaking' the States?

"I don't give a fuck really," he answers succinctly.

In this Weller is a little isolated within the Jam camp: Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler are both evidently enjoying the tour. Foxton says he'll be "pleased" if they break in the States. As for Rick, who gave us the "all-American" quote at the beginning, he was asleep when his turn came to be interviewed, so we can only surmise . . .

WHATEVER THE JAM'S ambitions, Polydor USA seem pretty determined to make this one the big one. All the band are full of praise for the work and enthusiasm the company is putting out — especially compared to Polydor UK, whose recent efforts, according to Weller and Foxton, leave much to be desired.

The main bone of contention is the second album, "This Is The Modern World", which the band firmly believe was a completely neglected classic. "In a few years' time," asserts Weller, "people will realise how good it was. I really expected two-page reviews of that album — I really thought it would be No. 1."

Instead, it reached about 22 and dropped.

"It's disgusting," Weller complains. "It should be a big occasion when we release a record — not just poxy half-page ads. The whole of Great Britain should know about it."

"Yeah, obviously," Foxton expands, "we was all pissed off about it. The promotion on the last tour — they just didn't do enough for it."

Certainly, the band have my sympathy. "Modern World" was nothing like the occasion it should have been, and consequently it has been sorely underestimated. Polydor's tendency to advertise Jam product in the most unimaginative way possible — by using the cover of the record in the ads — is merely a symptom of how chronically out of step with their new bands the major record companies are.

Stiff and Radar are virtually the only people guaranteed to come up with advertising that conveys the excitement or the wit of the artist concerned. And it's an important thing. No matter how immune to such things you may consider yourself, it's inevitable that your own image of a band is conditioned at least subliminally by the image put across by the type and quantity of advertising they receive.

"At the moment," Foxton estimates, "We've got about fifty or so thousand kids that buy the

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THE JAM

FROM OVER PAGE

stuff. We're almost guaranteed to sell about 50,000 records, but that's about it up to now. 'All Around The World' was the exception — that done about 120 — but we played it ('Modern World') enough on tour, we played it at every gig, so it must be down to the promotion." (On the other hand, of course, 'All Around The World' was an exceptional record . . .)

In America, Foxton's glad to say, they're working the band hard. Personal appearances and radio interviews — which apparently were almost non-existent on the last UK tour — are being scheduled for every city.

In New York, as well as the radio station convention, there was the unusual step of 'open rehearsals', to which the local press were invited. (Who turned up? "The cleaners, our manager . . .")

The main problem that Polydor see in America is obviously this confounded 'punk' tag. In the U.S. biography, they go to absurd lengths to stress that The Jam are "New Wave" — the "logical successor" to punk — and that they "don't abuse audiences and preach mindless destruction for its own sake. The antithesis of the notorious Sex Pistols . . . While the Pistols demonstrated against the Queen's Jubilee, The Jam did benefits in its behalf! . . . The Jam doesn't need any safety pins to hold their act together."

The barriers to be crossed are enormous, simply in terms of mutual reference points and comprehension.

Not only does Weller need to shape up and clarify his between-song raps, but some of the interpretations I've seen of the band's lyrics are positively weird.

"Away From The Numbers" is seen as being about the police or ageing rock stars; "Time For Truth" has been seen as a love song, its "Uncle Jimmy" line a reference to Carter rather than Callaghan; the "Art School" line *"the media is washed up"* has universally become *"the media as watchdog"*; and the Mod suits have been described on occasions as "Italian-style". Also, great emphasis has been placed on the fact that the first album contains a number of "fucks" — to such an extent that "Modern World" was put out Stateside with *"I don't give a damn about your review"* rather than the doubly disgusting *"two fucks"*.

The suits actually present a most interesting point. The fact is that only to the Anglophiles among the U.S. audience do they have the same Mod connotations as over here. To anyone else, it's a bunch of guys dressing up in dopey suits rather than punk leather, sloppy denim or rock star satin. So I wonder, shouldn't the band change their image if the suits are hampering acceptance? And if they refuse to do so, isn't it a little absurd — elevating a *suit* into a point of principle?

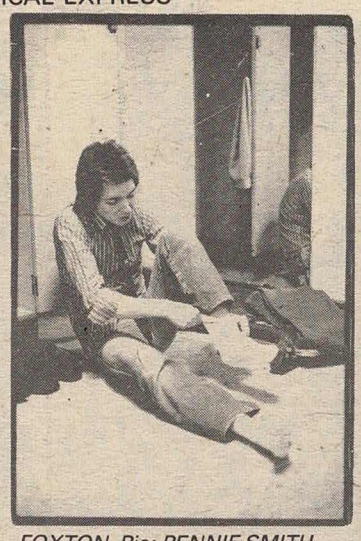
I put this to both Weller and Foxton, and both of them duck out of it.

"Whaddaya want me to say to that?" Bruce returns, seeing the Catch-22 I'm setting him: either he sells out or he strikes a ridiculous stand about his clothes. "Do *you* reckon we should dress differently? They'll remember us for the suits, anyway."

"It's quite interesting," Weller maintains. "It's a challenge to the audience."

Indeed, The Jam *are* quite a challenge, at least to a BOC audience. Other criticisms I heard that night were that they played too fast (you should have seen them nine months ago, mate!) and too short — you know, stretch out a bit and take more solos.

Culture shock all round. Although large American halls don't feel as big as large British halls, simply becuase they're more of a norm, The Jam's few large-scale gigs in Britain have not prepared them for this situation. It's totally new to them, playing support, facing audiences who don't want to dance, who haven't come specifically to see *them*. For the moment the watchword is wait and see. If any of the other BOC gigs turn out to be similar bummers to Bridgeport they've already decided they'll aim off and do their own tour.



FOXTON. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

'There's not a lot of (new) bands I want to see.'

FOXTON

NOTICED HOW it's getting hard to read a feature in this paper without *Top Of The Pops* featuring as an obligatory interview scenario? Well, before meeting them in the States I decided to renew my acquaintance with The Jam on the occasion of their filming their "News Of The World" slot — a session, incidentally, remarkable both for the band's millimetre-perfect miming and for the way The Jam's song came across like a nuclear attack in the calm, stagnant waters of the rest of the programme.

I arrived to find Paul Weller alone in the dressing room. "Hello," he sneered, "you've cut your hair. Company policy, is it?"

This exchange was notable primarily for Paul's unexpected display of memory: as far as I was concerned, we'd only ever met once before, a year ago, under the most fleeting of circumstances.

Possibly he only remembered me because I work for the rock press — his interest in the press, British at least, is so strong that he actually asked Polydor to hold onto the papers for him for the whole five weeks of the U.S. tour. Whatever, I was quite unprepared for his next question. With no kind of small talk or any of the usual ways by which one develops a relationship, in fact as if we were already deep in conversation, he asked: "Do you know much about groups like The Creation or The Action?"

It transpires that this is Weller's passion in life: pop art rock. As far as he is concerned, it is the great untapped rock form. He gets the opportunity to expand upon this during a two-hour drive from New York to Philadelphia, when I put that hardy perennial about how-do-you-see-your-music-going-from-here.

"Musical drection? Well, like we was saying the other day, about the Wire LP — that's got something like 16 tracks, right?"

Twenty-one, actually.

"Has it? I like the idea of that, that's really good. I'd like to be able to write minute-and-a-half, two-minute classics. If I could write a mini-opera in 1½ minutes, that'd be great. I had an idea to write a three-minute song, where you'd got about fifteen different tunes in the one song — every line changes. That'd be quite interesting.

"I'd just like to experiment, y'know — but not with fuckin' synthesisers. In a three-piece format. There's a lot of things you can do. Like pop art, that's quite interesting, right? Nobody ever really explored that."

What do you mean by pop art?

"Well, there was only really a couple of songs anyway, like 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere' and 'Makin' Time'. I like the idea of R&B mixed with sorta pop sounds — and I like the art side to it. I can't really explain it, but there's something in them songs that just sounds really interesting, something that could be explored a lot more — like the sound effects with guitar and that.

"I've got loads of ideas," he shrugs, when I reiterate the misgivings Mick Houghton recently expressed in *Time Out*, that The Jam might be headed up a blind alley.

"There's a lotta things we ain't done yet. I'd like to do some more R&B. I've sort of come full circle: when we started off we were doing loads of stuff like 'Ride Your Pony', R&B standards like that, and then we dropped 'em — but now I've really got back into that."

This I find strange, coming from a 19-year-old. I mean, did he ever see or hear Lee Dorsey performing "Ride Your Pony"?

"I've only 'eard a couple of versions," he replies, his hoarse, nasal Cockney rumbling underneath the cacophony of diesel engine and cassette rock-muzak all around us. "There was a good version by The Troggs, on their first LP."

Ah, fond memories. . . but Weller himself wasn't actually 'around' when those records first came out — was he?

"The only groups I can remember from the '60s are The Troggs, The Beatles, snatches of things like The Kinks, The Young Rascals, bands like that — The Monkees. . .

"I only started to buy records in about '68 really. I bought 'Sgt Pepper' — that was the first one. I've always been a Beatles fan, since I was a kid — and I used to like The Herd. . ."

I would have thought, picking up on rock in '68, that his first love would have been psychedelia.

"I like some of that stuff," he avers. "Like the first two Pink Floyd singles are really great. But when it starts getting really far out — like that Jimi Hendrix shit — I can't stand it. I like 'Purple Haze'. . . I only like short songs. Three minutes is enough."

As if to emphasize all this, we stop over for a personal appearance session at a record store just outside Philadelphia which stocks a huge selection of prime '60s artefacts and '70s punk. While I load up dutifully with albums by the likes of The Diodes, George Thorogood and the Destroyers, Static Disposal and other '78 vintage esoterica which you will observe filtering into the album review pages in the near future, The Jam come out with armfuls of Beatles, Monkees, Who, Kinks, etc., etc. Pride of place in Weller's stash goes to the Roy Carr/CSM Decca compilation "Hard Up Heroes".

'Modern World — in a few years time people will realise how good it was'

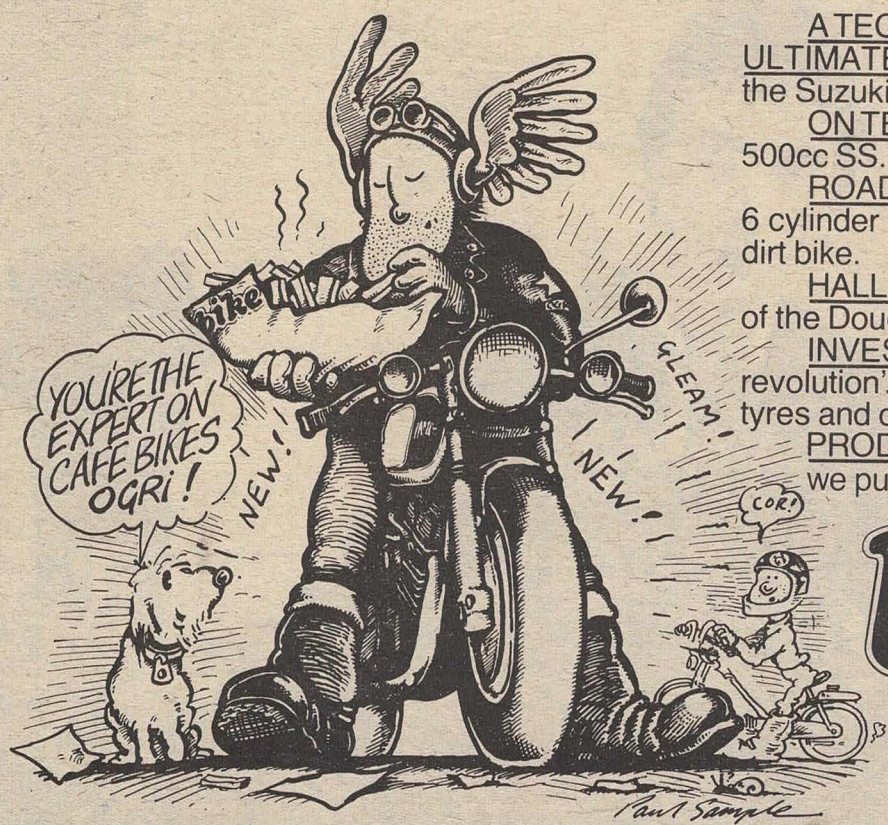
WELLER

'The Jam don't need safety pins to hold their act together'

U.S. PRESS RELEASE

AT THE SAME TIME as he is infatuated with the super sound of '65, Weller is also completely despondent about the big beat today's kids go for. As far as he's concerned, 1978 is a wash-out.

COMMENTS, ANALYSES, CRITICISES, CLEANS SPARK PLUGS AND WRAPS UP CHIPS.



A TECHNICAL ANALYSIS OF THE ULTIMATE CAFE RACER. (Anatomy of the Suzuki engined BIMOTA.)

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This comes to light when I bring up the subject of the band's new-found control over their pacing, now performing at something like half the speed they used to.

"Yeah, much more sophisticated," Weller agrees. "It's better, yeah."

So why have they slowed down — or rather, why did they get too fast in the first place?

"I dunno, it's just that when you're playing in small clubs like the Hope & Anchor you just get caught up in the excitement and it's just bang bang bang. I quite enjoyed that in a way. It was good for that time — it was relevant to that particular period. But things have changed now."

And you don't think they're changing for the better?

"Not at the moment I don't, no. There's lotsa new groups, but. . . I dunno, it's just my own personal taste, but none of 'em play my type of music."

But were they doing that a year ago?

"Yeah. Like when I saw the Pistols and The Clash at the 'Undred Club, y'know, I enjoyed that. Even though it wasn't the same sort of music *we* was playing, I could still understand it, felt part of it. But I don't really feel part of any music scene these days. I don't feel I've got any contemporaries."

You don't relate to The Clash anymore?

"Nah. . . well, 'cept for Strummer. But only 'cause like he's been playing for years and he's professional. He's a real pro — that's what I like about him. Same as me — I've been playing for like six years, so I'm a pro, ain't I? Quite obviously."

How do you think The Clash have changed then?

"Dunno, maybe mellowed out a bit. I think all the bands have — including us. It's a good thing in a way — it shows some sort of progress — but whether or not it's the *right* direction I dunno . . ."

Sounds positively Old Man Of Punk, doesn't he? In his less dour fashion, Bruce Foxton is of the same opinion.

"There's so many sort of punk new wave powerpop records coming out, and I don't like the majority of 'em."

Did you use to?

"There was a lot more. . . like, Boys still make good records. I still like The Boys — that's probably maybe the only band I *do* like now. They've got some really good ideas.

"There's not a lotta bands I'm interested in going to see," he shrugs.

DESPITE HIS VIEW of the current state of Brit-rock, Paul Weller still places immense pride in his country. We've been discussing the Japanese, as it happens, a nation who not only embrace Rainbow, Rollers and Runaways (or should that be Lainbow, Lollers and Lunaways?), but also send fanmail to The Jam.

"It's funny," Weller observes. "I mean, can you imagine an English audience going to see a Japanese group?

"Britain's very creative. There's nowhere that can match Britain artistically — in *all* arts."

Is Weller very 'into' other arts?

"No, I'm not very cultural at all really. I'm too ignorant. I just like some paintings, but I don't know the artists or anything. I don't spend hours in art galleries or browsing through bookshops or whatever — it's more instant art for me. I see a painting, I like it or I don't like it. I'm not affected by colours."

Which puts me in mind of a remark passed yesterday, when I asked him why they displayed the Union Jack onstage. Answer: "Because I like the colours." In revenge, I now ask him which colour's his favourite.

"Being a true blue Conservative," he deadpans, "I'd have to say I go for the blue. No, I think it looks really great onstage anyway — visually it looks really good."

There speaks a true blue Tory. God, I bet Weller must regret those remarks he made to Steve Clarke back in April last year, all that stuff about supporting the Queen, voting Conservative and the unions running the country. Nearly a year later, the subject is raised at the one U.S. press interview I sit in on.

"Everyone brings it up," laughs Weller, "every time. Just shows the power of the press, dunnit? It was good, though — it made us a lot of enemies, which we wanted to. I wanted to, anyway.

"I mean, the lyrics from the first LP just totally dismiss that anyway . . . I dunno, maybe I meant it at the time. It was prior to The Clash tour, and things were getting very cosy, y'know — they wanted us to fit into their little niche and be nice and political and left-wing and all this shit, right? And we made lots of enemies on that tour — all the other groups hated us — and I enjoyed that. They were on about complacency, and they all fitted into that anyway!"

The man who loves to be hated? Or a desperate show of bravado? Frankly I don't care either way — nor do I care very much about Weller's 'politics'. As expressed through his lyrics, there's confusion, resentment, anger — but little coherent direction — and despite the "Uncle Jimmy" reference, they're certainly not paeans to Margaret Thatcher.

If anything, he's romantic; and the words on the first album in particular are completely secondary to the music anyway. "I Need You" or "Time For Truth" — it really wouldn't matter if he was singing "Humpty Dumpty", because the guy is a brilliant musician and it's there that he strikes his chords, so to speak. Weller agrees with me that interviewing him on the subject of politics is stupid — so just erase the past few paragraphs from your memory bank and we'll find something interesting to talk about.

I'm in love with The Jam whether they blank the lyrics out or not.

WELLER & BUCKLER. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

THE JAM ARE a very insular band. They've all known one another for years; on the road, there's just four roadies, three band, one girlfriend and one manager. Daddy.

John Weller is a leonine, silver-haired man, one-time boxer and ex-builder, who was pitched into rock management around the time The Jam began to create a stir playing London's third division venues at the turn of '77.

Spending a couple of days on the road with the band is hardly enough time for me to begin spraying around profound insights into The Jam's internal relationships. What I can say is that J. Weller's presence as manager has its good and its bad points.

The good's easy. He's not any kind of visionary, he didn't *want* to manage a band, so he's no Svengali — which means that the group have complete artistic control. And as Weller P. points out, "without mentioning any names, a lotta managers don't (give the band control)."

When I ask when we can expect his album with the Kray twins in Tierra Del Fuego, he just looks bemused: "I can't believe all that . . ."

Also, of course, one assumes that the band can trust John Weller and that they present a united front to the record company, etc. "Us against the world," as Paul puts it.

Paul also maintains that he is "just like a manager — it's a professional relationship", but here my doubts begin to creep in.

Admittedly it's hard to think of *any* really fabulous rock managers, but not many would, for instance, let slip the opportunity to put his group's leader in front of an impatient journalist's mike on the band's day off; somewhat to my dismay, that happened on the one night I spent in New York, and I discovered after the event that whilst I had frittered my time away elsewhere, Paul had been hanging around his hotel room all evening. His father had told me he was going out . . .

It has been suggested that the father-son relationship means Paul has nobody there to let the air out of his ego; that maybe John Weller's presence contributes to the guitarist's vanity. Obviously, I can't say — though Paul is getting to be notoriously big-headed. At least one *NME* writer has come away from a recent encounter bitching about it, while Paul himself told me that Bob Hart of *The Sun* actually refused to run an interview he did with The Jam because Weller was "too arrogant".

"I don't think I am," he laughs. "I think I'm modest."

On the other hand, it could be that John Weller actually promotes band discipline — though not necessarily in good ways. For instance, he it is who rushes around after they come offstage, collecting and folding their ties; he it is who collects the plastic cups off the *Top Of The Pops* dressing room floor, because "they may not have us back . . . and we need them more than they need us."

But the important point remains: he's not going to rip them off. Believe me, you grow accustomed to musicians wearing a look of slight paranoia when they discuss 'the management', and the band who are confident that their earnings aren't lining someone else's pockets are fortunate indeed.

EVER SINCE "This Is The Modern World" received a pasting from Mick Farren on its release back in November, Paul Weller has been trying to hustle a *Deja Vu* job on his *meisterwerk*. If you think it's stupid to look back on something that's only four months old, skip to the next section — but be warned: this is a CONCEPT album you're missing out on!

When Paul tells me this, I instantly click on the tape recorder, but he won't bite. "That's it. It's got a concept." After a little prompting, it transpires that the concept is fairly broad: life itself, and the ironies thereof.

Most of the album was written in the space of a week; unfortunately, timing problems meant that the tracks couldn't appear in quite the

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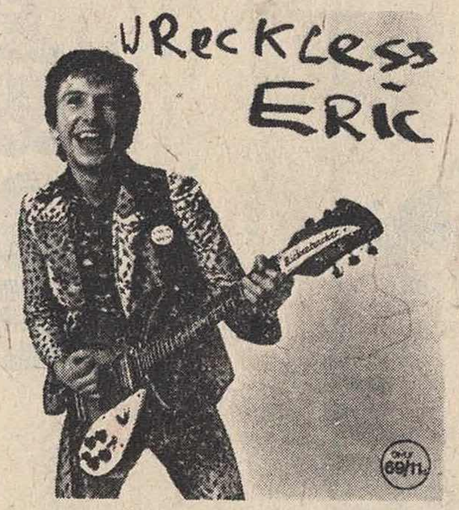
WRECKLESS ERIC

BLACK 12" SEEZ 6



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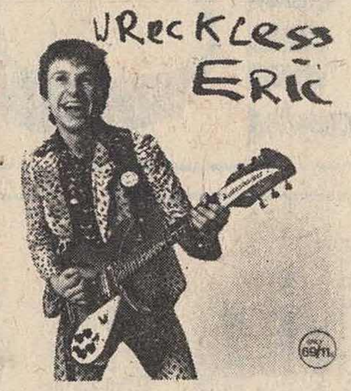

IT'S A GREAT LIFE STIFF RECORDS IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

NICK LOWE. Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY

The Lowdown On Lowe

HERE'S THE big one then . . . . . howsabout a complete discography on Nick Lowe? — **BRINSLEY FREAK, Kippington Lodge, Rockfield.**

● The big one indeed — but with the aid of the ubiquitous Cliff Gater, the following Lowe-down was formulated:

Basher first recorded as a member of Kippington Lodge in 1967, the band cutting five singles — "Shy Boy" / "Lady On A Bicycle" (R5643 — 1967), "Rumours" / "And She Cried" (R5677 — 1968), "Tell Me A Story" / "Understand A Woman" (R5717 — 1968), "Tomorrow Today" / "Turn Out The Light" (R5750 — 1969) and "In My Life" / "I Can See Her Face" (R5776 — 1969) — all for Parlophone.

The Lodge became Brinsley Schwarz in 1970, making their album debut with the highly publicised "Brinsley Schwarz" on UA UAS-29111. Then, with the Famepushing over, came "Despite It All" (LBG 83427 — 1970), "Silver Pistol" (UAS 29217 — 1972), "Nervous On The Road" (UAS 29374 — 1972), "Please Don't Ever Change" (UAS 29489 — 1973), "Original Golden Greats" (USP 101 — 1974) and "New Favourites" (UAS 29641 — 1974) — all UA album releases — plus such not-available-on-album singles as "I've Cried My Last Tear" (UP 35642 — 1974), "Everybody" (UP 35768 — 1975) and "There's A Cloud In My Heart" (UP 35812 — 1975).

During this period, the Brinsleys also contributed five songs to "The Greasy Truckers' Party" (UA UDX 203/4) and one to the "Glastonbury Fayre" (Revelation 1/3) albums, at the same time recording variously as The Knees — "Daytripper" / "Slow Down" on UA UP 35773; The Limelight—"I Should Have Known Better" / "Tell Me Why" UA UP 35779; The Hitters — "Hypocrite" / "The Version", UA UP 35530; and The Electricians — with Dave Edmunds, performing "Da Doo Ron Ron" on the "Stardust" movie soundtrack (Ronco RG 2009/10).

Ever-active, Lowe and the Brinsley's also turned up in backing group capacity on at least four other albums, namely "Ernie Graham" (Liberty 83485 — 1971), Frankie Miller's "Once In A Blue Moon" (Chrysalis CHR 1036), Dave Edmunds' "Subtle As A Flying Mallet" (Rockfield RRL 101 and RCA PL 25129) and Chilli Willi's "King Of The Robot Rhythm" (Revelation REV 002).

Solowise, Lowe has been equally prolific, cutting the "Jesus Of The Cool" LP (Radar RAD 1), the "Bowi" EP (Stiff LAST 1) and such singles as "So It Goes" / "Heart Of The City" (Stiff BUY 1), "Halfway To Paradise" / "I Don't Want The Night To End" (Stiff BUY 21), "Keep It Out Of Sight" / "Truth Drug" (Dynamite DYR 45007) and "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass" / "They Called It Rock" (Radar ADA 1).

He can also be found on such Stiff collections as "A Bunch Of Stiffs" (SEEZ 2) "Hits Greatest Stiffs" (FIST 1) and "Live Stiffs" (GET 1) and is the man responsible for The Disco Brothers' "Let's Go To The Disco" / "Everybody Dance" (UA UP 36057) and The Tartan Horde's "Bay City Rollers We Love You" / "Rollers' Theme" (UA UP 35891), "Roller's Show" / "Allorolla Part 1" (CM 66), the last named only being available in Japan or as part of a Dutch EP.

Things get decidedly hazy when one investigates the items Basher has either produced, played on or been involved with in various ways. But his name has been connected with Dave Edmunds' "Get It" LP (Swansong SSK 59404) plus the "As Lovers Do" (SSK 19408) and "New York's A Lonely Town" (SSK 19409) 'B' sides, The Albertos' "Snuff Rock" EP (LAST 2), Clover's "Chicken Funk" / "Show Me Your Love" (Vertigo 6059 157) and umpteen other sessions concerning The Damned, Pink Fairies, Elvis Costello, Graham Parker, Dr Feelgood, Wreckless Eric and The Kursaal Flyers.

It would also appear that UA have a fair supply of previously unreleased Brinsley Schwarz sides hanging around in their vaults — "No Reason" from "Jesus Of Cool" was originally recorded by the Brinsleys but never saw the light of day — and at least three people have told me that they're working on a possible B.S. compilation for UA.

In the meantime, the Lowe bid for studio domination goes on the one-time little boy from Woodbridge School, Tunbridge Wells, keeping company with Graham Parker and The Rumour, Dave Edmunds and Carlene Carter of The Carter Family at Rockfield, where they're all working on "Once A Cowboy, Always A Cowboy", Carlene's forthcoming Warner Bros album.

IN A recent *NME* interview pianist Ben Sidran mentioned the Countryman piano pickup. Could you supply me with more info-price, availability, etc.? **Joseph Dalton, Glasgow.**

● The Countryman and Helpinstall piano pickups, both of which Sidran has used, are expensive U.S. models, the fomer costing around £400. According to Bob Styles, General manager of Rod Argent's Keyboards, a top London keyboard shop, neither are generally available in this country—though Keyboards will be receiving supplies shortly.

Says Styles, whose customers include Rick Wakeman, Manfred Mann, Pink Floyd and many others: "There are three cheaper models available in Britain — namely the De Armond at £80, the Barcus Berry at £100 and the Di Marzio at £50 — but the demand for piano pickups is falling away because bands are tending to buy the Yamaha CP70 electric grand piano, which is a portable job, breaking into two sections weighing 120lbs and 130lbs each.

"By using a method that employs specially shunted bass strings — it's the length of the bass strings on a grand piano that determine its size — the instrument can now be kept to this fairly compact size without losing that true grand piano tone.

"The problem with piano pickups is that no matter how good they may or may not be, the sound you get is all down the piano you either hire or have at the venue you're playing—and some of these instruments are not up to much. So, many keyboardists are turning to the CP70, thus ensuring that they'll always have a first class instrument on hand."

Styles adds that he's willing to aid any *NME* readers who have keyboard enquiries. Contact him at Rod Argent's Keyboards, 20 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8NA or phone 01-240-0084.

COULD YOU ask The Pirates' Mick Green which guitar and amplifier he uses, plus the type of strings and picks?. — **C. LEWIS, London**

● We sent the massed Warner Brothers out in search of this info and even they had problems locating the elusive Green, due to The Pirates' current heavy gigging schedule. He was eventually tracked down in deepest Accrington or some other far-flung outpost of the empire, where he admitted that he was the owner of a Fender Telecaster fitted with a Fender Humbucker pick-up, and also a Gibson Les Paul, his amplification being a Marshall 100 watt, 59 valve job allied to two 4 x 12 Marshall speaker cabinets. Green, who claimed to be a resident of Ilford, also owned up to using Rotasound strings and any heavy gauge plectrums he could nick. Later he reminded his interrogators that he once played back-up to Engelbert Humperdinck.

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Richard Sohl: piano
Lenny Kaye: guitar

6078 614

Produced by Lenny Kaye for Robert Mapplethorpe
Recorded June 5, 1974 Electric Ladyland, NYC Engineer: Dave Palmer
Special thanks to Jane Friedman, David Sonenberg, and Clive Davis
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Hey Joe/Piss Factory was originally released on Mer Records 601
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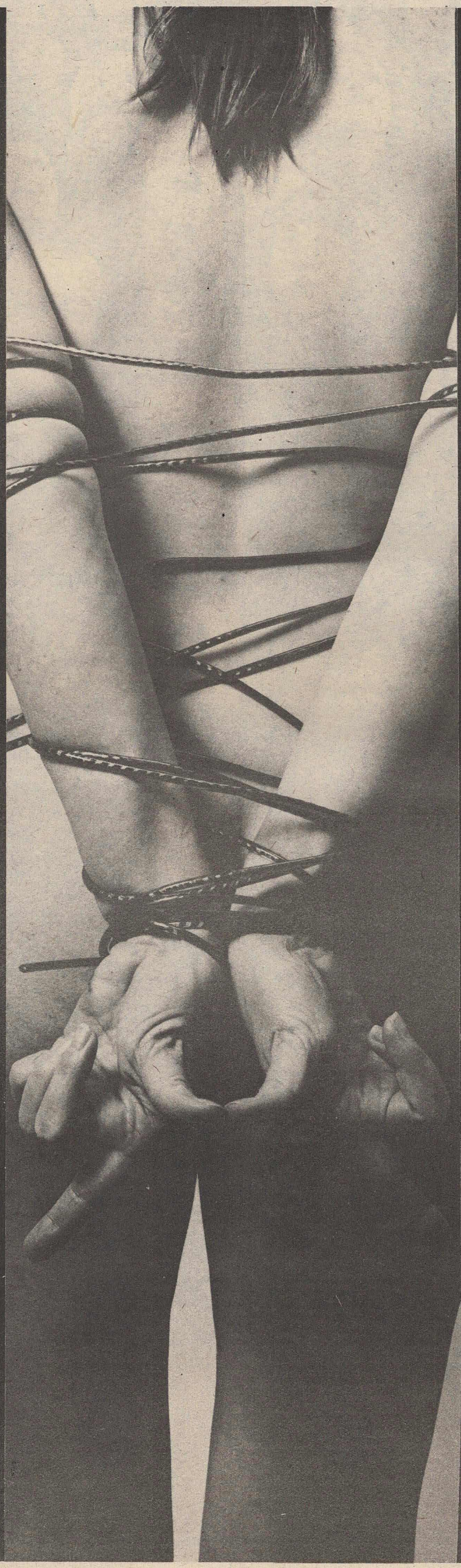

If

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The number:
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The ideal:
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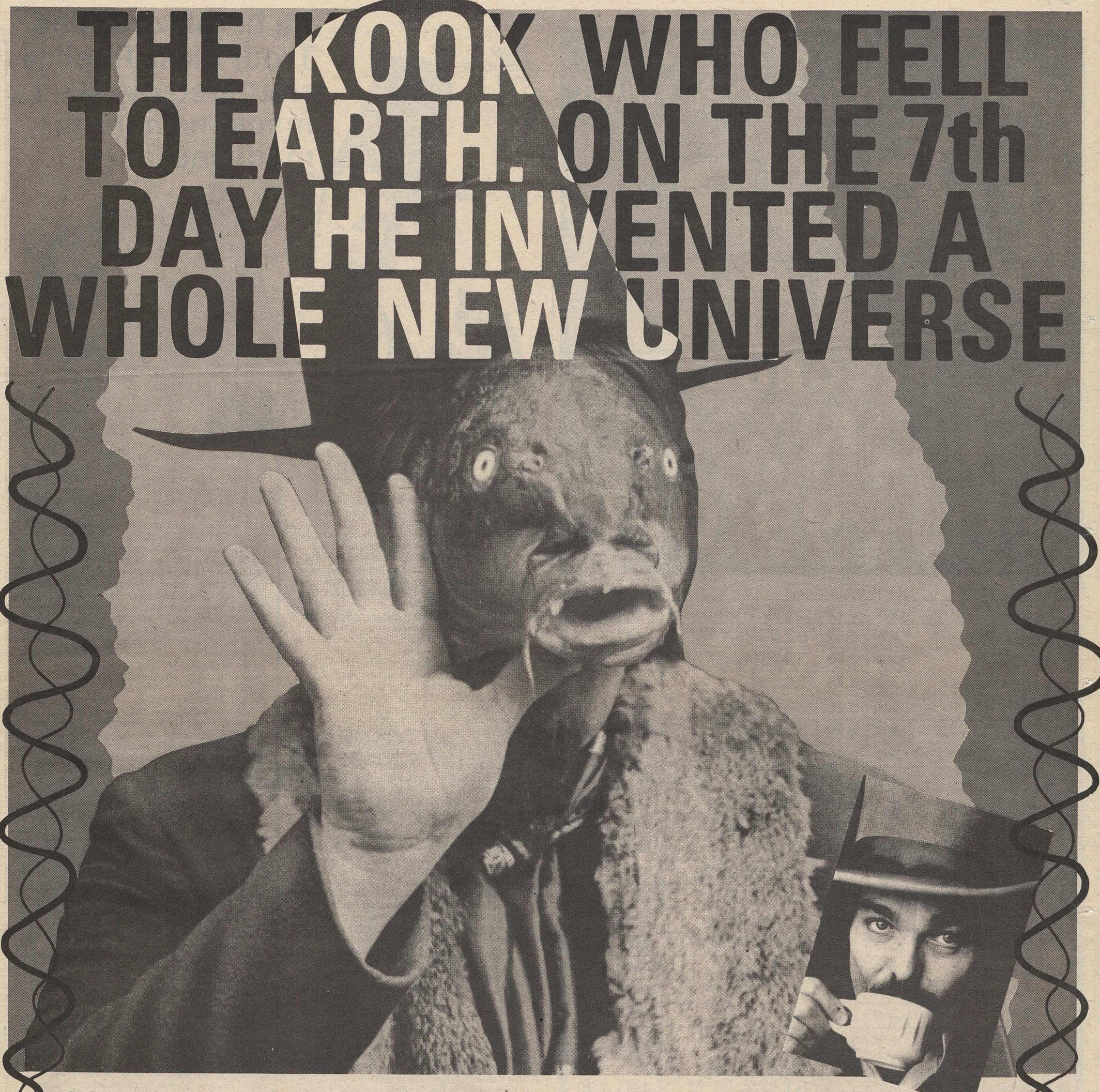

Growing up with Captain Beefheart. A retrospective by Lester Bangs.

PART ONE.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART IS back. Where did he go in the first place, you might ask. Which is not such an easy question to answer.

Like many things to do with Don Van Vliet, who has been around in one incarnation or another for over a decade now and is considered by many people to be one of the few authentically avant-garde artists in rock, it may devolve to a simple statement that there is the world, and then there is the Captain, who even in his material and musical presence might just as well be broadcasting beast linguals through a foghorn on the dark side of the moon so far as the mainstream pop audience of *any* era knows or cares.

If that's the way you feel, you might as well feel free to skip this article altogether. Because after a brief period of commercial compromise in the name of "accessibility" followed by a couple of year off the set entirely, he has returned to the music and the English language on his own terms, the terms he invented almost completely alone and has been able to school a handful of other musicians in over the years, offering his rare gifts up to a world which has mostly found him difficult, eccentric at best, sometimes unnerving, perhaps, insane, and generally incomprehensible.

This indifference or hostility leaves the rest of us, who quality as a cult, and passionately feel that this man is one of the most brilliant musical innovators of our time, that he has pulled off certain very specific feats of sound and imagery that nobody else has touched, that both we and rock 'n' roll are lucky to have known him.

We feel this so strongly that we can't even be bothered being defensive or snotty about it, because there are just some things that are not for everybody and never will be, and the general consensus with the Captain is that you either take him whole and revel in what almost amounts to a parallel universe, or not at all.

BEEFHEART AND I go back a long way. Way back to 1969, when I first managed to crack into print via the *Rolling Stone* record review section, and was still awestruck that somebody would actually be willing to pay me the lordly sum of $12.50 just for putting down 500 or so words about a new album. Beefheart's "Trout Mask Replica" was about the fourth or fifth album I got to review in public, and I guess I seized the time.

For years I had been listening to rock 'n' roll and jazz of all sorts, particularly avant-garde "free" jazz, and while eagerly following the rock experimentalism of the '60s had been just *waiting* for somebody to combine the two in a truly effective way. I don't mean that Insect Trust type of stuff where the jazz and the rock were just sorta stapled together, Blood, Sweat & Tears lounge music, or this bumblebee muzak

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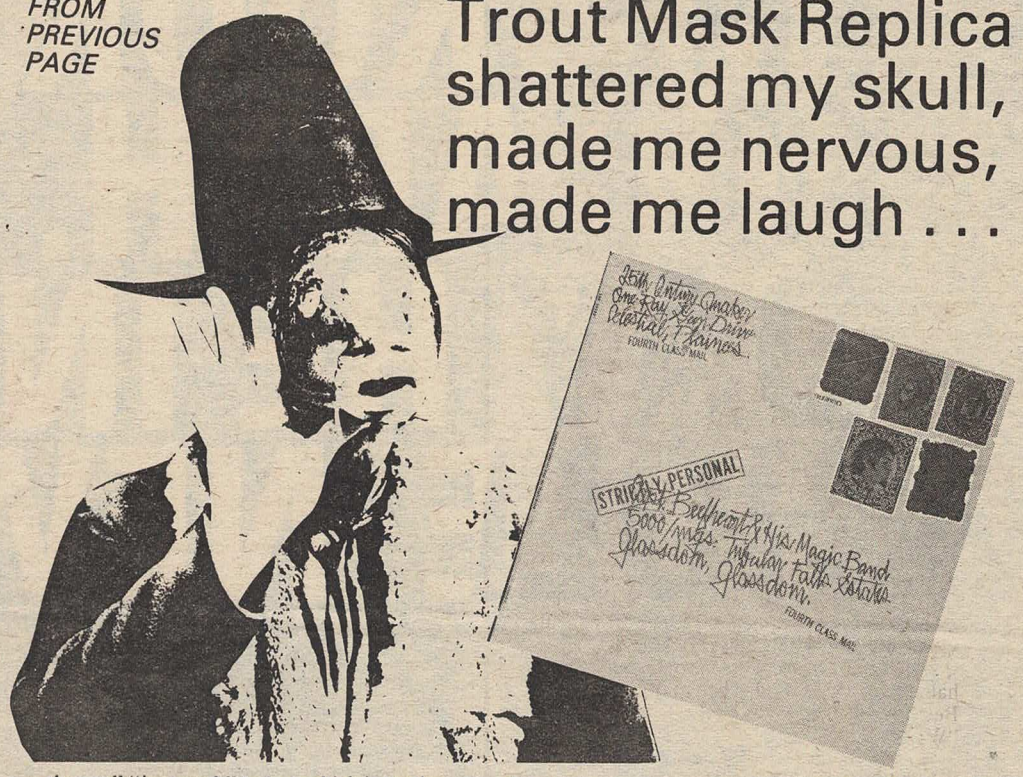
. . . the bomb dropped. Trout Mask Replica shattered my skull, made me nervous, made me laugh . . .



they call "jazz-rock" today, which is total garbage that compromises both its sources and remains in a dead heat for ultimate offensiveness with disco.

I mean a kind of crazed, rangy, smokestack lightning to Aldebaran explosion of zagbop noise that churned and rumbled with rock'n'roll gristomp while it found the swooping freedom of the new jazz and took that liberty not to be fettered by things like time and key but shook off musical skyrockets in all directions at once, gripping and holding you precisely by the alchemical way it worked this tension between earth and heavenly fire.

It seemed to me that if just one person could figure out how to link these seeming polar opposites in some natural, organic way, then we would surely have a quantum leap in our collective musical language, or at least that part if it about which I cared most passionately. I didn't know a damn thing about music technically then, as I still don't now, but early on I could hear the atonality and primaeyal shrieks of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman in the feedback exploding from all those electric guitars, especially when everybody wandered down the garden path to outer space with acid rock, freakout jams, all that stuff.

I dallied in the eclecticism of The Beatles and Mothers, but as we all learn sooner or later eclecticism just basically sucks and is usually the cloak of "geniuses" who basically fail to have any real ideas of their own. That's why Frank Zappa has remained a professionally contemptuous shithead whose only really good song ever was "Troubled Every Day". I was much more interested in The Velvet Underground, who took rock distortion influenced by free jazz concepts just about as far as anybody would have thought it could go in things like "Sister Ray," and maybe it was exactly because they were basically a garage band and just didn't know any better that they were able to push the music to that kind of unprecedented extreme.

I had bought Beefheart's first two albums, liked 'em okay and even heard a little bit of that stuff I kept hoping for in there, but the first, "Safe As Milk", was basically a pretty conventional record, and "Strictly Personal," while seeming to lean out of a delta blues gully into some interesting directions, was so wretchedly produced (or, actually, re-produced via phasing etc. by Blue Thumb Records president Bob Krasnow to make it more "palatable" to the "acid rock market") as to be offensive and nigh-unlistenable.

THEN, IN ABOUT March 1969, came "Trout Mask Replica." It hit like a bomb; in fact, the shellshock stayed with me long enough to seem as natural as breathing. I went to the record store one day, and there it was: this weird looking double album with a man with a fish's face and a most peculiar hat on the cover.

On the back this same guy, minus fish, was holding a table lamp out like a lethal weapon, encircled by his cohorts, who had somehow managed to be even more bizarre looking than he was. One wore a dress. I could have sworn the guy next to him had lipstick on, one looked like a mad scientist who had let his hair grow for a year and then stuck his tongue in an electric socket, and lurking under the bridge they stood on was some Insect Man from a Japanese monster movie.

Still, not being overly smitten with the last two albums and bearing in mind that this guy was somehow associated with Zappa which meant that the whole thing might well be some kind of L.A. goof, I remained unconvinced, and probably walked home with something like "Illinois Speed Press" that day.

But those were the times when record buyers were as experimental as the musicians, and you found yourself walking home with totally unknown quantities half the time, so it wasn't long before I found myself cruising down to a local department store, where it would be easier to switch pricetags; I figured that even it it turned out to be a bunch of bullshit I'd still be getting two records for the price of one. When I got it out of the car and slit open the shrinkwrap my perplexity was compounded: the four sides listed 28 songs of varying lengths, and almost all of them had titles like "Pachuco Cadaver," "Bill's Corpse," "Neon Meate Dream Of A Octafish."

When I got home the bomb dropped. "Trout Mask Replica" shattered my skull, realigned my synapses, made me nervous, made me laugh, made me jump and jag with joy. It wasn't just the fusion I'd been waiting for: it was a whole new universe, a completely realized and previously unimaginable landscape of guitars splintering and sproinging and slanging and even actually *swinging* off in every direction, as far as the mind could see, like a mad herd of Pecos Bills hooting at the moon and handstanding on jimson weed, while this beast voice straight out of one of Michael McClure's *Ghost Tantras* growled out a catarrh spew of images at once careeningly abstract and as basic and bawdy as the last 200 years of American folklore.

The whole thing thrashed in a brambly dissonant tangle which nevertheless maintained a unique internal structure and logic of its own, the guitars occasionally rounding a particularly precipitous bend to find themselves eyeball to eyeball with a madly squawling Albert Ayler sax which hooted and jeered right back at them. Cacophony or kingdom come, I stayed under the headphones and played "Trout Mask" straight through five times in a row that night.

The next step of course was to turn the rest of the world on to this amazing thing I'd found, which perhaps came closer to being a living, pulsating, slithering *organism* than any other record I'd ever heard. Next day I carted it around just as I'd done with the Velvets and feverishly inflicted it upon all my friends, most of whom were even less impressed with this than my last find, whom they'd considered a bunch of New York fags who couldn't play their instruments.

They couldn't come up with much of anything to say about this one, except that it was a bunch of crazy shit and get it the hell out of here. I played it for my girlfriend, a Barbra Streisand fan who'd come across for the Stones and found the Velvets titillatingly "perverted" — she pronounced this "disconcerning". Christ, here I was carrying around a box which only contained an entire new language in it, and receiving a general consenus that jabberwocky might be too kind a word.

Finally I sat down and wrote all the reasons why I thought this was the most amazing record I had ever heard, mailed it off to *Rolling Stone* and damn if they didn't print it. My editor told me later that some people there liked the LP, but nobody really knew what to do with it, much less what there might be to say about it. As near as I can recall, my own review consisted mostly of hyperkinetic babblings, but it was as unqualified a rave as was ever written, so Straight Records picked it up and reprinted every word in a full page ad in all the music papers, which made me very proud of course but didn't help the record sell any more copies.

I don't think any of the early Straight albums sold any copies, with the possible exception of one set by Judy Henske and Jerry Yester. Alice Cooper's first album came out about the same time, and Alice was still pretty much of an oddball in those days himself, although his music was more your standard homebake psychedelic fruitnutcake. Of course Beefheart got lumped in with stuff like that and the GTOs and Wildman Fisher, and *Newsweek* even tossed in The MC5 and called the article something like "Rock's Lunatic Fringe."

About the only people besides me who thought much of "Trout Mask" at all, as far as I knew, were a few other rock critics, and even them I was suspicious of: I knew when left to their own devices they'd really rather listen to Mother Earth or Creedence Clearwater. For some reason, they just didn't seem too interested in going berserk.

ONE DAY THE phone rang. It was Beefheart, calling to thank me for the review. I was somewhat agog, but not so much so that I failed to notice immediate

differences between communicating with this man and just about any other human being I had known.

He'd be talking along about the record and I'd be enthusiastically nodding over the phone, when suddenly, just like one of those hairpin curves in his music, he'd say something like (only one I can remember from that first conversation) "All roads lead to Coca-Cola." And then he'd say, "Do you know what I mean?"

Sure, I'd say. I've always been an enthusiastic liar.

A year or two later I finally got to meet my idol in person. I was in L.A., crashing with friends and eating and staying drunk at record industry press parties, when somebody told me Beefheart was going to be doing some sessions for his third album in the cycle begun by "Trout Mask."

This was "The Spotlight Kid," starting at about 3 a.m. at the Recent Plant.

I was so excited I could hardly wait, but the evening progressed as evenings in Los Angeles had a way of doing in those days, through a tequila drinking contest at a Bill Withers press party at the Troubador where they told me I ended up turning over a table, after which three of us piled into a car and headed down to meet God. I don't remember any of this. What I do remember is sitting at a table in the bar pouring salt all over my hand and everything else, then waking from a black abyss in some unknown hallway on a waterbed. They told me later that Beefheart walked in, looked at me and said, "Who's that?"

"Lester Bangs."

I was dead comatose drunk with record company promotional tee-shirts spread out all over me like a blanket of rags. "Oh," he said. "I always wanted to meet him."

When I came to I had no idea where I was. I stood up, saw a door at the end of the corridor, pushed through it and found myself in the Record Plant parking lot, locked out. I vomited in a fishpond and then began banging feebly on the door with my fists, hollering to be let back in. Naturally nobody heard me, so after a while I started walking, around the building, where it seemed somehow miraculous to find an open door on the other side, through which I passed to stumble right into the middle of Zoot Horn Rollo laying down a particularly abrasive and intricate guitar line.

Beefheart looked up, asked how I was feeling. I asked for a beer and he said, "Why do you do these things to yourself?"

Of course I didn't have an answer; in fact it didn't seem at all incongruous to me that he should be so concerned about my health while steadily swigging from a strange green bottle which turned out to be a fifth of Chartreuse. I was so stupid screwed up at the time that I thought it was some kind of health food mixture. I also met his wife, Jan, who was beautiful in every way — she had a pair of the kindest eyes I'd ever seen, and was one of those people who seem to walk around with a ray of sunlight beaming out of themselves, a kind of translucent blessedness. She never stopped smiling, then and every time I have seen her since.

Later we all got in another car and rode down Sunset Strip with them in the muzzy 9 a.m. hangover light. I felt like the smog had been pumped into my lymph glands. Beefheart talked nonstop, and this time almost everything he said was one of those curious, surrealistic, askew-aphoristic non sequiturs. And every single time he dropped one he's ask again, "Do you know what I mean?" And I just kept on wearily lying and lying. I think when they dropped me off I was actually glad to be left to my misery alone, out of his universe.

BECAUSE THIS was something I was only beginning to understand: that because it is *his* universe, Don Van Vliet quite naturally takes command of most of the people who wander into it.

There is usually little or no contest, which of course is not at all necessarily his fault. It is apparently an elemental truth which we will forever refuse to face that most people do not really want to think for themselves, will in fact in a sort of active passivity seek some sort of surrogate parental / authority figure or institution to structure their perception of reality and ultimately take responsibility for their actions.

Beefheart tends to think in terms of mobilising people around him whom he considers talented in the interests of his various projects — once he told another writer that he wanted me to collaborate with him on a book, which was news to me — and being the kind of small but fanatical cult that we were and indeed remain, it was only natural that all of us with media access should more or less become publicists for the Captain. It didn't even seem to matter to me personally when I perceived the irony that I had been rave-reviewing every album subsequent to "Trout Mask Replica" and then, often as not, filing said albums away. What mattered was the fact that something like "Trout Mask," which I still listened to and was the basis of all those reviews, existed at all. What mattered was spreading the word.

If all this sounds a bit evangelical, it's because, like many brilliant people gifted with powerful personalities, Beefheart is more than a bit of a guru. Now, I don't know about you, but I personally don't have a hell of a lot of use for gurus; in general, I would equate the term with "megalomaniacs." Of course, you wouldn't expect someone like this to be anything less *than* a megalomaniac — the simple fact of almost constantly saying things which seemingly make no sense at all and getting everbody around you to agree with them constitutes colossal megalomania, on the most basic level, the level of seductively (as opposed to forcibly; a subtle but crucial distinction) restructuring the reality of anybody who comes within the parameters of your . . . can I get away with saying *energy field?*

A mutual friend who knows Beefheart far more intimately than I finally told me that the thing to do with all those "Do you know what I means?" was to respond, "No. What the fuck are you talking about, anyway?" Then, he said, Beefheart would laugh, as if caught in his joke, open up and be straight with you.

Because it must be understood here that this man has never been some demi-Mansonoid Svengali preying on psychic jellyfish. He always wanted opposition to his flights; it was merely that so few of us had the wit or nerve to back hand it through that straw aura into his court.

When a person is so possessed by an idea that all around him forfeit their own capacities for reasonable argument in the glare of the idea's charisma, it only makes sense that they will not only treat him *as* that idea instead of a person, but he will in fact become that idea. At which point, unless he's very lucky, he begins to die. Meanwhile, of course, the drones may go on living off his cancerous host.

Thus it was with Beefheart and The Magic Band, whom he taught to play their instruments almost literally from square one, and who, according to insiders closer to the centre than I, were the type of people who in many ways lacked the mature sense of self, and who would ultimately forsake the giant who had musically and in large part psychically sired them. It was nobody's fault, really, and everybody's. As I said to the Captain the last time I saw him, "Man, back in those days sometimes I thought you were *so* pretentious . . ."

"I probably was. Christ, why didn't you tell me so?"

I really had no answer.

MY SECOND ENCOUNTER with Beefheart came late in 1972 — he played Detroit, opening for the The Kinks. It was an odd bill in the first place, and things weren't helped any when Ray Davies spiced up his campy patter by dedicating a song "to Captain Beefheart — one of the best platers in the business."

"What the hell does that mean?" growled Beefheart when I told him backstage.

"It's British slang," I explained. "It means you give blowjobs."

For the rest of the night I had to listen to him intermittently rant about how he was going to murder Davies. It had been a warm re-union when I first entered the dressing room, although the concert itself was peculiar even by the Captain's standards, not so much for the content of his act as for the atmosphere in the room at the time. The crowd, probably 80 to 90% Kinks' fans and / or aspiring glitterites, simply did not know what to make of this strange Wolfman Jack type character shrouded in a cape which I thought really corny ("Yeah. I wore it to hide the fact that I'd gotten fat," he admitted to me recently), snarling and growling into the microphone while a bunch of guys dressed and made up like utter geeks played this incomprehensible, backwards, Chinese music.

It was just a pure and simple standoff: the crowd too perplexed to boo or laugh, the band so alienated from their environment that they did what one would consider the unthinkable for them: they played a *competent* set! Few jagged highs or lows, everything in its disconcerting, disorderly place, yet somehow lacking the real edge of the records.

After the show Beefheart asked me up to the hotel, so we hopped a cab to a Holiday Inn in the centre of Detroit. I sat and had a drink with a couple of The Magic Band in the bar while Beefheart disappeared somewhere; it was the first time I'd ever really talked to any of them, and I found them totally down to

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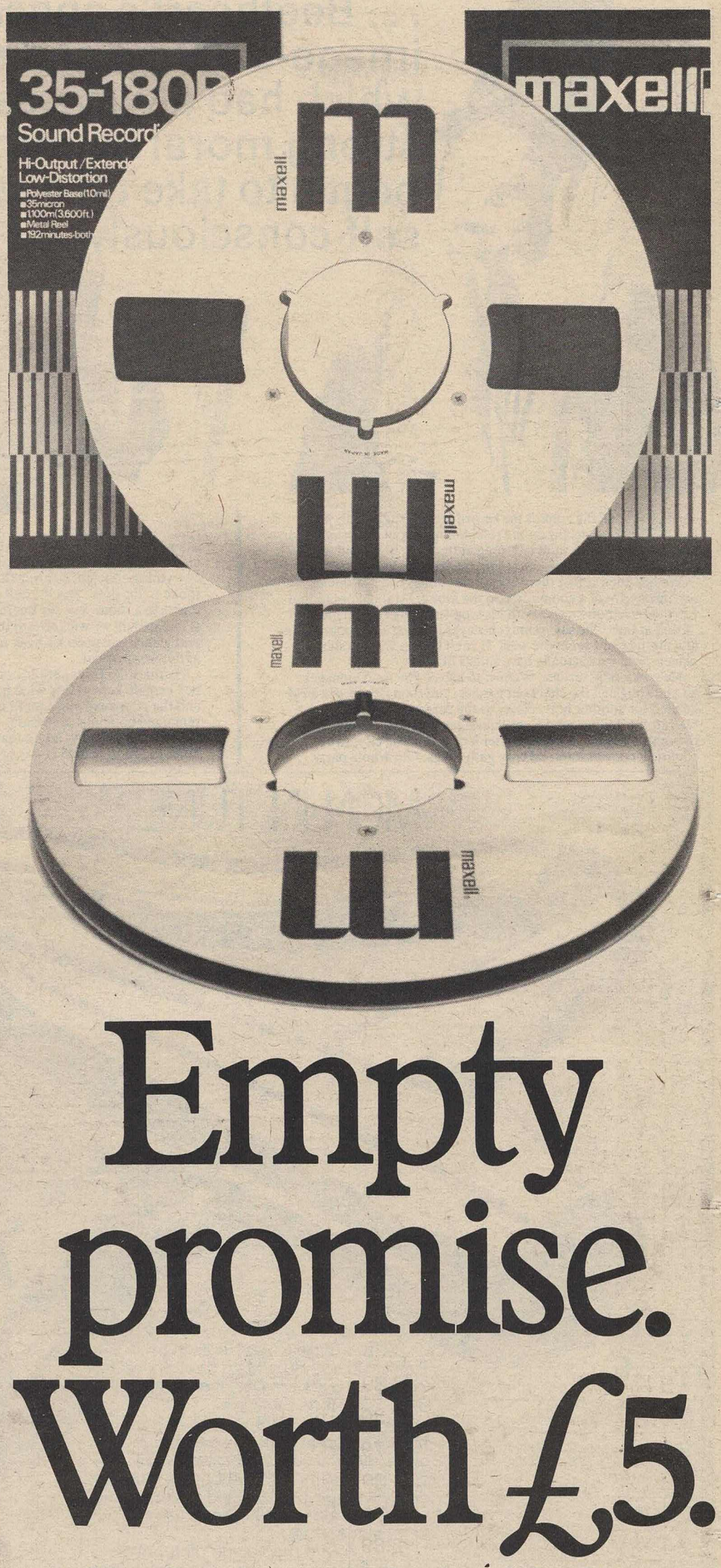

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

earth, not at all the zonkos the record jackets suggested, just hardworking musicians on the road talking about the usual road stuff like what went right or wrong at the gig tonight and where they were gonna be tomorrow and the legs on that waitress.

We has been sitting there about 15 minutes when suddenly we became aware of a commotion in the lobby. I walked out to find Beefheart remonstrating with his long-suffering road manager. "Look at that," he said grimly, his eyes burning as he pointed up at a plastic plant set in the wall. "I can't be expected to stay in a place where they actually have things like that."

He was totally serious. We had to leave. The road manager went through all the checkout hassles, and soon we were in a cab headed for another hotel closer to the centre of town: the Sheraton-Cadillac, which until quite recently was generally thought of as one on the swankier lodgings in the city, site of countless conventions and civic gatherings. Our whole party

. . . Beefheart's apocalyptic dada image-swarms and aphorisms, which had always carried a strong moral undercurrent, began to take on a sort of self-consciously . . .

shlepped up into the lobby, Beefheart swooping along imperiously, doodling nonstop on a little pad, oblivious of everything else, still wearing that stupid cape. The road manager spoke to the desk, and the bell captain showed us up several flights to a room. I swear Beefheart *did not look up* from his sketchpad till we walked into the suite, and then he just took one curt glance, snapped his head no, and dived back into his doodles as he swooped out.

By this time I was getting both embarrassed and irritated. The bell captain kept asking what had been the matter with the room, and the poor road manager of course had no answer. Beefheart remained oblivious, imperious — a real King of the Duchy Grand Fenwick act. I had to admit that the room *did* look kinda halfway hideous, but so what? It was only one night, staying in hotels is a drag in the first place, and if we were really gonna have this big intense discussion Beefheart had kept talking about then who had time to notice or give a shit about how ugly the wallpaper was?

I told him I was getting tired and thought I'd go home. I thought he was gonna strongarm me. "No! We've *got* to talk! *Goddamn* it, there must be a decent hotel in this fucking town *somewhere!*"

I should actually correct myself, When I said strongarm, I didn't mean to indicate any kind of actual physical force. It wasn't necessary.

SO THERE WE were again, back in another cab, riding around and around the closed streets of Detroit in the middle of the night. We finally found a hotel to Beefheart's satisfaction 20 or 30 miles out of town, all the way out by the Metropolitan Airport, which is in the middle of farmlands. It just looked like a regular old hotel to me. But at least we were out of the cab.

Once he and Jan (mostly Jan, that is) had settled all their things in their room, the Captain and I sat down to talk. I sat down, that is, while he talked and drank almost the entire contents of a fifth of Chartreuse. For once I got to play the babysitter for another drunk. He kept insisting that the Chartreuse was for his voice, as he had said previously at the Record Plant, although it was hard to see why he'd need to keep oiling his vocal chords after the gig.

He talked for about five hours. For the first hour I thought it was the most brilliant discourse I had ever heard. During the second hour it seemed to get a little less brilliant, or maybe I was just beginning to get tired. He also seemed to be getting more and more testy, constantly jumping back to Ray Davies and other pet rages, which he mauled and masticated with identical venom, if not identical words, each time. By the third hour he was getting genuinely worked up, you might even go so far as to call it ranting and raving. The fourth hour was chaos with overtones of tantrum. The fifth hour he could have been any other drunk on a barstool.

Periodically I'd say that I had to go, and again he'd get all worked up over the absolute necessity of my staying. I was getting as docile as Jan seemed — through all of this, she just sat off to one side, smiling, occasionally interjecting a word or two. Maybe she was reading a book. I don't know. All that counted was that it was a one-man show. Finally, at some point after dawn when I was almost stuporous with exhaustion and he'd finally wound down his harangue, he let me go. I said a warm goodbye to Jan, and he followed me all the way out to the cab, which he paid (about $20) to ship me back to my car at the original Holiday Inn.

It was as if he did not want to let me go, as if I was somehow vitally necessary to something I could not begin to comprehend except that it had to do with him or his plans or both. I had to wonder what he could want out of me, when it was he who had done all the talking. But at least the "Do you know what I means?" seemed to have de-escalated.

I am probably making this incident look worse, and more important, than it really was. God knows I've been a boring raving drunk enough times in my life, and there had been real warmth between us — both he and Jan had inquired about my general health and state of mind, how I was doing with my girl friend, etc., and seemed genuinely concerned when I confessed to romantic unhappiness. I mean we were like old friends, but I still remained weirded out by things like his reaction to the plastic plant and the whole scene in the Sheraton-Cadillac. I just don't dig this imperious genius stuff.

A guy like Beefheart intimidates or awes almost everyone so much that almost nobody is ever gonna figuratively kick his ass, which is too bad — it's exactly how so many brilliant men who might have started out bordering on the *idiot savant* can end up as big babies whose brilliance is finally just not worth the trouble.

I've seen the same thing with people like Lou Reed, and I'm sure a Todd Rundgren fills the bill too. Lou likes to humiliate waiters and throw food around in restaurants on occasion, while a friend who stayed at Rundgren's house told me that Bebe Buell looked after him in every possible way though he almost never spoke to her at all. Most of these guys end up turning thoroughly decent, or even remarkably, women into mommies, which is just as ancient a part of the Artist's Mistress syndrome as the tacit assumption that his Creations and the maintenance of an environment conducive to them must come before everything else in the entire world, including anything creative the woman might want to do on her own.

I suppose when they read this Don and Jan may end up hating me, thinking some friend he turned out to be, but it's true all the same. And what's at least as sad as the rest of it is that this constant catering by all concerned to the whims of these professional geniuses only ends up shielding them from that very reality which art is supposed to reflect and illuminate.

Eventually, I do believe, in almost every case this type of artist tends to disintegrate, creatively, personally, mentally, physically. Childish petulance, tantrums, strident demands for constant instantaneous gratification, frustration since that's impossible for any human being, self indulgence / pacification which leads to self abuse and dissolution from alcohol and / or drugs — the cycle is so well-known as to be a cliche. But it's especially rampant in the music business, which, as a friend commented to me the other day, is one of the few industries where absolutely anyone no matter how much of an imbecile or asshole can and automatically will be referred to as an "artist."

Once when I interviewed Ian Anderson, who had probably the single most offensive megalomaniacal monologue I've ever encountered, his publicist and I ended up down in the lobby just mutually shaking our heads and agreeing that it was a pathetic shame that a grown man should reach such a state, and an even greater irony that it was we, the very people who were supposed to be helping or at least monitoring him, who were perpetuating it every step of the way.

MEANWHILE, BEEFHEART kept releasing records, and people kept not buying them. "The Spotlight Kid" was a good deal less radical than "Trout Mask" or the even more extreme "Lick My Decals Off Baby," which strained even my capacities for sonic hurricane although I considered it brilliant. There were parts of "Spotlight" which sounded almost conventional, approaching genre heavy metal.

Alongside this development, Beefheart's apocalyptic dada image-swarms and aphorisms, which had always carried a strong moral undercurrent, began to take on a sort of self consciously Oracular quality. The social comments in things like "Dachau Blues" and "Veteran's Day Poppy" on "Trout Mask" were never pompous, and his ecological concerns seemed to emerge naturally from his total mammalian identification with the physical, natural world in all states having nothing to do with human attempts at synthetic manipulation. There was always something primaeval about Beefheart's sensibility, so that on one level he almost belonged in a museum of natural history, which is a comment not on any failing in him but rather the utter degradation of the world as we have made it in this century. Like Michael McClure's poetry, Beefheart's work has always been obsessed with his sense of man as pure meat animal, and of his place in what Kerouac called the Wheel Of The Quivering Meat Conception, all those

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This, of course, accounts for the almost overwhelming juiciness, the peristatic *aliveness* and (in rock 'n' roll especially) remarkable healthiness of his songs about sex, which are so teemingly ripe, overloaded and bursting with outrageously lubricious imagery that they'd probably come off obscene or deranged from anybody else. Beeefheart sings about fucking with pure joy, groin imperatives manifest on the most primal level imaginable, a lust that's obsessive, delirious, yet always totally wholesome, delighting in its delirium as perhaps only animals or humans without two thousand years of Christian crap shoved down their sensibilities can be.

In "Trout Mask" all of this came wriggling out with shouts of joy, trailing placenta, sperm, drool, and a tenderness which seemed to encompass all creation. By "Lick My Decals Off", though, the sex remained a holy whoop but in certain other respects the Captain seemed to be getting a bit cranky, if not downright pretentious. I found it there as close to the surface as Beefheart's new name for his publishing company: I mean, do we really need to be told that the earth is "God's Golfball?"

The ecology songs were more explicit, bordering on sermonizing. You almost began to get the feeling he was telling us all to shape up — which meant, naturally, *be like me.*

1972's "Clear Spot" was a step away from both this moralizing tendency and the seeming musical concessions, however relatively slight, of "Spotlight Kid." Except for a bit of Otis Redding soul, the songs both musically and lyrically were as complex (if not quite so abrasive) as ever, and what even many of the Captain's most fervent fans have overlooked about that one is that it is a *dance* record. Still sounds like a berserk barnyard, but all the beasts are doing the bop. It seemed like the perfect mixture of all the things that made Beefheart radical with all the things that us Believers always thought should have made him more accessible to a mass audience. It seemed like it should have sold some copies. It didn't.

I guess that rejection was the last straw for him. Apparently it was for Warner / Reprise, traditional supposed haven of uncommercial and eccentric talents like Van Dyke Parks and Randy Newman before he started to sell records. I don't know whether Beefheart was dropped from their roster or left of his own accord, but "Clear Spot" has been deleted long enough to be a fairly valuable album today.

You really can't blame anybody who'd done something as magnificent with as little compromose and minimal acceptance for as long as Beefheart did for getting fed up, even maybe for deciding at last to sell out. Some people think that excuses Lou Reed's solo career. In any case, he disappeared for a while, turning up early in 1974 on Mercury with "Unconditionally Guaranteed", an album in which he not only conked his music just short of total death, but made a point of declaring sellout upfront by posing on the cover leering with fistfulls of dollar bills.

It may or may not be unfortunate that that ploy didn't work either, but the worst was yet to come: a follow-up called "Blue Jeans And Moonbeams", the Captain's last available recorded work, in which he apparently not only deodorized and generally blanded-out his music but actually seemed to have stooped to collaborating on most of the material with some idiot who had about as much to do with what he was really about as Bobby Vinton.

I saw him again somewhere in this period, and it was not overly pleasant. There were the expected strange little touches, though: when I walked into the backstage area of the concert hall and actually got up close enough to see him and his new non-Magic Band, the first word I heard him say, very clearly and distinctly, was "Lester."Then he paused briefly, and launched into a song. The only thing odd about it was that his back had been turned to me the whole time. There was no way he could have seen me enter. He just knew I was there.

His new band was pathetic, except for a smoking reed player straight out of the 1940's who played clarinet in a manner that can only be described as leeringly sexual — and it was all in his sound, no gimmicks or hipswivels. The Captain's performance seemed at once halfhearted and petulant, the music was boring mainstream blah rock, like bad imitation Bob Seger, and to top it all off he had equipment trouble. He broke a mike and came off the stage in a livid, almost frightening rage.

Suddenly it seemed evident that this man might be quite capable of violence, irrational aggression. For the first time ever I sensed something in him dangerous on a level consonant with physical fear. His tantrum about the equipment was at once ridiculous and scary. Up in the dressing room he made the clarinet player tear off an extended solo in our honour, which was quite amazing, after which he talked, and talked, and talked. Almost all of it was bitterness talk, rage spitting impotent frustration, seething endlessly, self-consumingly.

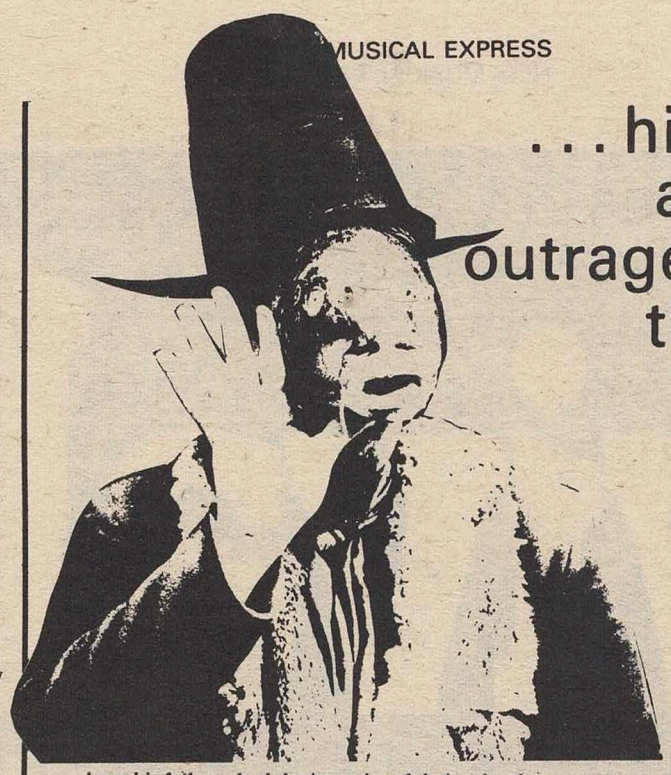
Of course we had to go back to the hotel and sit up half the night "conversing." I didn't mind, really, I had nothing better to do and there was plenty of beer, but whatever enthusiasm I felt for the encounter was almost totally based on my memories of what brilliance he had been capable of. He just ranted and rambled, and I had already become convinced that he was sicker than I had ever really imagined, perhaps even bordering on the psychopathic. His rages were stupid and pointless and disgusting. I don't remember much of it except one moment, which stands out most vividly: he had been pacing up and down the room, going on and on about whatever came into his head, while my girlfriend and I sat at one end and Jan the other, all three of us looking up attentively, submissively, more than a little sadly but not about to pick up any of the gauntlets he was tossing all over the floor like so many broken toys. None of it was really directed at us, anyway — until suddenly he turned on Jan without warning or provocation, and roared in unbridled rage: "GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR!"

She leaped what looked like a foot in the air, scurried to another seat. Then he just resumed pacing and ranting as if nothing had happened. Never sat in the chair. Just decided, for whatever obscure reason, that he didn't want her in it. Or perhaps just snapped and she was the handiest target. It was gut-curdlingly ugly. I wanted to leave right then but of course we didn't. Later, after we had, I decided that he was a madman, potentially dangerous, that he probably had no artistic future, and that I did not want to see him again.

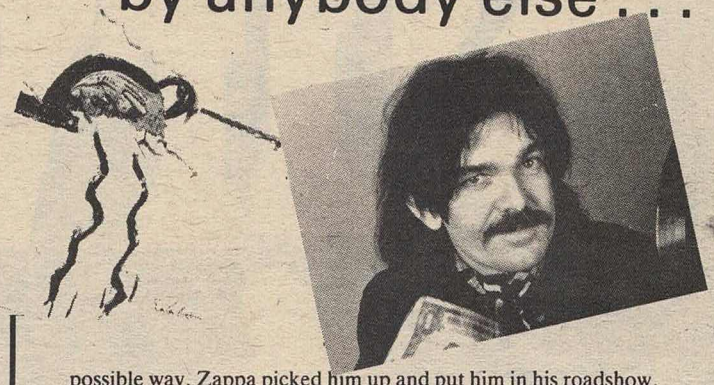
It was also at about this time that I finally realized how many rave reviews I'd been writing on the basis of "Trout Mask," so I forgot about him almost totally shortly thereafter. My musical tastes seemed to be changing, anyway — I hardly ever played free jazz anymore, or much roughhewn music of any kind except the Stooges. I was deep into things like Roxy Music, almost nothing else seemed to be happening, and almost all of the great avant-garde experiments of the Sixties, like so much else promised by that decade, seemed not even grand failures but to have merely petered out of their own accord. The revolution I'd celebrated when the Tony Williams Lifetime released their first album had done an abrupt turnabout as everybody got Goditis and in a single year I went from thinking John McLaughlin was the greatest guitar player on the face of the earth to not being able to stand being in the same room with his music. Miles Davis was making albums I couldn't even listen to. Miles, who had never faltered for over two decades, had seemingly lost his way, but at least his failures had the integrity of their relentless depressiveness — everybody else was tripping over their own ankles trying to sell out in one way or another, to God or funk or hidious admixtures. It was the dawn of the age of jazz-rock, which may yet be the death of both forms. My Pharoah Sanders records which once I had listened to like you'd take certain drugs, now sounded like pointless meandering endless unresolved tuneups. The only music which seemed to have any vitality at all was so steeped in artifice that recalling today how obsessively and constantly I played those records is like looking back on a chocolate bonbon orgy. The mere fact that it took us all so long to recognize what Bryan Ferry was *really* about is enough to make you vomit all over yourself.

The Captain did semisurface once during this period — and in what, as least from the outside, looked like the most pathetic possible way. Zappa picked him up and put him in his roadshow, and they made one album together.

I didn't see them, but you got the impression he was being used as a sort of mascot or village idiot, King Frank's leashed Fool. All the stories had him drooling drunk, the perfect stooge. I didn't bother listening to the album "Bongo Fury." I figured he was finished. We are not very kind to our gods; sometimes it seems we just consume them like any other piece of crap on the market, take and take voraciously as long as they stay at the pinnacle, then toss them away with vicious unconcern the moment they begin to slide.



. . . his songs about sex, which are so teemingly ripe with outrageously lubricious imagery that they'd probably come off obscene or deranged by anybody else . . .



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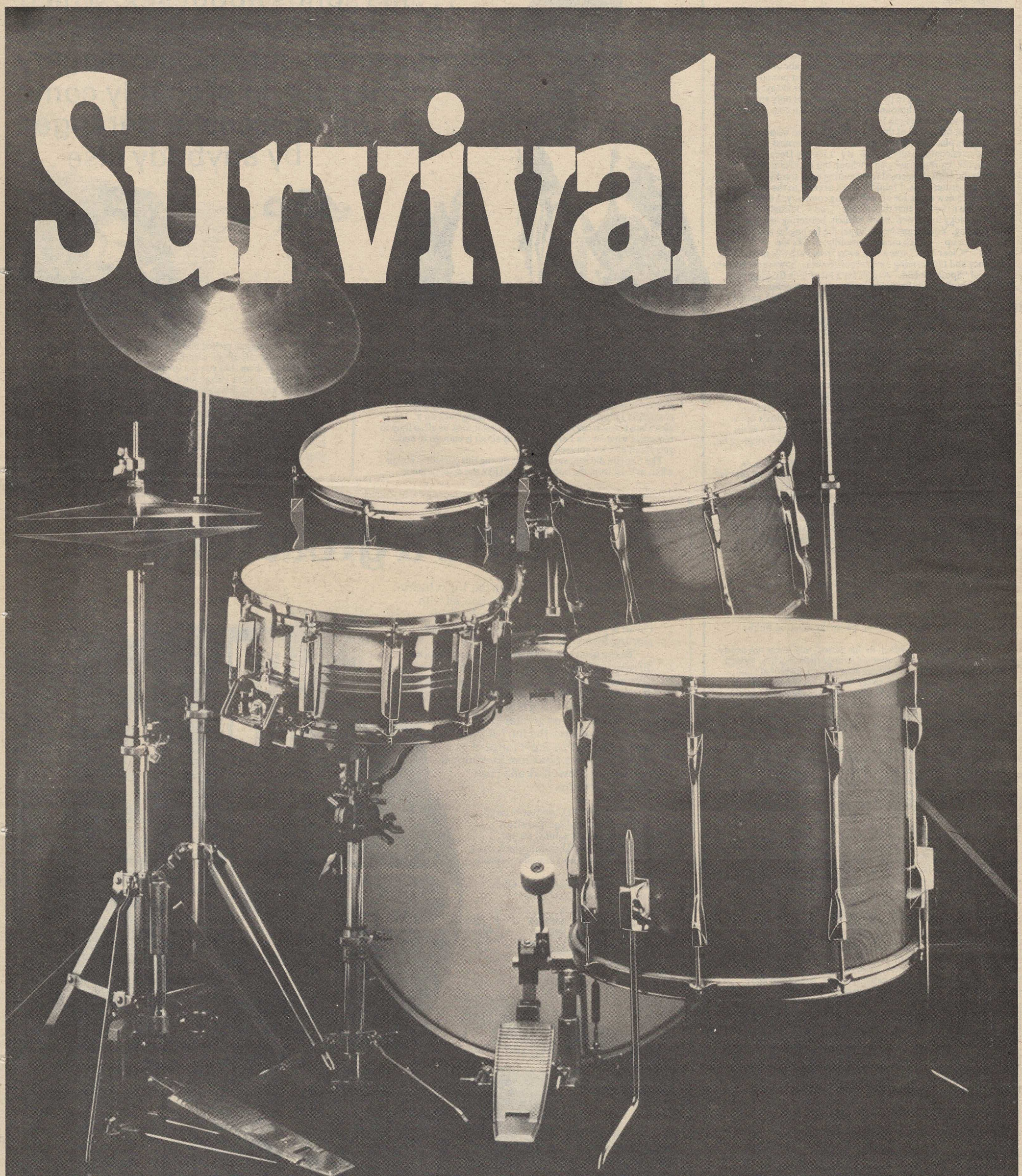

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ALBUMS

GENESIS
And Then There Were Three . . . (Charisma)

WHILE THE essence of Genesis remains intact on this their fourth album without Peter Gabriel and — much more to the point — their first without guitarist/composer Steve Hackett, there are signs on "And Then There Were Three . . ." that Genesis might well be advised to rethink drastically — perhaps even call it a day.

Genesis-watchers will know that for this record bassist Mike Rutherford has taken over the group's guitar chores; as it turns out, he handles them with considerably less aplomb than on his first instrument. Lest you should be in doubt of Rutherford's prowess as a bassman, tune in immediately to the penultimate cut, "The Lady Lies", and witness his beautifully skittering lines. They serve as the perfect foundation for the album's finest example — and there are all too few of them — of ensemble playing.

Anyway, as a guitarist Rudders doesn't cut it *(Poor show, what? — Ed.)*. True, there aren't that many guitar solos on "And Then There Were Three . . .", but they still sound too much like the toneless monotony of Barclay James Harvest's guitarist for my liking. No, Genesis never were a guitar-orientated band, more a keyboards group. However, as this platter shows, Hackett was important, albeit not crucial, to the Genesis sound; his delicate statements at least served to dilute Banks's Moog mania and to give a pleasing edge to proceedings.

Regrettably, when Rutherford turns his hand to acoustic guitar — something he's better at — it's always well back in the mix; the production is woolly. While Banks occasionally rises to the occasion — his synthesiser on the "Follow You Follow Me" single is exemplary — far too much of this album has him rifling too many all too familiar sources with anything but economy, presumably in a bid to cover up for Hackett's departure.

His over-indulgence is at a premium on side one's closer, his own song "Burning Rope", the album's space-filling nadir. The 'improvisation' before the closing stanza is entirely gratuitous, the whole thing ultimately falling flat on its pompous bum (not usually something Genesis are guilty of), lyrics and all. The none too perceptive text is just an extension of the theme (trite observations on 'the human condition' an' all that) Banks has dealt with three tracks earlier on "Underflow".

On the other hand, his synthethiser solo on "The Lady Lies" is a joy to hear — melodic, economical and even raunchy. Really. In fact, after a strong start with "Down And Out" — Genesis open the album in characteristically grandiose style with a barrage of sound and a wry little lyric about a sleazy music biz manager that manages to summon up a fair degree of wit into a hoary old theme — it's not until side two, track three that things get off ground again.

Too much of what lies between is stilted and obviously assembled in parts, without any genuine inspiration. Perhaps Hackett's presence might have provided the necessary criticism of the material in question; none of it slips as low as "Burning Rope", but it's hardly comparable to the welter of good material on "Wind And Wuthering", and, particularly, "Trick Of The Tail".

The chord changes are often predictable and the arrangements far too sloppy. But, like I said, things start getting good from "Scenes From A Night's Dream" onwards, the group at last working with flair and imagination.

"Scenes", a quaint little tale about a child's colourful slumber, has a fine undulating melody and an arrangement that makes the most of Rutherford's guitar work which, for once, adds the desired colour. The following "Say It's Alright Joe", Rutherford's best song on the album, is poignant with good lyrics and features Genesis's dynamic might to maximum effect. Then, as previously stated, "The Lady Lies" and "Follow You Follow Me" maintain the high standard.

Hitherto, unlike their assumed peers Yes and ELP, Genesis have remained free of any charges of obsolescence, but unless their next album — if indeed there is one — is an improvement on this, those charges will soon be made, and not without some justification—although I've no doubt that onstage, augmented by Chester Thompson and Daryl Stuermer, Genesis will still be a force to be reckoned with.

Also, I'm none too enamoured of their seeming willingness to be sucked up into the product machine by enclosing a slip with this record that advertises Genesis T and sweat shirts. At three and five quid respectively, there are prettier people to wear on your chest.

Steve Clarke

Pic: PHILIP ZARA

THREE TOO MANY

JOHNNY MOPED
Cycledelic (Chiswick)

LIKE MOST Earthlings, I'm a creature of habit and, in common with many inhabitants of this grubby little isle, the first thing I reach for of a morning, to go with my cup of hot piping and fag ash, is the newspaper, especially if there's been footer the night before.

Like Captain Beefheart, I'm a *Mirror* man with a reading age of Fellini's eight-and-a-half. That's probably why I think "Cycledelic" is a diamond of a platter and that Johnny Moped, for this week at least, indicates that the future of rock'n'roll is set fair.

Once again, *that* is achieved by looking back because "Cycledelic" is the finest late-'60s record produced thus far in the '70s. And it's not even on Harvest.

When I heard Moped's new single — the smashing "Darling Let's Have Another Baby" — a couple of weeks back, I was genuinely surprised at the progress made since the banal babblings of the Roxy daze (when every tuppenny outfit was a bunch of whining sociologists). The only reason it wasn't Single of the Week (it came second) was that I wasn't sure if these guys were for real.

I mean, is Johnny Moped a basket case or not? There's plenty of evidence here to suggest he is, thank God, so "Darling" gets the posthumous cake (just to set the record straight).

Johnny Moped exists somewhere in the twilight zone between Arthur Brown's crazy world and Wild Man Fischer's loony bin. In all probability, he's closer to Fischer's guileless pathos than Arthur's calculated eccentricity. His babyish visage stares at you from the cover, daring you to dislike him, the Motorhead "Born To Lose" badge on his leather jerkin an ironic indication of intent. On the back cover he appears perplexed, flanked on the one side by the Berks Dave and Fred, on the other by Slimy Toad, peering over Moped's shoulder with an impish smirk beneath his plastic bobby helmet. Slimy, bless him, is tipping you the wink: "This is a respectable LP!"

Musically, "Cycledelic" is as unfinished and slapdash as that poncy French dish where they plonk a raw egg on top of some uncooked mince, and stylistically it's all over the shop, ranging from the goonish anarchism of "Mystery Track/VD Boiler", through the punky & western of "Darling", to straight-ahead rock'n'roll ("Little Queenie") and the climactic trilogy of hooligan-rock, "Wild Breed", "Hell Razor" and "Incendiary Device".

Pic: CHRIS GABRIN

Is this man a basket case?

Vocally, Moped carries all the aces. His rantings are wantonly amateurish, endearingly so, his manic diction possessing the scabrous quality of a pushy street-wise wide boy, a tart cross between Joe Strummer and Ian Dury — though he's never as irritatingly mannered as the former nor as studiedly idiosyncratic as the latter. An eccentric to be sure, and maybe even a bit soft in the head.

Depending on where your stylus falls, the first cut is either "Mystery Track" or "VD Boiler" (a trick Monty Python employed on an entire side of "Matching Tie And Handkerchief"). The first welcomes us 'tomcats' to this 'respectable' record with shrieks, pianistic doodlings, electronic belches and tannoy Kraut. The German connection is the single aspect of J. Moped I find unappealing and I could've done without the Nuremberg rally spread on the inner sleeve.) "Just practising folks," says Moped, considerately allaying all fears, before the album proper commences.

"Panic Button" is priceless cod-Clash ("Gonna throw a moody 'cos the boilers haven't gone"), very "Snuff Rock" and very funny. Grunt, zip, pow and it's the massed Edgar Broughtons of Chiswick on "Maniac", where the luvverly instrumental break is all Hyde Park and Cascading guitars. (Note: Slimy Toad is a giant among amphibians and plays great guitar throughout; the Berks, Dave on drums, Fred on bass and keyboards, hold up their end, too.)

But none of this prepares you for their astonishing interpretation of Chuck Berry's "Little Queenie", which is played dead straight but sung in a hideous strangulated castrato. It makes Kate Bush sound like the McGarrigles at 78 (which she does anyway).

Side two is quite as good and beyond mentioning a couple of highlights, I'll leave you the pleasure of discovering that for yourselves. Slimy Toad's "Wee Wee" is a precise pisstake of bands like Menace and Chelsea, in which empty politicising is compared to the urinary function. The famous Harold Wilson Bootlegs ("These things do leak, it's disgraceful") appears over the climatic flushing lav.

And the closer — one-two-CUT YOUR HAIR! — "Incendiary Device" is a great wind up in more ways than two, guaranteed to provoke antipathy. The irresistibly chunky chugging is matched by the exceedingly unpleasant lyrics: *"Walking down the road, I'm an incendiary device. . . Stick it in her lugholes, watch it blow her head apart. . . Stick it in her other parts."*

You want to know what "Cycledelic" really sounds like? Like some bloke standing outside the Temple Bar in Walworth Rd at chucking out time, shouting at the top of his voice. Anyway, Mr Moped would upset *my* neighbours and for that I love him.

Monty Smith

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GENERATIONX
Generation X (Chrysalis)

ON PAPER Generation X have their credentials for being The Now Sensation all present and correct. They've had them for a long time too.

Their in-built credibility quotient peaks comfortably in the red. Gen X were one of — if not *the* first bands to pick up on the energy charge provided by the Pistols and The Clash way back in the autumn of '76. Tony James was once a member of the now semi-legendary London SS with Mick Jones.

Their teen rebel consciousness is also suitably high. The name came from a gutter paperback masquerading as a sociological report on teenage dissent and abandon in the '60s. On their album Gen X sing about 'Yewf' (repeatedly) and its current pursuits, the 38 minute, cumulative impact of which is like one long,speed-blown, lost weekend.

Then there are the singles. Three hook-charged textbook anthems, packaged, like the album, in a sharp combination of primary power pop colours and glossy chic. And finally, of course, there's Billy Idol, whose peachy good looks made him a cert for teeny-rag saturation.

Bleedin' doddle this recording lark, innit?

TALKIN' 'BOUT DEGENERATION

How could they fail?

It's down to one thing, the main bugbear of their music: Generation X records always sound like they were *made* rather than recorded. If I didn't know better I'd say Gen X themselves were made; the product of some trendspotters calculation. After all, Jonathan King has been very quiet lately . . .

But more likely, Generation X were amorphous and impressionable behind their early torn '60s Op Art image — so that their identity was usually a question of falling in with, and often slightly behind, the trend of the week. Even the dub flip of "Wild Youth" smacked more of gimmickry than solidarity or experiment. (The sincerity of the RAR gigs, however, is not to be doubted.)

Strip away the events of the past year and a half and what do we have? It's no secret that Tony James likes The Sweet (Sweet producer Phil Wainman did the first two Gen X singles). It's also apparent that, to the general detriment of the band, Bob Andrews thinks Ritchie Blackmore was God's gift to the Stratocaster. Put that together and we have metal pop. Fast metal Pop. Or the first Generation X album.

The ability to absorb influences and filter them through personal and environmental shadings is a marvellous thing, and also the fuel of any great music. Gen X just paste them roughly alongside Billy Idol's pouting and spouting.

And that's another problem. Idol's studied rag doll pose may look great in pictures (indeed, this band's second biggest asset is their photogenic quality — the first we'll come to later), but where's the charisma to back it up?

His voice is no more nor less mundane, he can't sing so much as shout, and the only kind of threat or menace he can convey is precious pubescent hysteria. The effect is ridiculous, especially when combined with lyrics that are supposedly relevant observations on our times but are in reality banal and sorely lacking in any lucid viewpoints or insight.

I am particularly annoyed by "Promises, Promises", which if I read it right pours acid on the way certain bands have fallen short of ideals (theirs and ours). Gen X probably think they're smart. They've never made any promises so no-one can accuse them of selling out, therefore they've a right to scorn. That's not smart, that's smug. Idol's lyrics, when he tries to get weighty, come on compassionless and almost cynical — which is no way to re-write "My Generation", if you follow my drift.

Gen X should stick with what they do best. Immediate and disposable three minute singles with lyrics that mean nothing but sound great, lotsa punchy powerchords, neat toons, and a ballroom blitz beat. Judicious editing would provide around four more of the little blighters from the goods set forth here.

Paul Rambali

THE ALBION BAND
Rise Up Like The Sun (Harvest)

ONCE IN a green moon, an album crosses the great divide between minority and majority appeal with complete confidence and conviction; this is one such album.

Grand claims, I know. On the face of it "Rise Up Like The Sun" seems just the latest in a long line of weird and often wonderful, eclectic and often eccentric attempts by Ashley 'Tyger' Hutchings to (re)popularise traditional song and dance.

Hutchings, of course, was a founder member of both Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span. He left Steeleye after three albums, expressing a desire to concentrate on recovering and documenting English as opposed to Irish material.

Subsequently the two "Morris On" collections, The Albion Country Band's "No Roses" and posthumous "The Battle Of The Field", the collaborative "Compleat Dancing Master" and the highly idiosyncratic "Rattlebone And Ploughshare" have each considered differing aspects of Hutchings' tireless, almost visionary quest — and he threatens another album of his own before long.

The Albion (Dance) Band's first release, last year's "The Prospect Before Us", managed to summarise the cardinal points of Hutchings' musical world map, embracing Scandinavia, Spain, France and America alongside prodigious Albion within its sweep.

"Rise Up Like The Sun" is something else again. It's an album I'd recommend to anyone, regardless of whether they like or dislike folk-derived music — in much the same way that I'd lay Miles Davis' "In A Silent Way" on the anti-jazz lobby, and for much the same reasons: "Rise Up" doesn't break down barriers; it ignores them altogether. And not a moment too soon. In recent years folk's been the hapless victim of considerable pride and prejudice — pride on the part of those who with the best of intentions but misguidedly want to preserve it intact and unchanged, prejudice on the part of those who persist in drawing what amount to grotesque caricatures; folk as jolly fools jigging inanely round the maypole until the world's end; folk as hale and hearty men of large girth and gut singing and stomping with insufferable good humour; and so on.

It's not as if the music has lost all social impact — think of Woody Guthrie, Phil Ochs and Bob Dylan. No, I suppose it's just that the bulk of stock traditional gambits (songs that, say, begin with "As I went out one May morning", etc.) can so easily sound contrived — set pieces of almost ludicrous melodrama or almost offensive gaiety.

More specifically, much of the ground gained by Fairport's crossing folk with rock on "Liege And Lief" has since been lost — to wit latterday Steeleye's increasingly confused and erratic muddlings of form and content.

Only Richard Thompson and Horslips have shown a really cogent and coherent awareness of how traditional trappings can be absorbed into contemporary rock settings, albeit in very different ways. But then Thompson's not recording at the moment and even Horslips have had to change their tune as they try to crack open America.

Understandably perhaps (the Band includes three former Fairporters), "Rise Up Like The Sun" assumes Thompson's mantle alongside those of its own, just like previous Hutchings escapades.

Thompson's "Time To Ring Some Changes", a song in "New St. George" vein that depicts weary disillusionment with the body politick and the status quo in general, pairs with singer and raconteur John Tams' "Ragged Heroes", a calling-on introduction.

Both songs rock staunchly with drums (Dave Mattacks, Michael Gregory), electric bass (Hutchings) and guitars (Simon Nicol, Graeme Taylor). Words and music coalesce present and past so subtly you wonder why it took so long to make the connections.

"Poor Old Horse", a series of wry but resigned observations on the rigours of rural life, and "Lay Me Low", a telling lament, receive similarly stalwart treatment, the wavelike throb of their refrains boosted by extra backing vocalists, Martin Carthy, Julie Covington, Thompson and wife Linda among tham.

'Weary', 'resigned', 'telling' — the songs are hardly full of joys of our mortal coil. But their fatalism is tempered by an undercurrent of resilience, a keynote that rings as strongly in its way as any more fashionably aggressive assault on established values. Things might not be great, but they'd be much, much worse if we weakened.

HUMMIN' 'BOUT REGENERATION

Yes, "Rise Up Like The Sun" is *relevant*, attuned to the times. Even "House In The Country", an accoustic interlude sung rather coyly by Kate McGarrigle, another guest, strips more flesh from the bone as it comments on the plight of the gypsy.

Lighter relief comes in the form of various instrumentals. "Ampleforth" and "The Primrose" show how widely the Albions' net has been cast and how well Hutchings can arrange old, new and rediscovered instruments to sound anything but awkward or antique.

"Afro Blue" (as in the late, great John Coltrane) pitches the exotic sheen of synthesisers beneath Ric Sanders' serene violin. Sanders incidentally divides his time between the Albions and Soft Machine, equally at home in both elements. Cut effortlessly to hand drums and Phil Pickett's medieval pipes on "Danse Royale". Crazy on paper, the contrast comes off.

And so to the last and longest, "Gresford Disaster". The words were written by a committed socialist after an English coal mining accident that claimed the lives of 242 men. The scenes of embittered outrage at the deaths in appalling conditions — the pit head was sealed over before the rescue teams could make certain there were no survivors — is heightened by the Albions' arrangement.

With grim irony its author first set "Disaster" to, of all things, waltz time, whereas here the vocal sections are hung on a particularly lugubrious but haunting Salvation Army hymn tune.

This is in turn split by an instrumental passage. Taylor rings ponderous, unsettling electric chords into the gloom, and Sanders takes a first melancholy then frantic violectra break over guitar, bass and drums. Nicol shapes the nightmare back into relative calm.

"Gresford Disaster" is a conception as harrowing as Thompson's own "Calvery Cross"; Elvis Costello isn't the only uneasy listening around.

But strange, you might say, that at least half an album entitled "Rise Up Like The Sun" should deal with distinctly dark subject matter. Not really, since the songs do so with a forcefulness that suggests the Albions' phoenix is finally up and away; the Band have found ways and means of expressing modern world hopes and fears without having to forsake the sense of continuity they hold so dear.

How much of this is Hutchings' achievement, I wouldn't know; he's as strong a catalyst as he is his own man. More importantly, "Rise Up Like The Sun" traces folk roots to folk reality — your reality and mine.

Angus MacKinnon

FATS DOMINO
Live in Europe (United Artists)

This album smacks to me of honouring 'obligations'. In the light of the recent release of six Domino albums, who on earth needs this?

But, as it happens, I'm still glad to have one album that contains such classic material as "Blueberry Hill", "Be My Guest" and "Blue Monday" — great stuff, no doubt about it. Although it does sound like the Fat Man is simply going through the motion for the benefit of an hysterically enthusiastic audience, somehow ensuring they don't get a pfennig more than their money's worth.

The potential verve and energy of a live performance is negated by what sounds like a listless run through of Domino's greatest hits. There is some inspired playing, and "Blueberry Hill" remains sacrosanct. But I still get the unfortunate feeling that future Fats Domino albums might consist of performances in a similar vein, recorded live in London, Paris or wherever in front of a house full of fans. One's enough, and this will do.

Patrick Humphries

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DOUBLE DUMB?

I was a rock singer until I discover Burberrys' suits for modern men

ROBERT PALMER
Double Fun (Island)

WHEN A British singer records with predominantly American musicians the success of the venture generally depends on an antithesis of two (or more) different styles. Robert Palmer obviously hasn't grasped this motion, otherwise he wouldn't spend most of his time sounding like a yank.

It's not as if there aren't precedents either, because there are — both failures and successes. Peter Gabriel's solo album was an excellent example of two-way traffic, as was Leo Sayer's "Thunder In My Heart". American players have a rare talent for counterpointing an essentially English voice, allowing it to become the focal point of the music.

Paradoxically, the vocalists who sound familiar to US musos and who you'd suppose would work well with them invariably make their best records with their fellow countrymen. Here, Burdon and Cocker spring to mind.

Of course this isn't to suggest the transatlantic exchange should stop immediately — far from it. The danger is rather when the artist succumbs to *imitating* another style, often to the detriment of his own unique individuality.

It's then that the mat he's standing on in the studio is tugged from under him, and he falls flat on his face. Say hello to Robert Palmer, lying in a crumpled heap on the floor.

"Double Fun" is his fourth album, and the realisation of his 'double-promise' on the others that he'd Americanise himself completely, and then go totally MOR. By his own terms the album is a resounding success; by any other it's a failure.

Everything's so formularised: the sexual innuendo — the sleeve pic of our dashing singer leaning on the edge of a swimming pool, an impudent grin on his face and two bikinis strewn by his arm — and the music itself.

The usual Little Feat crowd and some other American muscle are on the set; you can safely assume they hung around clipping their nails through the sessions. The playing's staid, uniformly uninteresting. There's only an occasional glimmer of spontaneity showing through, on "Love Can Run Faster" with its rhythmic keyboard work or "Come Over" with its choppy guitar.

Strings and brass are the neat veneer on the rock section's stiff chipboard, all neatly placed in the arrangements. Almost as neat and pat as the styles are themselves—Palmer's typical mixture of funk and rock with a courteous, if wary, nod towards reggae. Lyrically, it's as flat too.

Palmer *can* sing well, and does so on two tracks, the comparatively good Andy Fraser song, "Every Kinda People", and "Love Can Run Faster". Here his vocal tone's soft and warm, occasionally hoarse, but elsewhere on the set it's uninspired.

He even manages to crush any soul that should have been evident on Ray Davies' classic "You Really Got Me". And for somebody once with Vinegar Joe, Palmer seems to have forgotten the simple essence of rock 'n' roll. If he hadn't, then "You're Gonna Get What's Coming" might have made it.

He's apparently content to fade into all American banality as a misguided imitator. But then the whole aura surrounding this album suggests he's being marketed as some kind of safe, respectable heart-throb.

But Palmer's female counterpart is undoubtedly a dumb blonde. Blow him a kiss, love, because the pressure really does drop.

Tony Stewart

BUDGIE
Impeckable (A&M)

IN WHICH Budgie finally get up off their perch, climb the little ladder, and ring the bell. At long last, this could be the album to put them in the millet.

Maybe it's a result of intense gigging in the States. Who knows? The fact is that instead of the usual heavy metal sludge, they're now offering nimble hard rock style that's positively dynamic.

Naturally, some cuts are roughly the formula as before, among them "Melt The Ice Away" and "Dish It Up". But even on these tracks, there's an enthusiasm that's rarely been evident. On "Love For You And Me", the band display the sort of dexterous funk that was evident on the Stones' "Black and Blue"

Two of the songs here actually have melodies. The unfortunately titled "All At Sea" couldn't be more of a misnomer, and on "Don't Go Away" the boys actually sing pretty harmonies. But it's with cuts like "Smile Boy Smile" and "Pyramids" that Budgie show they're ready to move up the pecking order.

Bob Edmands

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Yes, our modern minstrels have produced another elaborately 'arranged' album full of musical polish and lyrical vagueness.

As always, the crystalline vocals of Annie Haslam dance at centra-stage. Due to the material though, her voice is as transparent as it is beautiful. The eight songs on this album annoyingly pile up into a forgotten stack of 'serious' undergraduate poetry, unpublished and unrelenting in its earnest, lachrymose conventionality. "Fading mist", "feelings", "life in dreams", "ebb and flow" — it's all there for the connoisseur of sad but hopeful sap.

The music is predictable. "Opening Out", the first cut, begins with a nice balance of delicate keyboards, hard guitars, and dream orchestration. By the time we reach side two such pastiche has been so over-used that Renaissance succeeds in creating a monotone recording in spite of hard-working ingenuity.

"The Day Of The Dreamer" stands as a fitting part for the whole. Its length, self-absorption, and drawn-out crescendo climax make it a good candidate for the soundtrack of grade B *Doctor Zhivago*; the song languishes like an undistinguished "MacArthur's Park".

Renaissance employ complex arrangements at the expense of melody and harmony, which all too often get lost in the shuffle of tempos and instruments. Ironically, the group is at its best when simplicity reigns, as in "Closer Than Yesterday". Here Haslam's voice shines, the lyrics strain surprisingly less than usual, and the backing harmonies flow naturally.

Renaissance is basically a folk group, a Peter, Paul and Mary who try too hard. The songs on "Seasons" are pleasant, sincere and, for the most part, innocuous. Better than muzak, but one side at a time is enough.

Marcus Smith

JOE SAMPLE
Rainbow Seeker (ABC — Import).

ALTHOUGH JOE Sample's first solo album is a short haul from The Crusaders mainstream sound there is sufficient meat left on the bone for the veteran keyboards performer to justify his ticket.

At first glance the line-up is familiar enough, Joe plus drummer Stix Hooper and bassist Robert Popwell, but the results are a deal more introspective than is usual with The Crusaders. The lack of Wilton Felder's custom honk and the absence of Larry

Carlton, guitarist to the gentry, is more than balanced by Sample's chance at hogging the melody department.

Don't be fooled though by the solo stance, smoky Joe never stamps the egocentric foot long enough to divert you from the medley of class contributors; in fact the net result is almost too restrained for those weaned on a diet of the team at work. A nod at the Blue Note and Atlantic masters, extra slabs of souped-up McCoy Tyner maybe, also jazz roots showing in springlike fashion indicate Sample's prerogative here.

While soul and funk categories wander aimlessly into a world of unpleasant gimmickry, synthesisers blaring and all manner of suspect Europeans feeding the computer, The Crusaders' ethics preclude them from the disco SS.

"In All My Wildest Dreams" fr'instance, supplies the percussive oomph courtesy of Hooper and Paulinho DaCosta. Fixed in the tradition of the Southern Knights hold on skin-tight structure, the simple backdrop gives Sample the time and space to say his piece, unadorned, refined and sitting easy on a call and response of muted horns.

Just to prove that these soul brothers ain't never gonna get de-funked come "There Are Many Stops Along The Way" and "As Long As It Lasts" where exercises in dance pyrotechnics submerge into a general flow of sensual textures and explicit cutting edges. The unfortunate tendency of latterday crossover has been to try and say too much too often in a limited context, whereas Sample and his buddies are always conscious of their materials and deliver a parcel of goods as good as its word.

A recent idiosycrasy of Sample's composition is his hang up on a certain melodic cluster showcased on "It Happens Every Day" (from the "Free As The Wind" band effort of last year). The re-occurrence of at least part of the refrain can be found on the two closers, "Melodies Of Love" and "Together We'll Find A Way", the latter an integrated solo piano piece which echoes the keyboard giants of the '60s mainstream whilst also evoking a halt in the R&B direction which The Crusaders pioneered.

Sample has found that having passed his Grade 8 he can go back to the beginning and tap an unlimited source. Actually, to tackle his straight jazz context both in the playing and listening quarter is a refreshing indication that Sample believes both in a measure of durability and in making reasonable demands on the paying public.

"Rainbow Seeker" is not an unqualified success. "Islands In The Rain" being uncomfortably transitional in appeal without stating its main theme succinctly. Elsewhere Sid Sharp's strings jar at times, mitigating the effectiveness of Sample's relaxed mood.

That the creative source remains is obvious however in the album's many up strokes. The control and subtlety of range on the longest take, "Fly With Wings Of Love", indicate that the Crusaders have a hold on musical language which guarantees their place in the upper echelons of the craft.

More power to Joe's fingers for now. For the future the next Crusaders album features BB King.

Max Bell

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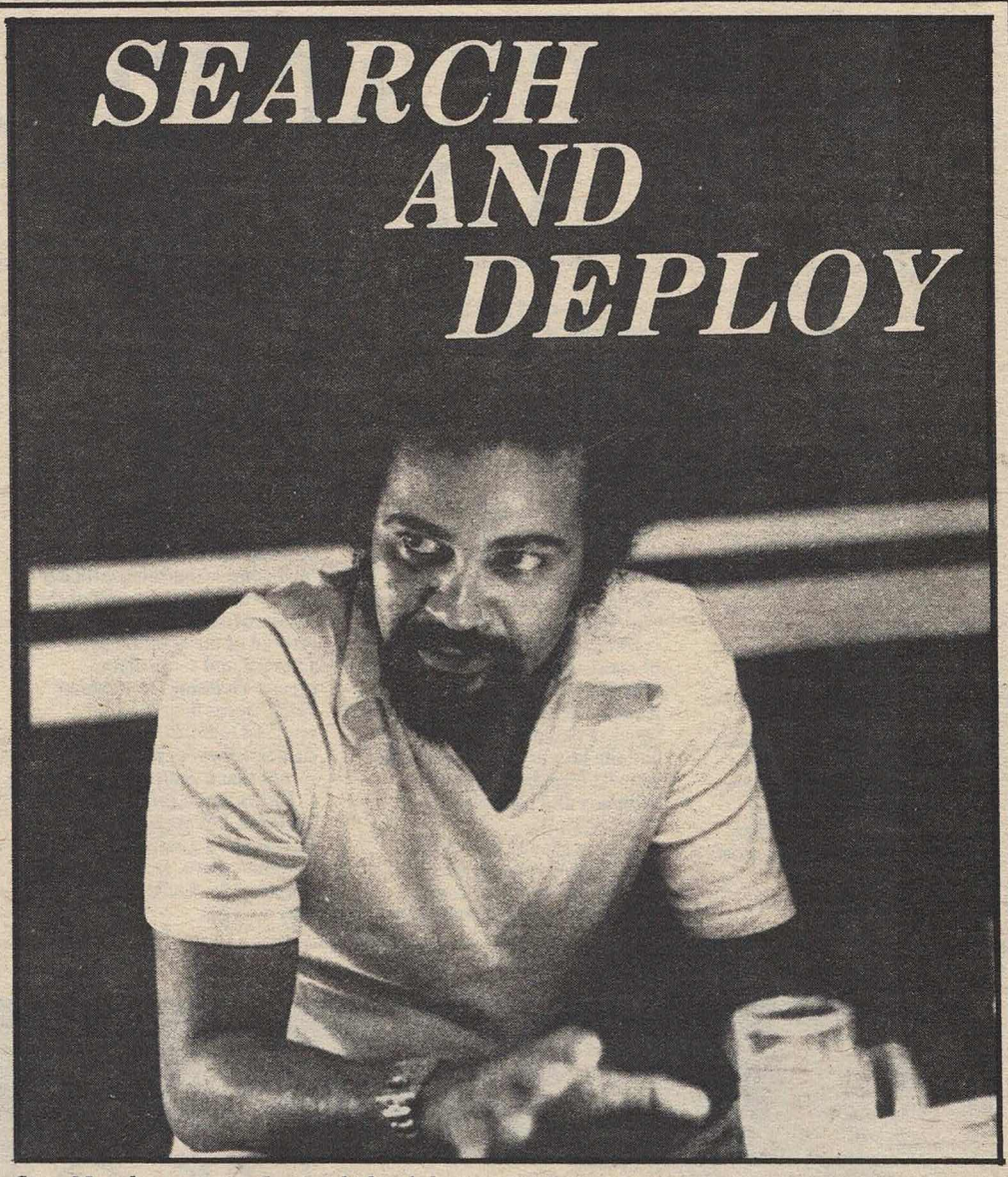

Sure, Max, but you missed my right handed upper eighths

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Jubilee (Polydor)

"THE OUTRAGEOUS soundtrack of the motion picture. Cert X", blazes the trailer to this, the album of the film of the ...

What in fact you get is a shoddy, inoffensive compilation, the first side featuring "rock" bands, as in Adam And The Ants, Wayne County and The Electric Chairs, Chelsea and an unknown bunch by the name of Maneaters, while the second side is filled with dry, tedious music by the likes of Eno, Suzi Pinns and Amilcar. There's an array of producers from Megolovision, the film makers, down to your very own Mark Perry.

Of most immediate interest are the two tracks "Deutscher Girls" and "Plastic Surgery" which mark the vinyl debut of Adam And The Ants.

The first time I saw The Ants, they were pretty sub-standard punk fare, Adam looking plain silly in one of those rapist hoods which were the fashion of the time. But while others have since fallen by the wayside, The Ants most certainly have come on — though not as much as some would have you believe.

The two offerings here are tame indeed, Adam's weak vocal presence failing to cut the cake on record. The twee "Deutscher Girls" hints at the cheap preoccupation with Nazism and its decadent images for shock purposes favoured by this crew (viz Adam's reported admiration for the governess of a German concentration camp).

The longer "Plastic Surgery" is merely dreary. The Ant himself also gets a writing credit for "Nine to Five" a shot of mainstream rivvum and blooz from the Maneaters. Endeavours on my part to squeeze details of the combo and the identity of their female vocalist from both record company and publicist were unsuccessful).

After a slice of New York rock from Wayne County in "Paranoia Paradise" comes the regurgitation of tenth-rate pseudo-"political" crap in Chelsea's slightly remixed "Right To Work", as inconsequential now as it was when first put out as a single last year on Step Forward Records. The Albertos do this sort of thing so much better, and I don't want to listen to Chelsea.

Jordan, the "singing, dancing historian" of the film, opens the second side with her shrill, superficial version of the "Rule Britannia" hymn, over a retread of the ageless Sweet Jane riff and some distant terrace chanting. In a similar vein, "Jerusalem" is also credited to Suzi Pinns, in this case not Jordan, they tell me — not that it matters much.

Just as dry is the funky, as in soul-less, "Wargasm in Porntopia", a John Barry style "theme" piece, composed and executed by Amilcar, whatever they may be.

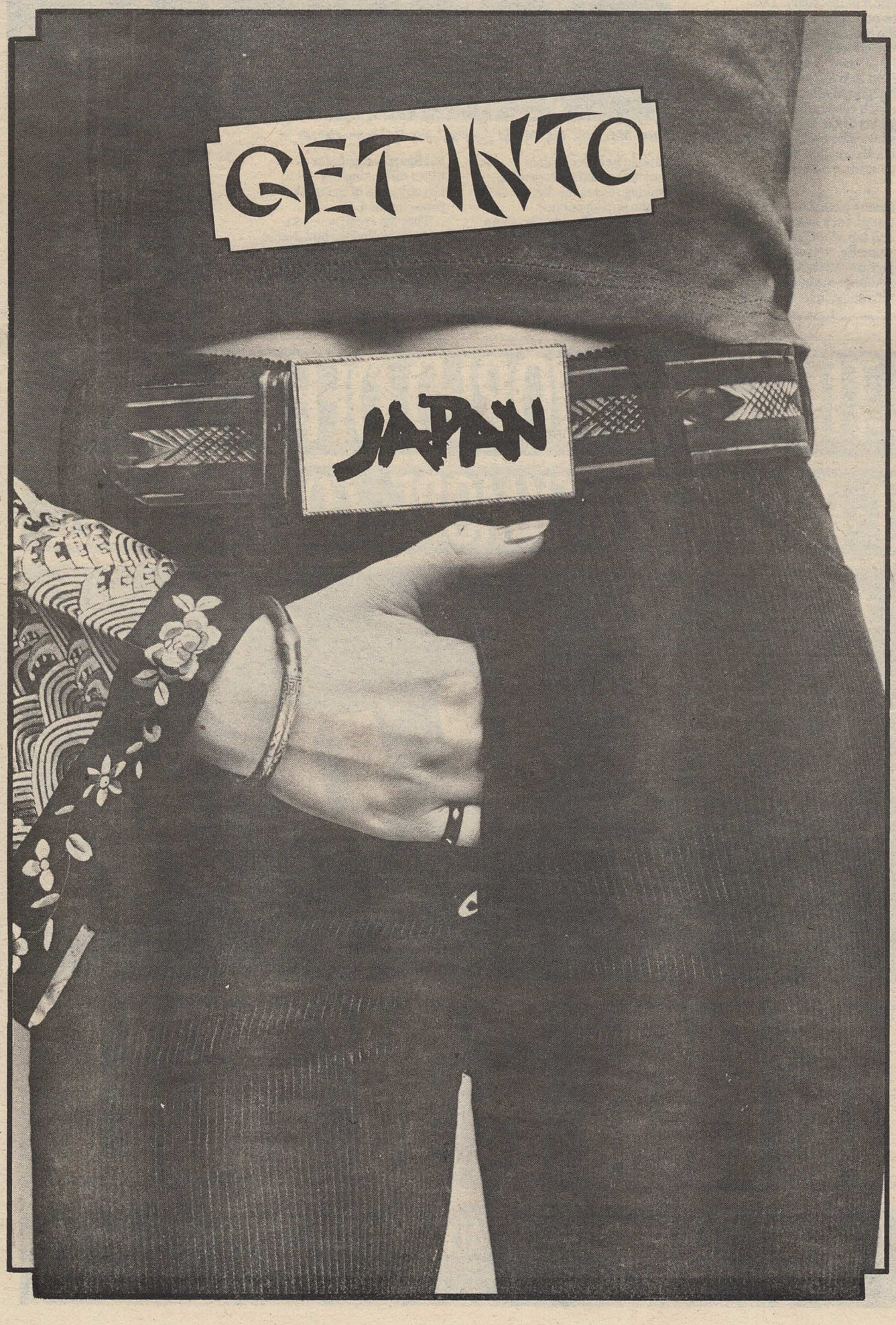
Personally I find much of Brian Eno's "mood" music effective merely as aural wallpaper — i.e.muzak — and little else. Maybe that's what the Balding One was aiming at with the typically 'flat' pieces here, "Slow Water" and "Dover Beach". Eno, you might be interested to know, was also responsible for the score of *Jubilee* producer Derek Jarman's other cinematic endeavour, *Sebastiane*. This time round he should have known better.

Outrageous this whole motley mish-mash most certainly is not. It reeks of the artificial and the manufactured. Posey as in shallow.

Ultimately, it fails dismally. Rock and roll, or whatever, is an attitude. Not just a glorified pose.

Adrian Thrills

JORDAN: the things you have to do to see the Queen
Pic: ANIL BAGGA



MICHELLE PHILLIPS
Victim Of Romance
(A&M)

A&M OBVIOUSLY have no illusions about lovely former Mamas and Papas songstress Michelle Phillips' greatest asset. There she is, fixing a gardenia in her hair (presumably a reference to "There She Goes", one of her two compositions on the album), clad in a one-piece swimming costume — elegant and sophisticated, a far cry from the contrived flower child of those halcyon days when Ms Phillips played second vocal fiddle to the late Cass Elliott.

And that's the way Phillips' voice — a soft, innocuous thing — should be used. She may always hit the notes, but Michelle Phillips wasn't cut out to be a solo singer. Even so, with veteran composer-/musician/producer/arranger Jack Nizsche at the helm doing what he does best — producing and arranging — one expects something a little more arresting than "Victim Of Romance".

Nizsche's production is miserably flat, his arrangements ordinary and largely predictable and, with the exception of the opening "Aching Kind" and a pre-disco Bee Gees pop song "Baby As You Turn Away", the choice of songs is uninspired in the extreme.

Written by one John Martin,

the bittersweet romanticism of "Aching Kind" — given here a slight country-rock treatment (one of several modes the album stumbles on) — isn't really given the performance that it deserves. It seems impossible for Michelle to muster up any kind of passion.

If I was her, I'd stay with the movies. After all, looking the way she does . . .

Steve Clarke

IMPORTS

VIRGIN'S MARBLE Arch store recently attracted a mass gathering of Dylanologists.

A section marked "Early **Dylan"** was instigated and promptly filled with such items as "Broadside Ballads Vol. 1" (Broadside 5301), on which Bobby Zee, in the guise of Blind Boy Grunt, sings "John Brown", "Only A Hobo" and "Talkin' Devil"; "Broadside Reunion Vol. 6" (Broadside 5315), a release that includes four Dylan tracks including "The Ballad Of Donald White"; and "March On Washington" (Broadside 5592), which documents the 1963 Civil Rights and features both Martin Luther King's "I Had A Dream" speech and a Dylan rendition.

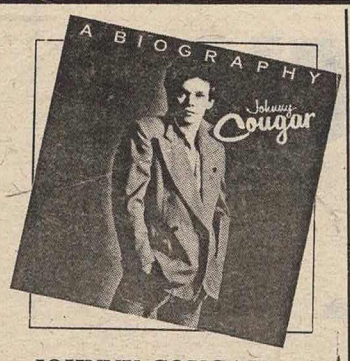
Unfortunately, John Peel picked up copies of all three and immediately aired them on his radio show — a move which resulted in an immediate sell out at Virgin. However, it appears that the store has now found a reliable source of supply and and further copies are due in any day. This time don't miss out!

Movie freaks will soon be shekel-less if the current flood of soundtrack releases is maintained — and this week has provided yet another brace of dream factory offerings in "A Hero Ain't Nothin' But A Sandwich" (CBS) and "American Hot Wax" (A&M), the former being the musical backdrop to a black movie starring Cicely Tyson and featuring goodly noises from the **Hubert Laws Group** — Laws also has a solo set out on CBS titled "Say It With Silence".

"Hot Wax" is a double album devoted to material played throughout Hollywood's forthcoming tribute to Alan Freed. One record contains 14 mono monsters from the likes of **Jackie Wilson, Frankie Ford, The Spaniels, The Turbans** and others, while the second disc comprises a number of "live-in-stereo" specials by **Chuck Berry, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Jerry Lee Lewis,** etc., including a mock version of a Brooklyn Paramount Concert once hosted by Freed, played in the film by actor Tim McIntire.

"Te John, Grease And Wolfman", a **Charlie Daniels** album originally released on Kama Sutra is available once more — this time on the Epic label. And while we're on the flashback trail, I'll list **Dolly Parton**'s "In The Beginning" (Monument), a collection of early solo material by the buxom biddy from Locust Ridge.

Fred Dellar



JOHNNY COUGAR
A Biography (Riva)

PERHAPS YOU'VE seen those Cougar posters lining the walls of the Tube. I thought the lad was modelling a new line in suits.

Well, he's not. Cougar is Johnny Cougar, and this, his debut album, comes on surprisingly tough and gusty. Cougar is British, but "Biography" deals in New York City street melodrama and story-telling with a direct, alleyway vernacular similar to those of Willy DeVille and Bruce Springsteen.

Less lyrical than Springsteen, ultimately lacking his resonant and fragile tenderness, Cougar nonetheless sings powerfully, somewhere to the right of Rod Stewart when he felt it. In the tradition of the gruff, scratchy voice, he also sounds inspired by the likes of Joe Cocker and Ian Hunter.

Backed by Streethart, a band which knows how to play with both elegance and raucous *elan,* Cougar, reaches for pathos rather too often.

The best cut is "Born Reckless". Here, with heart firmly in hand, Johnny waxes as impetuous youth amidst a series of solid rock climaxes. Also plausible are the Hooplesque "Alley of the Angels" and "Where the Sidewalk Ends". "Alley", too, toys with a series of build-ups and interludes.

"Sidewalk" gives us highly danceable Southern boogie power chords, an eerie, night-clubbing Bowie-Iggy chorus, and leering facetiousness. Less convincing is the preachy "Let Them Run Your Lives", which reeks of Billy Joel smugness despite being well-performed. The same could be said of the maudlin "Taxi Dancer" (strictly Harry Chapin material), while "I Need A Lover" is obviously this album's pop-rock hit with Frampton and Fleetwood Mac written all over its ornate guitar work and simple, stylish approach.

The rest — except for the haunting, piano-roaming "Goodnight" is adequate or not quite. "High C Cherrie" sounds like Cougar's exact answer to Mink DeVille. "Night Slumming" suffers from an over-weighty background chorus, and "Factory Night proves to be rather cacophonous, regardless of a catchy vaudevillish refrain in *The Rocky Horror Show* vein.

Cougar's no tiger, but he has his moments of roar and bite.

Marcus Smith

JAY FERGUSON
Thunder Island (Asylum)
THE NEW ORDER
The New Order (Fun)

HOW THE mediocre have fallen.

Jay Ferguson used to play with Spirit, Jo Jo Gunne and various other American all stars; The New Order were thrown together by ex-MC5 drummer Dennis Thompson and ex-Stooge lead guitarist Ron Asheton.

All three are podgy and weighty and strike macho poses to no avail. *You* know the type. They are also very uncreative. This is practically all they have in common, but then this is all that matters.

For a start, Jay Ferguson. It's been said that if a rose could talk it would sound like Joyce Grenfell, if sex could talk it would sound like Fenella Fielding and so on. Now if dish-washing, laundering and all those other soothing household chores which serve to make a soft life softer got together in a band, they'd make an album like this.

Pity me, because it's not even wall-paper — wall-paper has a pattern, it has light and shade, it would seem like a revelation after this record. *This* is nothing less than whitewash.

Jay sings songs softly, his weak lullabies guaranteed to bore even the brightest baby in to a comatose state. He changes style quicker than the eye can follow, like a stand-up comic dons hats — funk, disco, HM, reggae, smooch, yet never once straying out of MOR. No, it's not even Hip Easy Listening, it's not even rock and roll — it's schlock and I spit on it from a great height.

However, after I heard New Order I practically adopted Jay Ferguson, so noble did they make him seem. I first heard of these LA lushes when I was flicking through a *New York Rocker* a while back and saw these geeks posing in front of a swastika — again, for God's sake!

Me, I was frothing at the mouth, and I swore if I ever came across these losers I'd do them some damage — all that White Panther, street-fighter trash the MC5 came out with and are still credited with, even today.

Anyhow, The New Order have obviously warmed up last year's Nazism in an effort to deflect the public eye from the fatness of their faces and the flaccidity of their physiques. God, they make Elton John look like Kate Bush.

Both sides, adding up to a massive 23 minutes of playing time, kids (value for money if nothing else, five whole minutes longer than the Tom Robinson Band EP) seem to have been recording in a kettle and the "songs" — they're just haphazard mish-mashes of notes and words, thrown up to fill vinyl.

On the sleeve The New Order wield daggers; on the record they sing songs like "Declaration Of War" and "Rock 'n' Roll Soldiers" sprinkled with a plentiful crop of crappy Kraut slogans like "Sieg Heil", but it's doubtful whether they could fight off a poodle dog.

In fact their only claim to fame is that they used to room with pop stars. And where are *they* now?

Julie Burchill

CHARLIE
Lines (Polydor)

BESIDES SPORTING a great pair of legs, the cover of this, Charlies's third album, includes a upside down copy of "No Second Chance", their previous effort.

While the packaging is not so disappointing, the product certainly is. "No Second Chance" displayed promising moments of Queen-like richness and *real* animation on songs such as "Johnny Hold Back" and "Guitar Hero". On "Lines" though, we face the sort of music 'progressive' radio stations play to mellow out. "Lines" is melodic; "Lines" is smooth, polished, and safe; "Lines" is boring.

Perhaps only the first track, "She Loves To Be In Love", deserves praise or tolerance — only because it's precise, controlled harmonies are reminiscent of those smoothest of the '60s smoothies, The Zombies.

As for the rest — bland, uninspiring, and banal are the words that first come to mind. "No More Heart", for instance, is languid Boz Scaggs material with the added irritations of aping backing vocals and a 'plastic soul' chorus.

The acoustic-based "Life So Cruel" offers a little something with its rhythmic strumming, but soon dissipates into the bittersweet sort of performance seen on *New Faces* by people who remind you of Rick Nelson or David Cassidy. "Out of Control" closes the first side with standard guitar wailing and 5 am doldrums.

Ironically, "I Like Rock And Roll" closes the album, as if Charlie have to remind us of where their collective heart beats. A last gasp, its Aerosmith riffs are sadly wasted.

When not trying to rock or roll, Charlie have their very distant thunder stolen by Pete Zorn's sax solo on "Keep Me In Mind", a nondescript ballad of forced poignancy; use a little fusion to 'jazz' things up on "Strangers In Paradise", keep their predictable choruses on "LA Dreamer".

Finally, the lyrics deserve mention because of their triteness. So mentioned, time to forget them, and the album. Charlie needs another chance.

Marcus Smith

DAN SCAM

THE ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK
You Gotta Walk It Like You Talk It (Spark)

THE TROUBLE with unearthing one of your favourite bands' back pages is that in most cases the investment is only recouped in amusement value. The second Steely Dan prologue to emerge this year is no exception.

"You Gotta Walk It Like You Talk It" (a 1971 movie starring Richard Pryor) features the embryonic collaborating skills of Messrs Becker and Fagen when they were still touting for a regular gig.

In league with producer Kenny Vance (a.k.a. Jay, big cheese in the American) Don and Walt flourished the youthfull quill that would later bring them great wealth and a very good pair of bincoulars. Abetted by Denny Dias on guitar, drummer John Disepolo (he ain't no Elvin Jones) and an unknown vocalist with no conception of interpretation, the wild men of rock sound like cutting their recording teeth was a painful process.

The title number (flourish of trumpets and rolling credits) is pleasant enough, obviously in the title idiom; it must have taken all of ten seconds to think up the chorus. Unknown vocalist turns in a halfway decent impersonation of Randy Newman and Fagen grunts in the background.

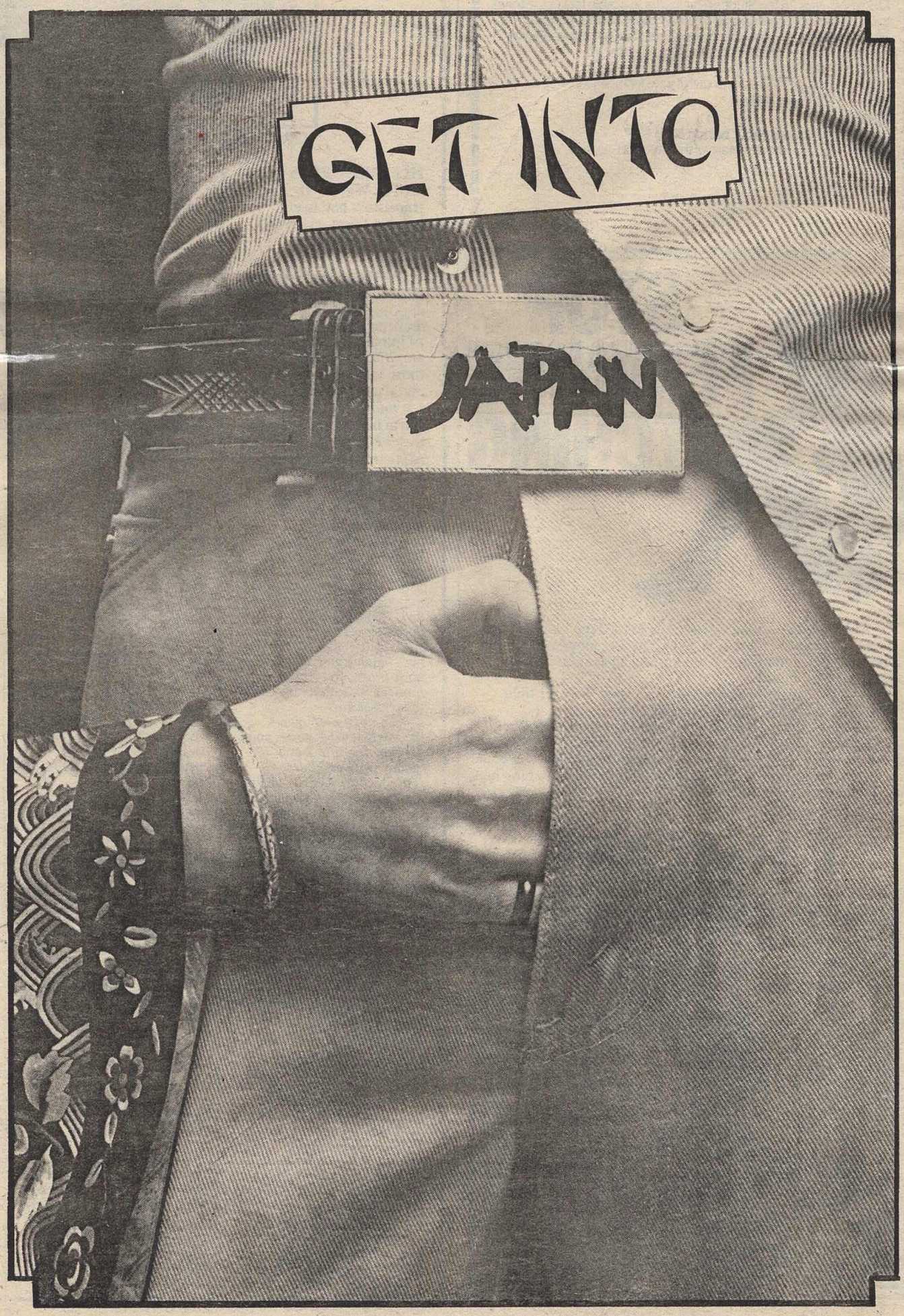
The several instrumentals expose the deficiencies of the operation, they weren't exactly sweating blood to get those off pat. The good news is to be found on "Dog Eat Dog", where Donald gets to sing in front of a mike and exploits the best lyric with some aplomb while still sounding like he'd rather be at home.

"I don't remember recording that, honest."

Elsewhere, "Roll Back The Meaning" bats a few latent Dan gambling images through the thesaurus and throws back the little ones. Fagen singing "If It Rains" would be preferable to the actual result but, what the hell, everyone has a few skeletons in the closet.

"You Gotta Walk It Like You Talk It" may come across like the Shondells with college degrees but it's outselling hot cross buns this week. If you're in the vicinity of Honest Jon's record emporium score yourself a reasonable import, it has an infinitely superior cover to the English version. These boys should go far.

Max Bell



Liverpool

Thank-you notes, to a town that played host on the road.

CHERRY VANILLA

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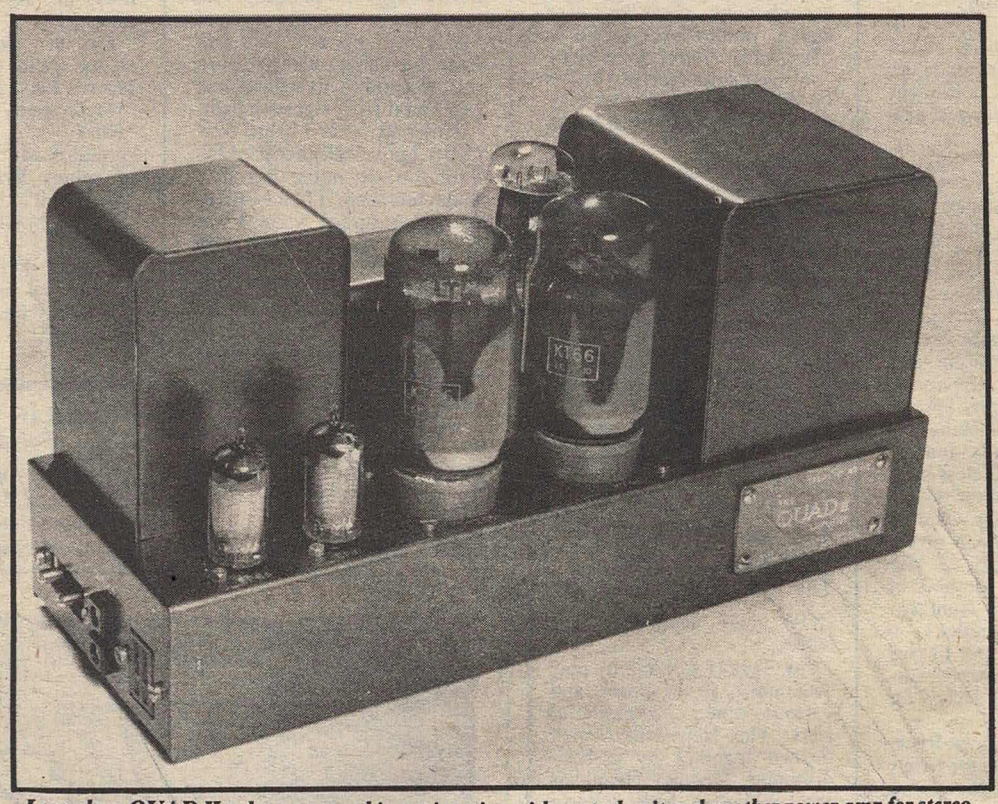
HI-FI: By ROY CARR



Legendary QUAD II valve amp, used in conjunction with control unit and another power amp for stereo.

BOTTLES ARE BACK

. . . meaning, valve amps — like the one you slung in favour of that transistor job. Eat your heart out and get down to the junkshop.

HI FI PROGRESS Quote Of The Week: "If transistors had been invented first, everybody would now be using valves!"

In the vanguard of the sod-the-specifications-what-does-it-sound-like movement is a resurgence of intense interest in valve amplifiers. You know, those cumbersome old metal and bottle units that not only keep the room warm in winter, but, when they've built-up a full head of steam, glow like one of Frankenstein's electric life-support machines.

(Seemingly) obsolete ten-year-old models, particularly from Quad and Radford (remember the names?), are now changing hands for up to four times the asking price of under a year ago. With numerous disadvantages such as bulky size, unattractive appearance, heat-buildup and high residual noise levels, you maybe forgiven for wondering what the plusses are?

Well, their proponents believe that valve power amps provide a natural sound quality, with excellent reproduction of concert hall ambience, more pleasing than the often steely transistor sound.

To dispel any myths that it's only a small band of eccentrics and elitists (albeit well-heeled) behind this one, many top manufacturers like LUX (a company that never really discontinued valve amps) are busy marketing new valve designs even if, in the case of LUX, the amp retail price is around £1,000!!

Before you have a cardiac arrest, quickly read on. It's quite possible to score a valve amp for much less — say something around a ton. And if you can spot what you're looking for on sight, off the beaten track you may pick one up for a few quid.

Should your spirit of adventure transcend flicking through *Exchange & Mart*, check on your local street flea markets, second-hand electrical appliance shops, jumble sales and the odds are in your favour that you'll come up with the goods.

Remember, once the word really gets out, bargains will be few and far between.

Don't worry too much if the valve amp needs an overhaul; most reputable manufacturers will refurbish your "find" at a realistic price.

ON THE question of tapes, when you hit the 'record' button on your tape recorder are you aware that you may be breaking the law?

Most people don't realise that under the Copyright Act of 1956, it is an offence to copy records, tapes and cartridges or broadcasts without permission from the copyright owner.

With the tremendous increase in sales of home recording equipment, composers, publishers and producers are being deprived of incalculable sums of revenue in the form of unpaid royalties.

Fortunately, for those who wish to make private recordings for their *own* amusement, there is a simple and inexpensive way of fulfilling your legal obligation. As it is obviously impracticable to make separate submissions, the Mechanical Copyright Protection Society (MCPS), for an annual fee of £1.62, will issue you with an Amateur Recording Licence.

The revenue derived from this source ensures that the originators of the music benefit to some degree from their work. And it's worth remembering that the great majority of composers are a long way short of the superstar tax-exile bracket.

In case you're wondering why you didn't know about these simple facts, the MCPS's advertising budget is inadequate to deal with the enormity of the problem, and it suffers from the apathy and lack of responsibility shown by related industries.

An illustration of the problem: The MCPS wrote to 50 top recording equipment hardware manufacturers (without composers, etc, they'd hardly exist . . . gottit?) requesting that details of illegal taping and the law be included in their sales literature. The only positive response came from Sony (UK).

For an Amateur Recording Licence, send £1.62 to: **Mechanical Copyright Protection Society, Elgar House, 380 Streatham High Road, London SW16 6HR.**

AS YOU are no doubt aware, much is written about discount hi-fi hardware, but very little about cut-price software — in particular cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes.

Whereas many record stores vigorously ply for trade by offering between £1 and £2 off the recommended retail price of albums, few appear to devote as much attention to advertising discount prices on blank tapes.

Indeed, with so many different brand names and "coatings" flooding an already saturated market, it's easy to completely lose track of what is a reasonable asking price for tapes.

But why pay more if you don't have to?

One of a chain of eight *KJ Leisuresound* shops, **Top tapes,** located at 53 Fleet Street, London EC4 — (01) 353-7935 — has turned into a *must* for all tape buffs. Though they're not the only shop offering discounts, they're a yardstick by which to compare most discount offers.

Furthermore, Top Tape offer post free mail order facilities no matter where you reside — a very useful service, especially if you're bulk buying.

I'm sure they'll be only too pleased to send you a price list on request (don't forget to enclose a large SAE), but here's a few sample prices to be going on with:—

TDK: Dynamic C60 (55p), C90 (75p), C120 (99p); Acoustic Dynamic C60 (86p), C90 (£1.12), C120 (£1.62); Super Avilyn C60 (£1.12), C90 (£1.52).

SONY: Low Noise C60 (55p), C90 (75p), C120 (£1.08); High Frequency C60 (75p), C90 (91p), C120 (£1.15); Chromium Dioxide C60 (£1.13), C90 (£1.50); Ferri Chrome C60 (£1.14), C90 (£1.75).

By the way, if anyone knows of any other reputable stores offering this kind of discount on *branded* names, don't keep it a secret. If the prices are really competitive I'll try and squeeze 'em in one week.

JUST IN CASE you're holidaying abroad this year, a reminder that it's not to your advantage to shop for hi-fi at most airport duty-free stores. Sure, due to the fluctuating rates of exchange you may be under the illusion that you can snare one helluva bargain, but in the long run you could end up pounds out of pocket.

To begin with, unless you're visiting Kuwait or Taiwan, most European duty-free prices are rarely below that advertised by your local high street discount dealer.

Furthermore, seeing that by law you're *obliged* to declare any purchases at customs and required to pay 12½ percent VAT on any electrical items over £50 you could easily end up paying over and above the actual manufacturer's recommended retail price.

Finally, if your equipment goes on the blink, it's easier to return it to your local dealer than to a duty-free shop in Southern Spain or street vendor in Hong Kong!

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Sunday April 2nd £1.00
THE SOFT BOYS + The Business
Monday April 3rd Free
The Late Show + The Records
Monday April 3rd £1.00
Thursday April 4th
REGGAE REGULARS + Angletrax
Thursday April 6th £1.00
THE SAINTS + The Front
CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

THE ROCK CLUB NEW WRITTLE ST., CHELMSFORD
Friday March 31st 8pm-11pm
BUSTER JAMES BAND
+ Support
Admission 80p, 70p S.U.
Sunday April 2nd 8pm-11pm
ROADWORKS
+ Grim
Admission 50p, 40p S.U.

FOXES GREYHOUND AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
SPECIAL GUEST NIGHT WEDNESDAY MARCH 29th
Tickets at the door
BOOMTOWN RATS
+ SUPPORT & D.J. PETER FOX
Advance tickets £1.75 from Bonaparte Croydon & Bromley, Virgin Croydon, or send S.A.E. & P.O. to Fox Ents., 39/41 High Street, Bromley, Kent

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday March 30th 60p
JOHN ADAMS BAND

Friday March 31st £1.00
SPECIAL GUESTS
Ring for details

Saturday April 1st £1.50
Benefit for the Martin Luther King Playgroup
DIRE STRAIGHTS

Sunday April 2nd 75p
COMEDY FACTORY

Monday April 3rd 50p
WARREN HARRY

Tuesday April 4th 50p
CHINA STREET

Wednesday April 5th £1.00
DANA GILLESPIE

Thursday April 6th £1.00
REGGAE REGULARS

ANDREW PAGE ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
SLADE + STRUGGLE
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL. MONDAY APRIL 10th
Tickets £1.50, £2.00 and £2.50
Obtainable from Box Office. Tel: 0272 22957

THE CAVERN
CHURCH ROAD, WILLESDEN NW10
(Beside White Hart Pub)
Monday April 3rd
★ ROLL UPS ★
Licensed bar 8 pm to midnight
Nearest tube: Neasden. Buses: 260, 266, 297
Enquiries: 01-459 7328

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
APRIL FOOLS BENEFIT 78
GREG KIHN BAND
THE RUBINOOS
THE SMIRKS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SATURDAY 1st APRIL at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

CRACKERS 203 Wardour Street, W.1.
Thursday March 30th
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
+ IGNATZ
Bar till 1 am Admission £1.00

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WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Saturday April 8th at 8.30 pm
WILKO JOHNSON BAND
+ Special Guests
Saturday April 15th at 8 pm
John Grimaldi's
CHEAP FLIGHTS
+ Pete Sutton + Moonstone
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St Albans, Tel: 64511 or available on door
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THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16
Thursday March 30th
The Vipers
Friday March 31st 30p
GRAND HOTEL
Saturday April 1 & Sunday April 2nd 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson Stevie Lange
Monday April 3rd
Guest Band
Tuesday April 4th
Dog Watch
Wednesday April 5th 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
(being recorded for live album)

BONES, MINSTER STREET, READING
TEL: READING 52304
Wednesday April 5th 9pm—2am
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
+ SUPPORT
Licensed Bar Food Admission £1.50

LIVE
THE PHONE NUMBER OF THE LIVE PAGE IS 01-261 6153

Patti's back in town

PATTI SMITH returns to Britain this weekend after a two-year absence, now fully recovered from the serious neck injury which has kept her out of action for many months. Together with her re-vamped band, she's at London Rainbow on Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday — and you can also see her on ITV's "South Bank Show" (Saturday) and BBC-2's "Whistle Test" (Tuesday). Her album "Easter" is now on release.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: ADVERTISING
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SHIRLEY BASSEY/NEW SEEKERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Red Lion: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: ROSETTA STONE
BOSTON Gliderdrome: ACKER BILK BAND
BRADFORD Royal Standard Hotel: ARC ROUGE
BRISTOL Crockers: WORKING CLASS HEROES
BRISTOL Granary: LOUNGE LIZARD
CORBY Stardust Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: RUDI & THE RATIONALS
COVENTRY Mr. Georges: THE CRABS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JOHNNY NASH
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE VIBRATORS
DURHAM Coach & Eight: DISGUISE
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
GOSPORT H.M.S Dolphin: BEANO
GRIMSBY St. James House: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
GT. YARMOUTH Chicago Club: THE KILLERHURTZ
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: DAYS OF GRACE
HANLEY Victoria Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
HAVANT Black Dog: MIKE ELLIOTT
HELENSBOROUGH H.M.S. Neptune: DAVE BERRY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
HUNCOATE White Lion Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre: BERT JANSCH
LEEDS East Ward Club: WHIRLWIND
LEEDS "F" Club: BETHNAL
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: THE BANNED
LIVERPOOL Eric's: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON BRENTFORD Red Lion: PIN-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROCKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NEW HEARTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE VIPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON EAST SHEEN The Derby Arms: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: BABY GRAND
LONDON EPPING Centre Point: GYGAFO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: SKINNERS RATS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON KENSINGTON Presidents Club: KESTRAL
LONDON Marquee Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 101 Club: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: THE HEARTDROPS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: JOHNNY G
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CHICK COREA
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRAZY CAVAN/GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Crackers: IGNATZ / REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
MACCLESFIELD Crumbles: DAGABAND
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: HOT CHOCOLATE
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: SAD CAFE
MANCHESTER Rafters: X-RAY SPEX
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: OFANCHI (for three days)
MOLD Assembly Hall: PLANET GONG
NORWICH Cromwell's: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
NOTTINGHAM Billsthorpe Eastwood Social Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Palais: BLACK GORILLA
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE PIRATES
NUNEATON Camphill Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: THE INDEX/THE VAMPS
OXFORD New Theatre: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
PLYMOUTH Metro: BLACK SLATE
PORTSMOUTH Clarence Pier Pavilion: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: SUPERCHARGE & DEARBORN
PRESTON Guildhall: THE STYLISTICS/CANDI STATON
READING Bones Club: GENERATION X
ROTHERHAM Windmill Club: COCK SPARRER
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
SOUTHEND Wickford Youth Club: SAMSON
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: MUCKRAM WAKES
STOKE Jollees: TONY CHRISTIE (for three days)
SWANSEA Nutz Club: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
WENDOVER R.A.F. Halton: GOBBLINZ
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: TAVARES

Friday

ASHFORD Brookfield Hall: GLOBE ROAD SHOW
ASHFORD Kempton Manor: CONGRESS
AYLESBURY King's Head: ROARING JELLY
BATH Brillig Centre: BERT JANSCH
BEDFORD Bunyon Centre: JASPER CARROTT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HEAVY METAL KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SHIRLEY BASSEY / NEW SEEKERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: RADIATOR
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: THE STYLISTICS / CANDI STATON
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE DYAKS
BRISTOL Stone House: MIKE ELLIOTT
BRISTOL YATE Stars & Stripes: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
BURNLEY Lucas Sports & Social Club: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: WARM JETS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: Wayne County & the Electric Chairs
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
CHESTER Deeside Leisure Centre: CLODAGH ROGERS
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: STAGE FRIGHT
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CRAWLEY Apple Tree: SAMSON
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
DERBY King's Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
DUDLEY J.B's Club: ADVERTISING
DUNBAR Golden Stones Hotel: THE EXILE
DUNDEE Technical College: ZHAIN
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JOHNNY NASH
EDINBURGH Clouds: PENETRATION
EXETER Groucho's: TROUT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: JIM PAGE
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
KEELE University: PLANET GONG
KINGSTON The Dolphin: REDNITE
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: THE MOVIES
LEEDS Garforth Liberal Club: SWEET ILLUSION
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: PRESSURE SHOCKS
LEICESTER Windmill Hotel: WHIRLWIND
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: WRECKLESS ERIC
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HELICOPTER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN St. Pancras Town Hall: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEET-WARMERS
LONDON E.C.1 City Arms: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD-WAITER
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Town Hall: LANDSCAPE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON LEICESTER SQ. Royal Dental School: METABOLISM
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: GYGAFO
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: PETER SARSTEDT
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CHICK COREA
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: EMBRYO / BAD MANNERS / STOLEN PROPERTY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON TOTTENHAM CT. RD. Empire Rooms: DESMOND DECKER
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE BASEMENT BAND
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: EARTH TRANSIT / ANGLETRAX / PLEASURE ZONE
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: DAGABAND
MANCHESTER New Century Hall: BONNIE TYLER
MANCHESTER Rafters: KEVIN COYNE
MARGATE Dreamland: GENERATION X
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE BANNED
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: CHEAP TRICK
NEWHAVEN Boys Club: POSSUM
NEWPORT Village Club: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
NORTHAMPTON The Romany: SCRATCH
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: THE DRIFTERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: X-RAY SPEX
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: PAM AYRES
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
NUNEATON Stockingford Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD New Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH / PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
PLYMOUTH Gastaways: TAVARES
POOLE Arts Centre; ACKER BILK BAND
PRESTWICH Sea King Club: DAVE BERRY
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE BUZZCOCKS
RUSHDEN The Wheatsheaf: BACK ALLEY PRINCES
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: BRITISH LIONS
SLEAFORD Nag's Head: BULLET
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: MERLE HAGGARD / JOE ELY
SOUTHEND Bread & Cheese: HYMIE BLOWS IT
STEVENAGE The Swan: ROGER THE CAT
STOURBRIDGE The Broadway: LIQUID MIRRORS
SUNDERLAND Annabel's: GONZALEZ
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: DAYS OF GRACE
TORQUAY 400 Club: BLACK SLATE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: SUPERCHARGE / 29th & DEARBORN
WORTHING Assemby Hall: ROSETTA STONE

Saturday

ANDOVER County Bumpkin: ROSETTA STONE
ASCOTT-UNDERWYCHWOOD Tiddy Hall: MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG
AYR Darlington Hotel: GONZALEZ
BANBURY Blues Club: THE BISHOPS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: KEVIN COYNE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: SOUL DIRECTION
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: MERLE HAGGARD & JOE ELY
BRISTOL Barton Hill Youth Centre: CHELSEA
BURTON Stapenhill Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
CHAPEL EN LE FRITH Constitutional Hall: VINTAGE
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: STAGE FRIGHT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
DERBY Assembly Rooms: MAX BOYCE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE ENID
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: TAVARES
HADDENHAM Village Hall: PUDDLEDUCK
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THEN BANNED
ILFORD The Cranbrook: ROGER THE CAT
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: COCK SPARRER
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEEDS Staging Post: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: EVOLUTION
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DEAF SCHOOL/THE BRAKES
LIVERPOOL Eric's: X-RAY SPEX
LIVERPOOL Rock Garden: TRAPEZE/IDIOT ROUGE
LONDON BATTERSEA Folk Festival at the Town Hall: ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD/ COCKY / PAUL CARR / FLOWERS FROLICS / BOB PEGG / BOB DAVENPORT / BRENDA WOOTTON & AL FENN / SPREDTHICK
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: IGNATZ / JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE VOICE SQUAD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WARREN HARRY
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE RUBINOOS & GREG KIHN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre: CLODAGH ROGERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON KENSINGTON Old Swan: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON Marquee Club: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON PALMERS GREEN Intimate Theatre: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: PATTI SMITH & HER BAND
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: FLOWERS & FROLICS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE IMPERIALS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DICK ENVY & THE U.K. SUBS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: WARM JETS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE BASEMENT BAND
MANCHESTER Fagin's Club: THE DRIFTERS
MANCHESTER Rafters: WRECKLESS ERIC
MANCHESTER University: PLANET GONG
MARGATE Dreamland: NUTZ
MATLOCK Black Rocks Club: BULLET
MORECAMBE Dixieland Showbar: MUSCLES
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: QUARTZ
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SOME CHICKEN / PATRICK FITZGERALD
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: THE STYLISTICS / CANDI STATON
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: SILVERWING
OLNEY Youth Centre: SCRATCH
OXFORD Corn Dolly: VESUVIUS
OXFORD Elm Park Centre: WIRE
OXFORD New Theatre: JOHNNY NASH
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
PONTEFRACT Wordsworth's: THE YOUNG BUCKS
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
ROSYTHE Caledonia Club: DAVE BERRY
WELLINGBOROUGH General Motors: GOBBLINZ
WIGAN Casino: SLADE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: STEVE WADE
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: SLADE
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: DAGABAND
BALLOCH Ballochmyle Hotel: DAVE BERRY
BATLEY Variety Club: JOHNNY NASH (for a week).
BELFAST Whitla Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE YOUNG BUCKS
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: "UNDER MILK WOOD" with STAN TRACEY QUARTET-/DONALD HOUSTON.
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: GENERATION X
CHESTER Valentino's: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
COVENTRY Theatre: MERLE HAGGARD & JOE ELY
CORBY Nags Head (lunchtime): VESUVIUS
COTGRAVE Miners Welfare: BEANO
CROYDON Greyhound: THE BUZZCOCKS
DERBY Old Bell Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: THE BROOMTOWN RATS
GLASGOW Satellite City: GONZALEZ
HASLEMERE Rex Cinema: ACKER BILK BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: WRECKLESS ERIC
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: ZHAIN
LEEDS Grand Theatre: MAX BOYCE
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls (benefit): SWIFT
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: ROBERT CALVERT
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: CHEAP TRICK/THE STUKAS/JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON CHARING-X RD. Astoria: FABULOUS POODLES/DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON Marquee Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: PANAMA RED
LONDON Palladium: BARBARA DICKSON
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: PATTI SMITH & HER BAND
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: MICHEL LEGRAND/LSO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE RECORDS
LONDON W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): RON RUSSELL BAND
MACCLESFIELD Boar's Head: DAWNWEAVER
MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
NORTHAMPTON The Racehorse: LEFT HAND DRIVE
NORTHWICH Rudheath Club: VINTAGE
NORWICH Theatre Royal: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE TURBINES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: FRANKIE LAINE
PERRY COMMON The Crossways: LIQUID MIRRORS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: SHEP WOLLEY
READING Target Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: CRAZY MONA
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DENNIS WATERMAN

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

SHEFFIELD Limit Club: BETHNAL
SLOUGH Alfred Beck Centre: CLODAGH ROGERS
SOUTHAMPTON Saints: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: THE SUPREMES
STALYBRIDGE Commercial Hotel: BICYCLE THIEVES
THAME Swan Hotel: TONY ROSE
WATFORD Bailey's: THE IMPERIALS (for a week)

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Old Crown and Cushion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: KEVIN COYNE
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: GENERATION X
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: GYGAFO
BRISTOL Colston Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD AND THE NYLONS/THE INDEX
CORBY Exclusive Club: MEAN STREET
DUNDEE Barracuda: GONZALEZ
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Coach and Six: ARC ROUGE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: PLANET GONG
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: GYGAFO
LEICESTER Bailey's: THE SURPREMES (for a week)
LIVERPOOL Eric's: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: WARM JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BEGGAR/TAX EXILES/DIE-KAPP
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHINA STREET
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: NOLAN WALSH
LONDON Palladium: SHOWADDYWADDY
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: STEPHEN WADE
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM AND BLUES BAND
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: TUBEWAY ARMY
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: SORE THROAT/KENSAL RISE
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern: THE ROLLUPS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PEKOE ORANGE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SHIRLEY BASSEY/NEW SEEKERS
MANCHESTER Rafters: BETHNAL
NEWCASTLE City Hall: MAX BOYCE
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: MUSCLES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOUBLE XPOSURE
SHOTTON COLLIERY Fleming Hotel: THE CARPENTERS
STOCKTON Fiesta: THE DRIFTERS
SWINDON The Affair: WRECKLESS ERIC
WIGAN Riverside Social Club: BEANO

Tuesday

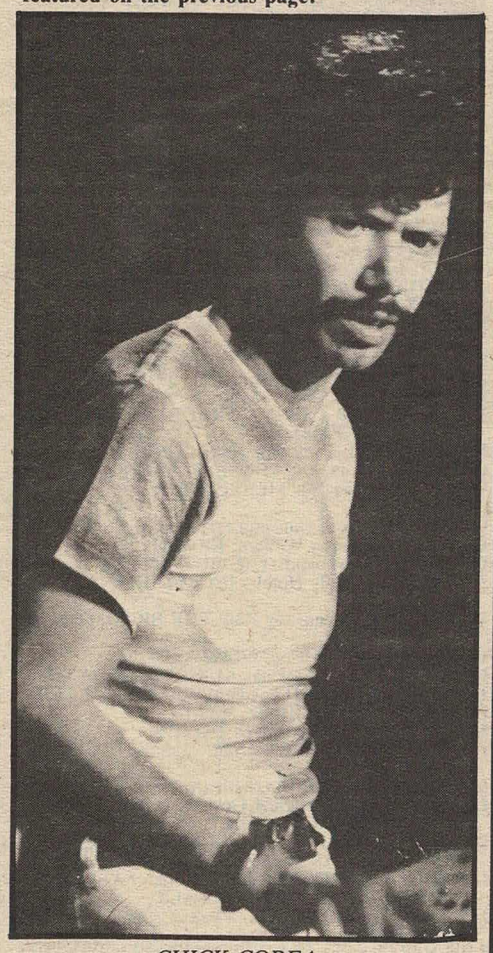
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Arts Centre: TROUT
BOLTON Institute of Technology: PLANET GONG
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: THE DEPRESSIONS
CARDIFF Top Rank: HEAVY METAL KIDS
DUBLIN Stadium: MERLE HAGGARD & JOE FLY
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: MAX BOYCE
FARNWORTH Blighty's: GENE PITNEY (for five days)
GLASGOW Satellite City: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: MARTY ROBBINS & DON EVERLY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: PIN-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RACING CARS
LONDON CAMDEN: Music Machine: KRAKATOA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CHINA STREET
LONDON Marquee: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: BONNIE SHALJEAN & PACKIE BYRNE
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ADAM & THE ANTS
LONDON Palladium: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA/SURPRISE SISTERS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: PATTI SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus APOSTROPHE/VENTILATORS/ECHOES
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SLADE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEGGAR/TAX EXILES/REVOLVER
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: JAB JAB/THE MAKERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ZHAIN
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SHIRLEY BASSEY/NEW SEEKERS
MANCHESTER Rafters: BETHNAL/BICYCLE THIEVES
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: DAWNWEAVER
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: GENERATION X
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's: THE DRONES
STOCKTON Fiesta: THE DRIFTERS
WIGAN Riverside Social Club: BEANO

Wednesday

ASHFORD The Ben Truman: SANDY BEACH & THE DECKCHAIRS
AYLESBURY Britannia: ANAL SURGEONS
BELFAST King's Hall: MERLE HAGGARD & JOE ELY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: COCK SPARRER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts GRANNOCK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM: Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD Royal Standard Hotel: THE DRONES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
DONCASTER Yarborough Club: BEANO
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Palace Lido: HEAVY METAL KIDS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: SLADE
HAWICK Town Hall: MAX BOYCE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Scamps: KESTRAL
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: PLANET GONG
LIVERPOOL The Masonic: ARC ROUGE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE RECORDS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TAPPER ZUKIE BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE STREET BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DANA GILLESPIE
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON Palladium: THE STYLISTICS / CANDI STATON (for four days)
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE RIVVITS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SKIDS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: MUSCLES
LUTON Royal Hotel: SCREENS
LUTON Sands Disco: FUNKY TEAM
MANCHESTER Pips: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
MARGATE Winter Gardens: CLODAGH ROGERS
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: THE DRIFTERS
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: FRANKIE LAINE (for four days)
PLYMOUTH Woods Centee: GENERATION X
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Campus West: THE REAL THING

HOT SPOTS

A SLIGHT LULL on the gig circuit this week — at any rate, as far as new tours are concerned. But there are still a few events to bring to your attention, in addition to Patti Smith who's featured on the previous page.



CHICK COREA

● **CHICK COREA, who recently played a one-off London concert with only Herbie Hancock for company on stage, returns to the capital this week for another show — but this time it's a more familiar Corea persentation, with a full 13-piece band to back him. The concert is at the Rainbow to Friday.**

● **THE RUBINOOS and GREG KIHN co-headline a Beserkley Record package at London Hammersmith on Saturday, with newcomers to the label The Smirks in support.**

● **GRAHAM PARKER and The Rumour play three gigs in Eire this week, then move north to Ulster for a concert in Belfast on Sunday. But their British tour proper doesn't start until later in April.**

● **BARBARA DICKSON and her band headline a one-off at the London Palladium on Sunday, and they're followed at the venue by Showaddywaddy (Monday), Pasadena Roof Orchestra (Tuesday) and The Stylistics and Candi Staton (Wednesday for four days).**

● **DOCTORS OF MADNESS should be worth catching at London Marquee on Sunday, because this gig marks the official debut with the band of former Damned stalwart Dave Vanian.**

● **MERLE HAGGARD and JOE ELY co-headline another C-&-W package, following their appearance in the Country Music Festival at Easter. They're at Southampton (Friday), Brighton (Saturday), Coventry (Sunday), Dublin (Tuesday) and Belfast (Wednesday).**

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Thursday March 30th
HOLLYWOOD
Friday March 31st
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Saturday April 1st
Monday April 3rd
PHONE FOR DETAILS
Tuesday April 4th
SILES & NIELSON
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WILD LIFE
Friday, March 31st
VIC & THE VAPOURS
Saturday, April 1st
BURNING GROUND
Sunday, April 2nd
RATED
Tuesday, April 3rd
ALLIGATORS

VEHICLE MUSIC
presents
ROGER THE CAT
Friday, March 31st
THE SWAN, CHELLSWAY, STEVENAGE
Saturday, April 1st
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FRI 31
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TUES 4
THE RACING CARS
WED 5
THE RECORDS with WILL BURCH ex KURSAAL FLYERS

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BLAST FURNACE AND THE HEATWAVES
SEE THEM
NASHVILLE, FRIDAY MARCH 31
HEAR THEM
THE NEW E.P. BLUE WAVE OUT SOON!

ON THE TOWN

Party time with Modest Bob . . .

Boomtown Rats, Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves

LYCEUM

MODEST BOB goes over the top again.

The Rats' Good Friday gig before a sizeable and enthusiastic crowd began with a flash of lightning and a sonorous clap of thunder: the lights blinked on to reveal Bob Geldof carrying a huge wooden cross.

The implication was all too obvious, but as the show progressed Bob came on more like an Irish Tommy Steele than a rock 'n' roll messiah. He's one of the most extravagant showmen in an extravagant business and the Rats' act was pure pantomime.

Apart from Geldof's irrepressible, loose-limbed, windmilling stage presence there was bassist Pete Briquette scuttling across the boards like a musical crab; pyjama-clad Johnnie Fingers bouncing along behind the keyboards; Gerry Cott in shades and Garry Roberts in long hair, the relatively still-life guitarists; Simon Crowe hidden behind a mountain of percussion.

But it's not just show-biz, it's good music as well — though the band's songs aren't quite as sharply defined and immediately infectious on stage as they are on disc. The sound was much more lumpy and Geldof seemed happy to let the crowd share much of the vocal work.

They ran through most of the album at a brisk, slick pace, from "Neon Heart" to "Kicks", taking in "She's Gonna Do You In" and the euphorically received "Joey."

There were some unrecorded items as well, including the customary "Don't Believe What You Read" tirade against the media. The material was difficult to judge in the loud, sweaty Lyceum atmosphere, and Bob Geldof must be one of the few vocalists who talk louder than they sing. Lyrics were mostly inaudible, although the tunes were catchy enough.

Geldof's party-time antics knew no bounds: he brought out a clapometer to measure the applause accorded the newest song. He split the audience into two parts and had them chanting "tick tock . . ." like so many admiring automatons.

There was no doubt, though, that the people loved him for it. And it came to pass that they finished the set with "She's So Modern," the new single, "Mary," and "Looking After Number One." Then Geldof said "Let there be balloons," and lo the Lyceum was full of the things as the group encored with "Do The Rat."

However, Geldof's second coming was not the sum total of the evening. Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves started proceedings by proving, before an unconvinced crowd, that they haven't had half the serious attention they deserve.

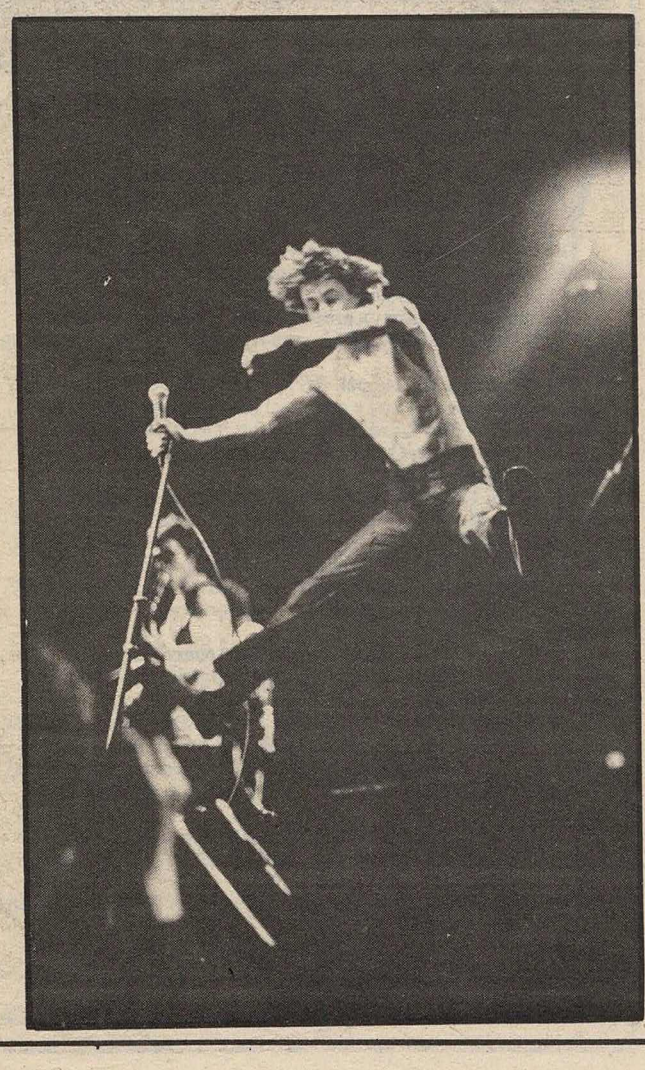
The first blue-wave group — they deal in straight, hot R&B (you know, the music that was invented in Canvey Island) — played a set consisting largely of excellent covers of lesser known material from names like Sonny Boy Williamson and Robert Johnson.

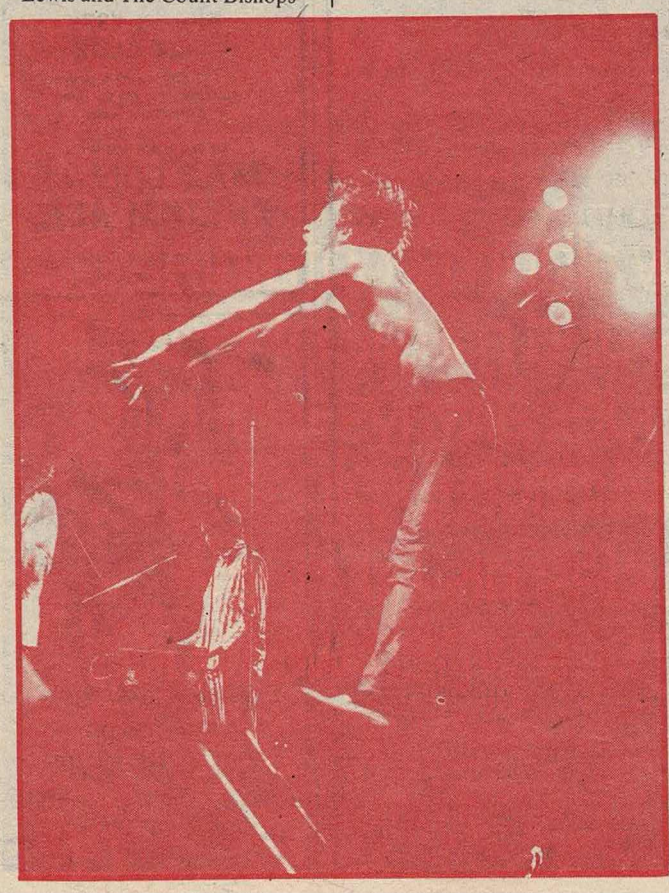
"Midnight Shift" and "Cross Cut Saw" were the most memorable moments, the general sound falling somewhere between Lew Lewis and The Count Bishops (not as much harp as the former or guitar as the latter.) Blast, masked by impenetrable shades, bopped defiantly from lead guitar to harp, swapping the instruments with his co-frontman Skid Marx, a fair-haired beanpole of blues energy.

An uncompromising, even narrow set. If you don't like R&B, forget them. If you do, get blasted.

Kim Davis.

All pix: PENNIE SMITH





Haggard wows 'em in widescreen countryerama

Country Music Festival

WEMBLEY

LIGHTS! ACTION! Country Music!

Yep, once more it's Mervyn Conn-plays-John Ford time. 'Cept that this time around he thinks he's Cecil B De Mille and everything's bigger than before.

So this, the 10th Country Music Festival, is Conn's "Ten Commandments" — with Merle Haggard playing Monday Moses, performing miracles by filling all third-day seats, a task well beyond the capability of Emmylou Harris last year. SATURDAY has Don "The Hat" Williams in true wide-screen. Where once just a guitar and bass lent support to the Voice of Plainview, he now comes framed by a fair-sized string section.

But Williams can't lose either way, the audience loves his gentleness, be it wrapped in the economy of family-sized surround-sound.

Cheers, applause, encores. . . and so forth.

Canuck Carol Baker, Freddie Hart, of "Easy Loving" fame, and Don Everly, whose band includes Albert Lee, all add to the Saturday night fever. A fair first reel then. The action is still to come.

SUNDAY found Donna Fargo, WEA's million-dollar signing, closing with "The Happiest Girl In The Whole USA". But she clearly wasn't. A brave lady — suffering from laryngitis but doing her show-must-go-on bit — she hit a fast-moving Vegas-here-we-come groove.

In Vegas, the Isaac Hayes type opening, massed keyboards, ever-prancing vocal group and all the other trappings might have hit the jackpot. At Wembley it registered one cherry, bad apple and a sour grape. Like zilch.

Thankfully Charlie McCoy remembered the Sabbath and kept it righteous. Aided by The Kelvin Henderson Band — who deserve a pat on each of their made-in-Britain craniums — the provider of the *OGWT* theme simply blew great blues'n'bluegrass mouth-harp. And if British Rail only ran one train with half the speed of McCoy's "Orange Blossom Special" then the Glasgow run would be an easy one-hour deal.

Carl Perkins also bopped happily, if predictably, into the winner's enclosure. Garbed in a Cambridge blue (didn't anybody tell you that that they'd sunk, Carl?) high-collared Elvis suit, he and his little family band — two sons, no less — strutted out the Sun songbook one more time then clinched it with a tribute to Elvis.

Hardly a dry eye in the house, I tell you. Pass the Kleenex, Myrtle.

Well past 50 but looking around 35, Marty Robbins is still the Muhammad Ali of Country Music. His hail-the-conquering-hero, eye-winking egotism is the stuff champs are made of. "No, I ain't been drinking. . . I'm on drugs", he claimed amid one round of self-acclamatory salutes.

Again, Nashville equated with Nostalgiaville — "White Sport Coat", "El Paso" etc. — one reason why Wembley can be a drag in some ways — but Robbins' voice was in good nick. Nobody asked for their money back.

Dave and Sugar then provided a classy line in harmony vocals; Skeeter Davis failed to sound as good as she looked; blind keyboardist came on like Mrs. Mills; pedal-steelman Lloyd Green was proficient but heartless, until joined by the high-flying McCoy.

MONDAY, 11.20 p.m. It's been well over seven hours since the third part of Conn's mammoth extravaganza got underway. Merle Haggard's leading into his "Okie From Muskogee" anthem and the audience are flexing their tonsils on the chorus.

The Hag — gaunt, with deep-set, Montgomery Clift eyes — is nothing if not charismatic. He's sung oldies and newies, swopped hot guitar licks with the band and even picked up a fiddle to emulate Bob Wills on "Take Me Back To Tulsa" — which came replete with authentic Wills-like vocal sounds.

Previously we've had a whole mess of winners — the gospelly Larry Gatlin, the grey gravel that is Kenny Rankin, and chubby wonder Moe Bandy, a textbook, no-nonsense, dead straight country song-shaper.

Dottie West played it straight and won while Joe Ely aimed over the audience's head and paid the penalty.

We've had a surprise package in non-stop Ronnie Prophet, a great all-round entertainer with a killer collection of one-liners, a penchant for Echoplex guitar, a handy line in zany impressions — would you believe Donald Duck singing "Help Me Make It Through The Night"?

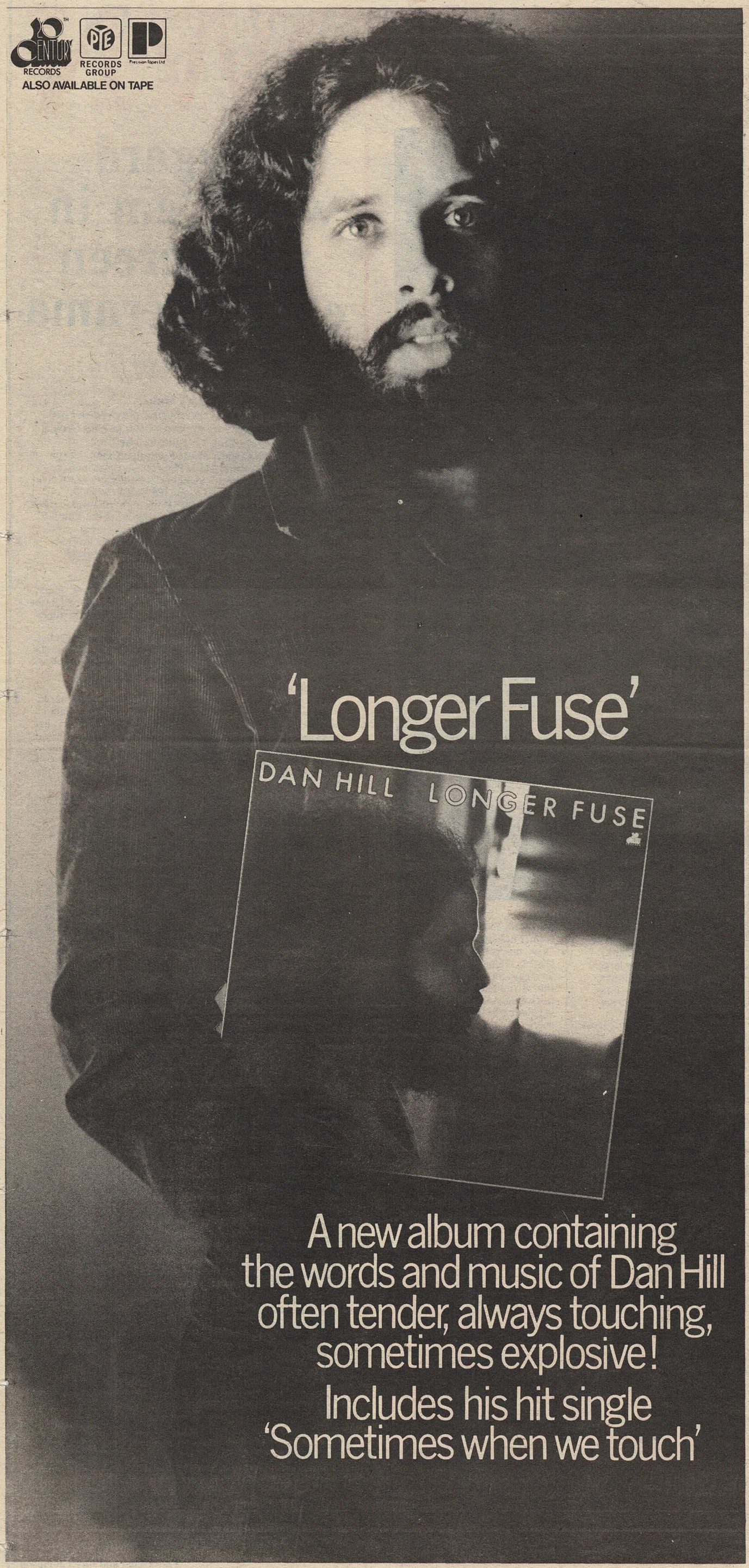
Also along have been Outlaw rep Tompall Glaser, utilising a voice that has been strained through a bucket of gin, and fronting a band formed by Bobby Thompson, Buddy Emmons, Larry London, Joe Osborne, Reggie Young and Bobby Wood. Superpickers Inc.

But it's Haggard the crowd are on their feet for, all hands over heads like surrender-time at Stalingrad. For Hag's Strangers — a guitar, bass, two fiddles, horn-man, piano and drums affair that still features the back-up vocal ability of Bonnie Owens — have played the most heart-warming set ever to grace a Wembley Country Show.

So good, in fact, that when they trot out "Orange Blossom Special" yet again (the Fest is high on "Special", "Rocky Top", Elvis tributes, Parton tit jokes and Hank Williams medleys) it sounds as remarkable as a Red Sea parting.

Haggard as Moses? Yeah — great type casting.

Fred Dellar and Roy Thompson



Time to change bandwagons, boys

The Vibrators

SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

IF, LIKE me, you thought that competition was now too severe to allow bands the luxury of tedious thrashings, take a long, hard look at The Vibrators, whose *second* album is due about now.

What care these boys for the niceties of Musical Advancement or Genuine Creativity, when they can still get away with playing a set that includes numbers called "He's A Psycho", "Destroy" and even "Nazi Baby"?

More to the point, what do the audience care? They pogo from start to finish.

And that's the sum of what The Vibrators have to offer: pogo music; not that there's anything inherently wrong in that, it's just that this lot make it so endlessly boring.

"It's 1978, time to . . . 'Wake Up'," screams John Ellis.

Unfortunately he appears singularly determined not to take himself up on this sound advice, and launches instead into the tenth version of their first song ("War Zone", if you really want to know).

Unlike, say, Sham 69 — who appeared at the club two nights earlier — The Vibrators have no dynamite frontman to elevate their musical mundanity, and as they tear through drone after drone, it's an effort to stay till the end.

Perhaps the most endearing thing about them is the shamelessly barefaced way they churn out all these buzzsaw cliches with nary a thought for a change of bandwagon.

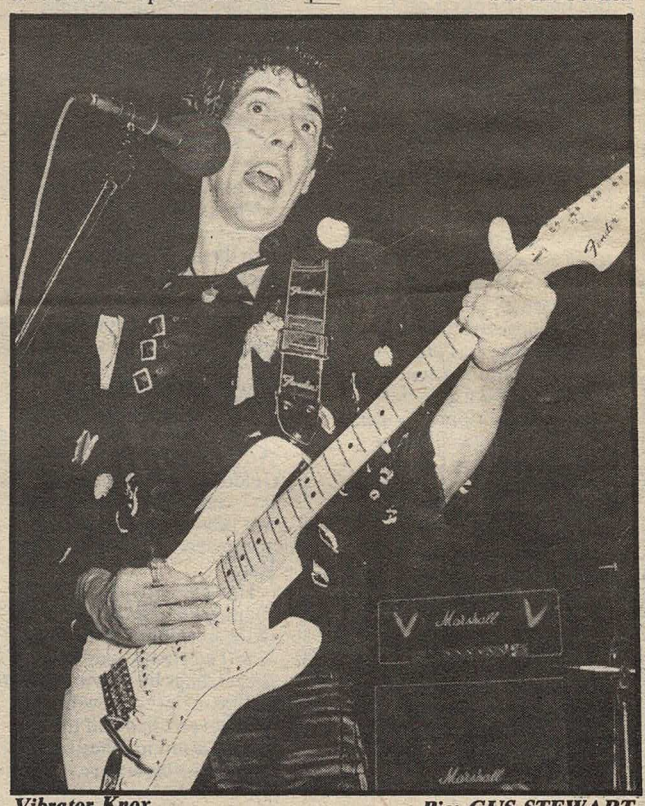
You almost have to admire them for surviving so long.

The recurring rub however is that while bands like The Banshees linger in limbo, The Vibrators get to make whole LPs about being the "Troops Of Tomorrow".

As Knox Carnochran is more than willing to tell you, he's been in showbands, Hendrix bands, jazz bands and rock and roll bands. No doubt when he's absolutely certain that he's exhausted this particular trend (already, and then some) he and the rest of his Xerox machines will latch on to something different.

Just don't leave it too long boys . . . please.

Steven Gordon



Vibrator Knox *Pic: GUS STEWART*

JAZZ DIARY

WORST NEWS since the Turks sacked Constantinople is the imminent closure of Covent Garden's 7 Dials.

The local community who lease it to Jazz Centre Society have doubled the rent, imposed restrictions on the bar, and brought the best Thursday night in London to a close.

Five minutes of Harmon mute, please, to honour its passing; berets off for Dick Knowles who ran it for three glorious, jumping years.

The Phoenix is still happening, however, with the Elton Dean Quintet on 5th April, and a couple of concerts later in the month, Changing Face plus Gordon Beck at the Purcell Room on 20th, and the Gary Burton Quartet plus Azimuth at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on 24th.

There's an Ethnic Music Week at Action Space, Drill Hall, 16 Chenies Street, WC1, with the African E Eve on 31st March and 1st April, Sunshine and Terry Tucker on 2nd, Deva on 7th, Four Wheel Drive on 8th, and Sylvia Hallet and Lyn Dobson on 9th.

This is part of the Additional Music Festival to cover areas left out of the Camden Music Fèstival: Newport Rebels revisited, already.

On 3rd April, JCS are holding a benefit concert for tenorman-flautist Jimmy Hastings, featuring the Dave Hancock Band and Quarternity.

For those who missed the Midnite Follies Jazz Orchestra at The Shaw, they're turning up again at 100 Club on 7th April.

Also at this venue, Monty Sunshine's Jazz Band plus The Terry Treagus Jazz Sound on 1st April, and The Gene Allen Jazzmen on 2nd.

Ronnie Scott's has the Monty Alexander Trio for one week from 3rd April, and Ronnie jazz label has released an album by the great guitarist, Louis Stewart.

Ogun is releasing "Bracknell Breakdown" by the Radu Malfatti — Harry Miller Duo.

An album recorded by Jabula, under Julian Bahula, has just been banned in his native South Africa. The band took part in an anti-apartheid week in Amsterdam.

Brian Case

The road to Huddersfield is paved with good intention. *Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY*

Generation X
HUDDERSFIELD POLY

Billy, such a mortal hero

HERE WAS the Huddersfield Connection.

The last Pistols mother-country gig was at a club up the road from here on Christmas Day, and the punks who showed for Generation X acted like they were aware of their unique endowment.

Drunk, disorderly and degenerate, they went out of their way to show they had learned nothing from Rotten's intelligence and insight.

And while they could never have been ready for *him,* it seems even the lesser apostles of punk ideology have been wasting their time.

All the punk junkies know about "the blank generation" are the catch-phrase kindergarten platitudes which were designed to give it an integral manifesto.

They've come through even blanker than before, deriving nothing from the last year except the dancing, dress and slogan axes of the trade.

What kind of band can get off on the hysteria of 700 dummies, I fail to see.

I felt nothing here other than deciding that I prefer my phonies cool rather than demented.

It was all good enough for Generation X, anyway, and Billy Idol's still young enough to believe that anyone who likes him is liking him for the right reasons.

Considering that punk wax sales are probably over the top (and Generation X only seized the time with a couple of singles), you could understand Idol's moody pre-performance strutting.

When the band had eventually got around to debuting their overdue album on their first nationwide marketing campaign, thieves had beaten them to their PA; the going certainly hasn't been easy.

Old Van Morrison said, "In order to win, you must be prepared to lose sometimes," and Generation X, either through design or fate, seem to have been going out of their way to show they're a punk band of the mortal kind.

The band, nevertheless, looked loose, well-psyched and hungry when they came on. As they cut their way through "Your Generation", Idol and bassist Tony James in shiny black leathers, and Bob Andrews (guitar) in a red Sergeant Pepper outfit, symbolised the fact that Generation X are now a marketable concern.

Sold as glamour punks, they have no complete control hang-ups; Idol's no dumb blond, but he and the boys are sure looking like they have trouble playing up to the poorest-kids-on-the-block image they've been saddled with.

Inevitably, Idol is the band's biggest asset.

If he's not exactly poetical with a pen, then at least he's no mug with a microphone; and, of course, he's got the visuals right off, having the kind of stage magic that spreads straight from the kitsch.

He's so ridiculously determined to make something of his life (and he wants it to be *this way)* that he projects like a winner, too optimistic to concede that 'failure' is a word whose meaning he readily understands.

Idol established physical rapport with his 700 punks right from the walk-on and the opening chords of "Your Generation", and he intensified the connection with "From The Heart" and "Wild Youth", before breaking to take a shot at talking rapport, which is where he scores badly.

Introducing "Kiss Me Deadly", he said: "This song means a lot of us, so listen carefully", and he proceeded to sing appallingly while the rest of the band fumbled their way through a song with the style of a very average rock band doing an MOR number to win over the judges at a talent show.

The sequel to this (Billy, heroes don't make gaffs) is another 'ballad', "Promises, Promises", which relates to what Idol feels "has happened to the new wave".

And to symmetricise the trilogy, "for minority peoples", the band plays "Invisible Man".

It feels thoroughly tasteless to ridicule Idol's sentiments, because he's so obviously sincere in what he says and does, but the fact remains that Generation X *epitomise* what has happened to the new wave, and the song that means a lot to Idol is lyrically trite and musically inept, however well-intended.

As for the intellectually heavier song, "Invisible Man", maybe sentiments like that are valid enough coming from any level of consciousness, but Idol would do better to wait until he can give creeds like this a more complementary lyricism.

The band went on to play a couple of unpretentious up tempo goodies, "Day By Day" and their current single "Ready Steady Go", during which you could close your eyes and take yourself back to those days we thought were halcyon.

The fans upfront, though, got what they came for; bouncers and stage crew cramming stage left like a barbershop harmony outfit made sure they didn't get any more than that.

The band were brought back for "Youth Youth Youth", a punk jam with some promising (albeit non-contextual) heavy metal guitar from Andrews — an indication that if Generation X are being prematurely exploratory, then at least they're refusing to be constricted by the predominant punk method (something which, to Idol's credit, should also be said of "Kiss Me Deadly"). Unambitious this band isn't.

But Generation X lose out because their material is low on substantial statement, and musically no improvement on — maybe not even on a par with — the albums produced by their chief rivals several months ago.

All there is, is the medium — the message is zero, not because it doesn't exist, but because the band lacks the panache to make it credible.

On the night, though, it seemed like I didn't have many allies.

What preoccupied me more than anything else was the thought that Rotten was here three months ago, having already taken this kind of music to the limit.

This was more than out of time. It was kids' stuff.

Emma Ruth

GLORIA MUNDI IN EXTREMIS

(Alternative reviews of a band who may or may not be worth your attention)

Gloria Mundi
MARQUEE

THERE ARE six of them—a punk big band?

Sic transit gloria mundi: Thus pass the glories of the world. The name has a nice touch of alienation but its a little arty.

A year ago this group could have been Talking Heads or Devo—intelligent new wave — but mysteriously, even though they have been playing round London for a year or so and even have a single out on a major label, they have received little attention from the press.

The black-walled Marquee is designed to focus all attention on the stage.

Gloria Mundi present a very monochromatic image. They have a stark, sparse presence in black and white, shiney like a PVC trash can liner, theatrical like Ultravox or the early Damned gigs. (Actually the only comparison there is that Eddie Maelov, lead vocalist, rushes round the stage a bit like Dave Vanian).

All the energy and excitement is channelled in the music.

Their playing is intelligent, well rehearsed and powerful. They have a full sound which is grounded in a strong bass drum from Mike Nicholls. It's always there, solid as the floorboards, with each beat led by an attacking bass note from Ice.

With totally reliable bass and drums like this, many of your problems are solved.

The sax player, c.c., reminded me a bit of Steve Douglas (last seen here playing with Mink DeVille), which is to say he has an ability to be greasy but also to stay on the attack.

It's great to see a woman in the band. Sunshine came out from behind keyboards to sing—or rather shout— on "Big Boy", finishing up by grabbing Eddie's wedding tackle.

There was quite a bit of pogoing, particularly for their single "Fight Back".

Pic: G. PAXTON

I haven't enjoyed myself so much for a long time. Gloria Mundi are really impressive. Try and see them.

Miles

I'D ONLY seen Gloria Mundi once before and hated them then. Since that time no-one I'd met had ever had a good word for them.

I began to feel quite sorry for a band that attracted such apparently irrational hatred and that is how I came to be at the Marquee for the fourth date in the band's 'Fight back' tour, giving them another chance, so to speak.

They'd only been on stage for 30 seconds when I realized that my sympathy had been unwarranted.

"Oh my *God* . . . it's Gloria Mundi . . ." howls Eddie Maelov, reminding me of Bowie at the beginning of "Diamond Dogs."

Maelov comes across as the product of a mirror jammed up with glitter idols; his face mask of grey bandages is streamlining to conform with the modern austerity.

The band are obviously aware that they're alive in 1978, but it seems to me that they've left their hearts somewhere between "Diamond Dogs" and "David Live".

The first number in their set rips off "Sweet Thing" something rotten, with the same sense of apocalypse and decaying melodrama replete with absurd, incongruously passionate guitar solos in the manner of Earl Slick, courtesy of a guy called Beethoven (I fail to see how he could be anything *but* absurd with a name like that.)

All this grandiose posturing seems totally misplaced . . . this ain't The Tower, Philadelphia, it's the Marquee London, mate, and the genocide is courtesy of Gloria Mundi and a truly horrendous nerve-splitting light show.

All through the flashing strobes and searing arc-lights Gloria Mundi play the role of rock stars.

They remind me of the kind of token punk/weirdo band that the scriptwriters of *Rock Follies* could have (mis)conceived.

Token outrage: Sunshine slides her hand down the front of Maelov's pants simulating masturbation.

He wriggles ecstatically, but just as he's about to climax we see him fall to the floor writhing in agony.

Castrated presumably.

Token politics: *"Betrayed by new wave heroes / little Hitlers in their death-throes/ stuck inside the system / Johnny normal third-class citizen".*

Nebulous, ill-defined mouthings. Fight back? Are Gloria Mundi fighting back? I haven't noticed them doing it, it's probably not in the terms of RCA's contract.

As with most hybrids Gloria Mundi end up being neither one thing nor the other.

The theatrics seem half-resolved and not jelling with the music whilst their tunes and arrangements are unexciting and derivative.

Like that other outfit with delusions of grandeur and a glam hangover, The Doctors of Madness, the only *real* fault with this band is that they'll never be beloved of critics. Let those who like them dance on.

I certainly shan't demand a repeat performance.

Steve Walsh.

In a world of chemical beer, silicone tits and white bread, thank God for 'One World'...

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The aesthetics of insanity

Jon Otway and Wild Willy Barrett
The Pop Group

LYCEUM LONDON

IT'S AMAZING how one hit single and a few TV spots can take an unpredictable club act with minimal record company support and put them top of the bill at the Lyceum.

Otway's had a lot of admiring press coverage as well. He's supposed to be a performer of great charisma and potential.

This was the first time I'd seen him (probably not the best venue in which to be introduced to his intimate inanity) and I wasn't especially impressed.

The material on the last album was inconsistent to say the least and on-stage, despite his quaint visuals, Otway didn't really have enough good songs to maintain the momentum of the show.

With The Pop Group, that problem didn't seem to arise.

It's not that every song's a classic, they don't have to be. The band keep up an interminable wall of sound, with just brief pauses to indicate the beginning of a new piece: you either loathe every moment or love it.

In fact, as far as The Pop Group go, I'm not sure there's much difference between the two.

Perhaps I should explain that the name is ironic and completely inappropriate. This is not a fun band.

On a dark Lyceum stage in their drab, grey clothes they looked positively threatening. Most of the audience were disorientated by the group's approach: there was plenty of abuse and plastic glasses.

When a band can offend as much as The Pop Group can they must have something good.

The songs are harsh, mechanical constructions embellished by unexpected snatches of melody or harmony. Entrancing at the time, they're always difficult to remember the following morning.

"Death Why Don't You Come Out And Play" is an exception: "Genesis Of Lunatic," "Abstract Heart, catchy little things aren't they.

The tall singer stands motionless except for wild clockwork gestures when the strobes flick on. The guitarists buzz blankly around his feet.

It's curious that the word "insane" might be applied in different contexts to either The Pop Group or Otway.

Perhaps that's the only possible aesthetic reason for billing them together.

Of course, Otway's is a comfortable, reassuring brand of lunacy. He doesn't come over as quite the ruthless anarchist his image makes him out to be when he's playing to a devoted crowd of these proportions.

He stumbles and shambles around the stage, strums guitar and sings in those unmistakeable tortured tones.

"Really Free," the number everyone had come to hear, started the set. Unfortunately, for anyone who isn't a John Otway worshipper, the act tends to go downhill from that peak.

Wild Willy played electric violin (a particularly irritating instrument at the best of times) on some of the folksy numbers.

Frankly, if you forget the live antics and the one classic single, this would be a fairly average folk duo out of their depth.

It was entertaining, sure, in an old, long-haired sort of way, but not the stuff of which dreams are made.

Or follow-up hits either.

Kim Davis

Wild John *Pic: CHRISTINE SIVIOUR*

Richard Digance

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

THE IDEA, you see, was to showcase Richard Digance — amiable Cockney veteran of the folk club circuit — in his first solo London concert, record the result, and slap it out as a live album later in the year.

Quite how many people would be willing to brave the skateboarders on the South Bank on a Monday night was another question, so what they did, you see, was guarantee that everyone in the audience gets their name printed on the album sleeve.

So the QEH was 70 per cent full of Digance fans and egomaniacs out to wish him well and get their monicker above Garrod and Lofthouse.

Considering the pressures, Digance did fine. He was amusing and accomplished, although the scope he tried to establish in his two-hour set ended up as a hit and miss selection, too much variety and not enough balance.

He can write very funny songs, ("Drag Queen Blues") or moving and incisive songs like "They've Taken My Lifetime Away," occasionally lapsing into twee observations, as on "Petticoat Lane."

The first half ended with a shambling version of "Working Class Millionaire," probably his best known song, and one that could become a millstone round his neck, as "Streets Of London" became for Ralph McTell.

Some of the electrical material worked sensationally, with a band that included erstwhile Steeleye bassist Rick Kemp and Jethro Tull drummer Barrie Barlow.

Songs like "All Right On The Night" and a new one, "I Wanna Be There When You Make It", really benefited from the band's contribution.

It was an enjoyable, undemanding evening; Digance has a nice line in between-songs patter, and really can get an audience involved with music hall material like "Drinking With Rosie," with some fine solo drinking from the band.

The album will be a pleasant souvenir, and remember, the name to look out for on the sleeve is . . .

Patrick Humphries

Fats Domino

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

I SEEM to remember that a couple of times recently when The Daddy of Them All was over here he got several reprimands from the music press for short, lacklustre sets, trotting out the hits like a juke-box.

Some said that maybe he was ill or just clapped out with travelling.

Anyway this time the Daddy played like a mother for a good hour-and-a-half and everybody had a good time.

It was the same hits mixture, but who wants to hear anything else anyway?

The sound from the band was a bit dodgy, no doubt because of the dire accoustics of Hammersmith Odeon, but Fats was loud and clear — and he was THERE.

A magic bloke, this little fat man seated at the grand with his flowery jacket like Vymura kitchen wallpaper — he must do it on purpose — and the crypton glow of his amply-jewelled mits pounding the ivories.

The grin that launched a million Teds — under a hairdo looking like it was specially moulded by a team of aeronautics experts out of recycled record vinyl and Super Epoxy. . .

About six numbers into the set he announces a dedecation to Elvis — "a fine man as well as a fine artist" — and launches into "Blueberry Hill". Then plays it again so we can all sing along. And we do.

Every so often he stops to ask us what we wanna hear.

The Daddy of them all — the Mother of a show

Nobody seems to agree. We've all got our favourites. Fats grins.

All the time he's being watched over by his old songwriter / trumpeter / sidekick Dave Bartholomew. One of the saxmen, known as The Dancer, prances around cooling out the section with his leopardskin print handkerchief in between quick mashed potatoes, frugs, what-have-yous ... but nobody can take the attention away from the night's Main Man.

Towards the end the four saxes and two trumpets wander offstage as Fats, the two guitarists, bass and drums launch into "When The Saints ..." I guess you can still do that if you actually come from New Orleans ... Then suddenly the horns are among us, wandering up and down the aisles for applause and handshakes ...

Spirit of New Orleans or just corn?

Well, plenty of us dug it. Happy street music in Hammersmith Odeon, 1978 ... Time warp in a Babylon.

Fats returns in his gaberdine for encore. More hits.

He had his first one in 1949. My Dad dressed from Weaver-To-Wearer and couldn't even play a mouth organ.

R. Jimlad

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

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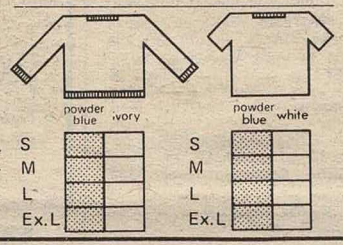

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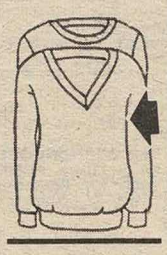

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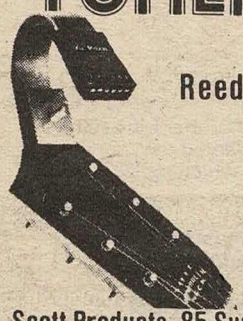

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THE JAM IN THE USA

Continued from page 31

intended order. Basically, though, it comes down to a confrontation between a nebulous authority figure(s) and the individual(s) in "the crowd".

The two central tracks are "Standards" and "The Combine", the one portraying the authoritarian voice over a crisp variant upon "I Can't Explain", including a line about the Pistols — *"We'll outlaw your voices, do anything we want/We've nothing to fear from the nation"* — and the other describing the panic and pressures to conform of life in the crowd. This track, "The Combine", was inspired in fact by *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, though you'd never guess from hearing it — the reference evidently comes when the protagonist dreams of escape whilst accepting the status quo (in the case of the Indian chief in *Cuckoo's Nest*, playing dumb and insane) simply to survive.

" 'Standards' was like the people who set the film, who write the scripts and that, and 'The Combine' was like the participants in it — the actors. But it was so subtle," Weller laughs, "no one understood it. For the next LP, we're thinking of having a little booklet in it . . ."

The dual 'voices' have been widely misunderstood. For instance, "Here Comes The Weekend" begins with what I take to be the 'authorities' view — *"Don't hang around and be foolish/Do something constructive with your weekend"* — which people have criticised for its ungainly language, assuming it to be Weller speaking. In fact, Weller would seem to see the weekend as a sop, an opiate, which is why he concludes: *"Here comes the weekend, I'm gonna do my head/Here comes the weekend, the weekend is dead."*

The album's great strength, though, is the way these generalisations are expressed from such an intensely personal angle, partly via the lyrics and, overwhelmingly, through Weller's brilliant singing, which has that quality of reflective privacy inherent in the greatest of all great pop singing, whether it be Ray Davies on "Waterloo Sunset" or Marc Bolan on "The Slider".

No wonder Weller talks about the studio as "more sacred" than live work, and is reluctant to play "Away From The Numbers", "Life From A Window" and "Tonight At Noon" onstage. The latter in particular, with its transcendental quality, like a dozen Kinks songs rolled into one — "See My Friends", "So Tired", so many others, they're all there with a depth and tranquillity Ray Davies can only locate in his most inspired moments anymore — yes, I can see why Weller would consider it sacrilege to play that live.

This band has assumed the true mantle of the '60s: the taste, the feeling, the honesty, the soul.

In performance, I reckon The Jam match up to any of the '60s greats. Foxton and Buckler are a faultless rhythm section; Weller and Foxton are possibly the greatest vocal partnership since Lennon/McCartney and the Davies brothers; and as for Paul Weller's guitar playing, his rhythm arsenal is so complete I can even forgive him for calling Hendrix "shit".

Obviously Weller's words — although far more humane and sympathetic than anybody gives him credit for — still have a long way to go before they achieve the magic of Lennon, Townshend and Ray Davies at their peak. Learning the importance of making things rhyme would be a start.

But musically I reckon he's almost right up there with the gods — though it's hard to tell without words you can really fall in love with.

It takes a long time to sink in. As recently as a fortnight ago, I was still agreeing with people who said "In The City" was a better album than "This Is The Modern World". Finally, after a hell of a lot of plays, the scales have fallen from my ears.

Paul Weller is right: if you don't make the effort to understand it now, you'll feel pretty foolish later.

And like he says, he has no contemporaries.

SO HERE WE ALL are back together again. To those who skipped the last bit: you missed out on loads of fab stuff about The True Mantle Of The 1960s and that — but where we're headed for now, that verbiage could hardly be more irrelevant.

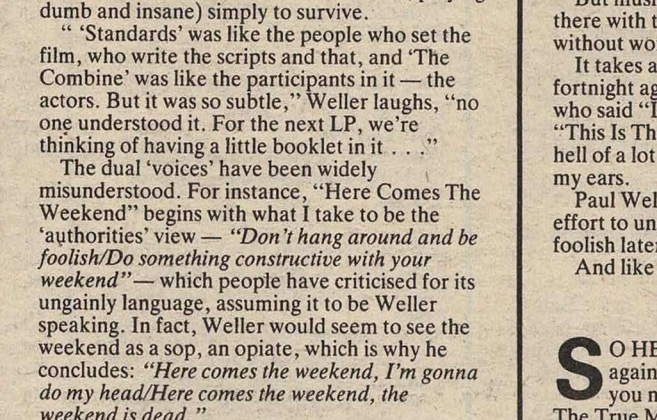
The Tower Theatre, Philadelphia, an audience that looks identical to the one in Bridgeport except it's come to see The Ramones, The Runaways and The Jam, and the third band is on the stand right now and they are *devastating* this crowd.

It's a triumph, and it demonstrates that the audience for this novel kind of music — rock'n'roll — does exist in the States. The acclaim at the end of the set was so protracted the band could have gone away and changed their suits before encoring.

The Jam have always been an exciting live band, but now they are so much more. They've got depth.

Their hand is upon the key, and I don't think they're going to let go until they've opened the door.

Then we'll really see something.



ACROSS

1 Powerpoppers in the money, by the Sex Pistols out of Slik! (4, 4)
4 Hearsay of doubtful accuracy, viz GP!
7 Sometimes lyricist to Pete Atkin's music (5,5)
8 U.S. inventor who devised the definite noise reduction system for tape decks
9 Wait badger, heaven! (anag. 7,5,4)
15 U.S. outfit known as 'first of the heavy bands', they made their name by lengthy, extravagant, cinerama-type arrangements of pop standards (7,5)
17 Singular member of Cody's country-rock crew (4,6,6)
21 See 6
22 Legendary R&B rhythm guitarist, a sometimes member of the MGs
23 Miss Safka of the kafkans and soppy songs
24 Dandies in drapes!
25 Second World War powerpoppers!
26 Remember his falsetto rendition of "Tiptoe Thru' The Tulips"? If he was just starting now, he'd probably be signed to Stiff! (4,3)
27 See 10

DOWN

1 From N.Y. City and ex of Television, a pioneer of the Blank Generation (7,4)
2 Fired by CBS, he started his own Arista label (5,5)
3 Born Nashville 1946, died Macon, Georgia, 1971 (5,6)
4 See 19
5 Gnat insect from 1 across!
6 & 21 This week it's his group's turn to be the biggest in the Western World!
10 & 27 Yes Drummer
11 Oldfart's golden meal ticket! (7,5)
12 Stones' album, Brian Jones' last (7,7)
13 ". . . Of Earl" — Gene Chandler
14 Floyd guitarist (4,7)
16 Rod Stewart's first big hit 45 (6,3)
18 "Anything That's Rock'n'Roll" " and "American Girl" are two of his songs (3,5)
19 & 4 down Rick Parfitt's headbanging colleague
20 Born Seattle 1942, died London 1970

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Jonathan Richman; 7 (Ringo) Starr; 9 Max Boyce; 10 (Graham) Nash; 11 Linda Ronstadt; 12 Cat Stevens; 13 (Dave) Crosby; 15 (John) Entwistle; 17 (Tony) Ashton; 18 Smokey Robinson; 22 Joni (Mitchell); 24 "Red Shoes"; 25 Dave Clark (Five); 27 Todd (Rundgren); 28 Levon Helm; 29 Mike McGear; 32 Johnny (Ramone); 33 "(Jesus Of) Cool"; 34 "(Another Time) Another Place"; 35 "(Knock On Wood". **DOWN:** 1 Jean Jacques Burnel; 2 "News Of The World"; 3 "Aja"; 4 "Come On"; 5 "Albatross"; 6 Mick Taylor; 8 (Paul) Rodgers; 11 "Let It Be"; 14 Lenny Kay; 16 Tubes; 17 "Another Time (Another Place)"; 19 Roger Dean; 20 Howard Devoto; 21 Mick Avory; 23 Shaun (Cassidy); 26 Tommy (Ramone); 30 "Knock (On Wood)"; 31 Tony (Ashton).

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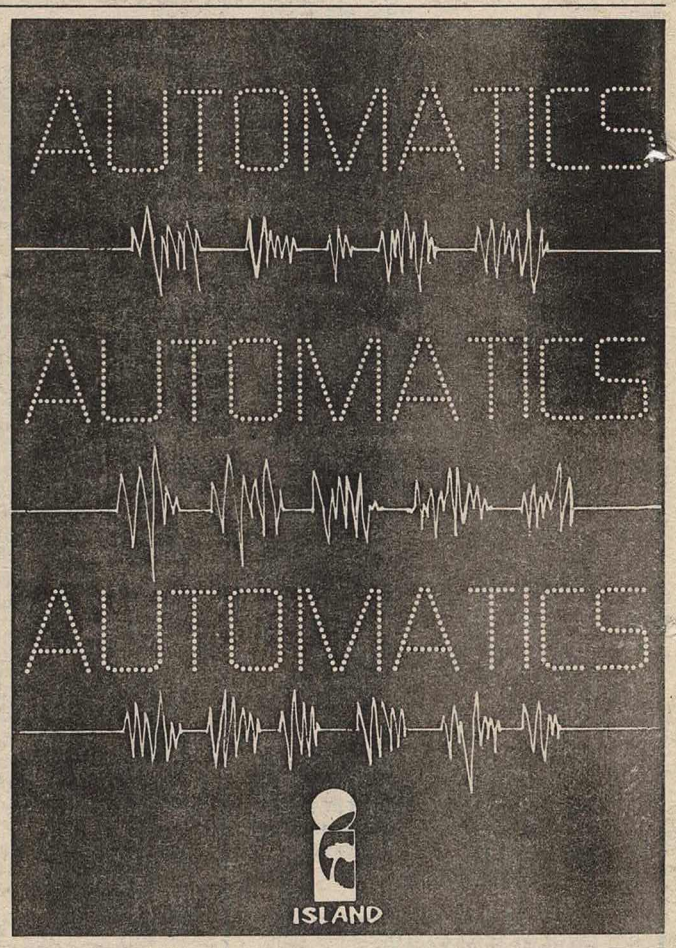


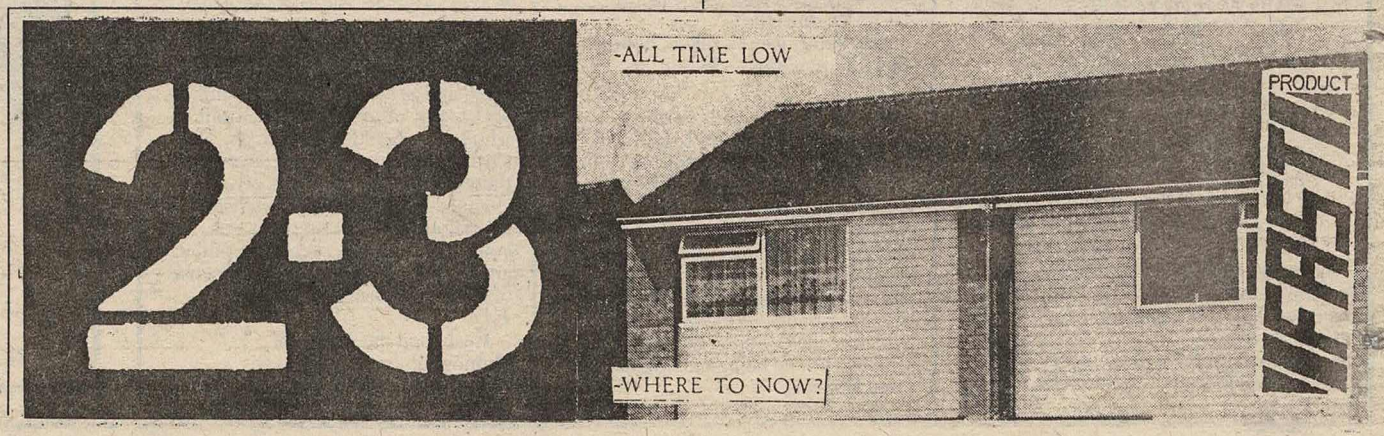
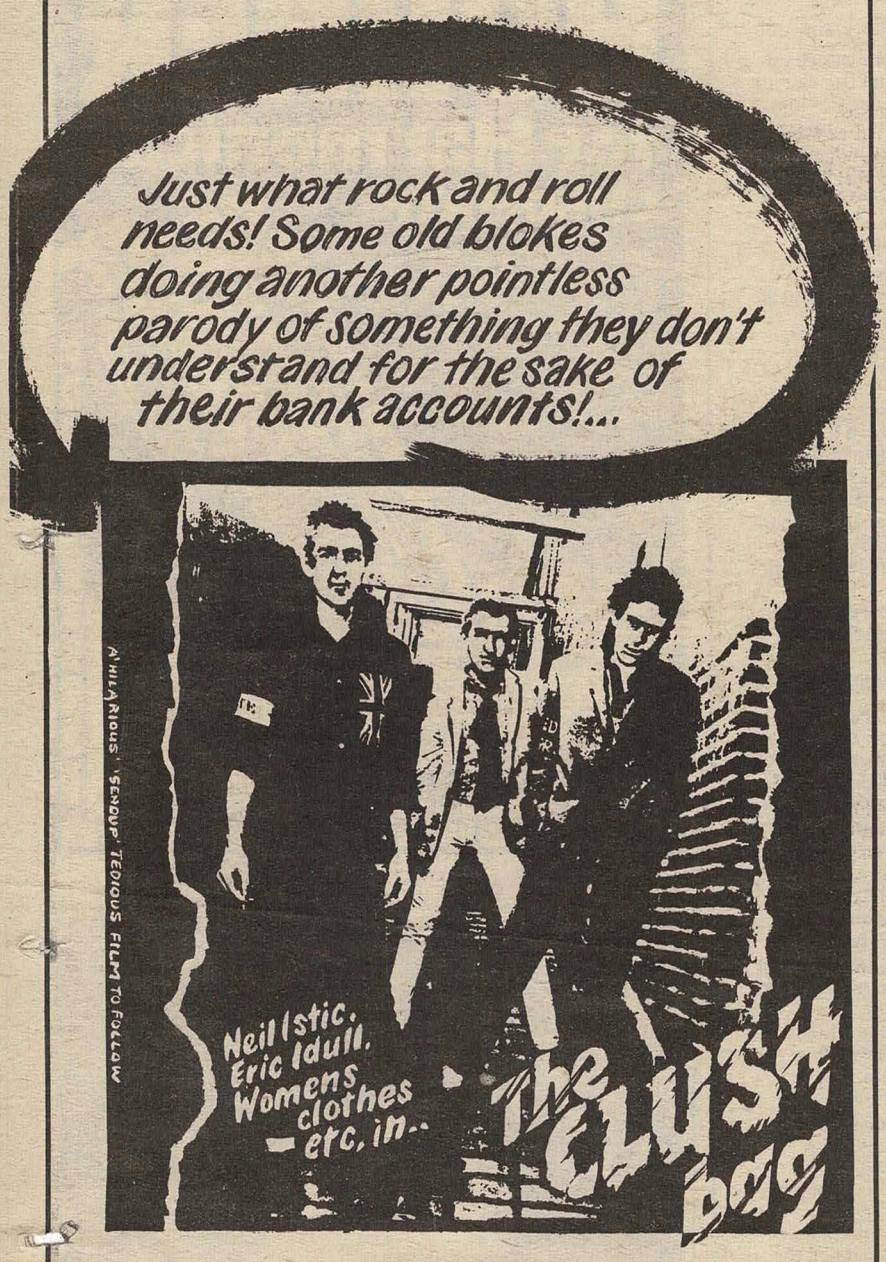


Illustration by Mr Lowry


Just what rock and roll needs! Some old blokes doing another pointless parody of something they don't understand for the sake of their bank accounts!...
A HILARIOUS SENDUP TEDIOUS FILM TO FOLLOW
Neil Istic, Eric Idull, Womens clothes - etc. in..
the Clash pop

I HAVE JUST got home after an incredible gig at the Bristol Locarno (all bow to Mecca) from Sham 69. While queueing to get in I noticed the bouncers weren't letting anyone in who "looked under 18", so of course there was a large crowd peering through the glass. But when the bouncers realised the place was only about one-fifth full (very little advance publicity) they started letting the "kids" in.

During the gig someone in the crowd told Jimmy Pursey, who then dedicated two songs to the Mecca Penguins, "They Don't Understand" and "It's A Rip Off".

After the gig we went backstage to the dressing room to talk to the band. After five minutes some bouncers came in and told us to leave. Naively thinking they were worried about the band we left and waited outside the Locarno main doors. A few minutes later Jimmy Pursey was rushed out holding his head and fell on the pavement. He couldn't get up for a couple of minutes and when he did his right eye was closed and swollen. During the gig he said this was the best year of his life and that it didn't matter if you were a punk, skinhead or a Ted as long as you got your shit together. Like you said Jimmy — "They don't understand".

As for the people who beat him up, I feel really sorry for you. Did he insult your manhood? Tell us the truth!

A PACIFIST PUNK,
Weston-Super-Mare, Avon.
Obviously Jimmy is very disappointed at the 'treatment' extended him in Bristol and definitely won't be playing the Locarno again (although no action is being taken). Hope everyone's proud of themselves! — M.S.

I WANT TO mention the sodding rip-off by Sham 69 at the Kings Hall gig. Although it said on the tickets £1.50, people were charged £2 for them. When we realised wot was happening we had an argument with a tosspot who claimed it was the "F...ing council who dictate the f...ing ticket prices." This is complete cock. At every other gig it's been £1.50 on the tickets and that's what they cost. About two months earlier I saw Sham 69 and Menace, their useless support band, for 90p. That was too much. We eventually went to see *Star Wars* which was much more interesting.

So if Pursey is reading this: If you ever sing "Hey Little Rich Boy" in Derby again, beware, you stand a chance of being killed. Sham 69 can screw themselves.

BORIS LIONFUMBLER, Allestree, Derby.
Don't suppose for a moment that Sham had anything whatsoever to do with the ticket prices. Check out the council before dismissing it as cock, cock (affectionate London term, guv) — M.S.

JIM PURSEY'S politics maybe what's foremost in the minds of your male readers — and doo't fob me off with stories about Debbie Harry being a bloke!

Tell us the WHOLE truth.

PURSEY FAN (in need of visual stimulation), Peckham.
We would, if we knew what you was on about. — M.S.

CONGRATULATIONS to Elvis, Bruce, Steve and Pete for what they did to the Ulster Hall on St. Pat's Night. The audience in general seemed a) cynical, b) pissed, c) to have an overwhelming desire to murder anyone of a different religion, but when the Attractions took the stage the roof lifted off and landed somewhere in the Pacific.

Battling against a dire sound system and the few stage-rushers (raced on during the third number, "Les Than Zero", got the mike and yelled "You're not a punk!" or something equally banal) and the management, Elvis finally persuaded us to get onto our feet for the set's last three numbers before retiring gracefully. Music starved Belfast, however, got 'im back for four encores including "Radio Radio", "Mystery Dance" and, perhaps symbolically, "I'm Not Angry".

I have just had a Close Encounter of the Fifth Kind and its name was Elvis Costello.

SHUTT, Belfast, N. Ireland.
P.S. Do I get a token for the most cliches in one letter?
Yeah, Shutt, a book token. Sounds like a good night. — M.S.

LAST NIGHT we had the pleasure of seeing Elvis Costello embark on his tour, at the Stella. Towards the end of the gig the dear boy told the people of Dublin how great it was to be back amongst some 'real human beings' after 'all those Yanks'. Earlier in the evening we had been trying to get an interview with him for "The Wimp Wonder Comic" — a Dublin fanzine (which is, incidentally, dedicated to Mr Costello, he being the original wimp wonder).

He had been decidedly unco-operative, rude and arrogant, promising to see us later about it, obviously having no intention of doing so. One of the questions we had for him was: "Has success changed you?" (NB. Not all our questions were as inane as this) — even though we didn't get our interview, we certainly got an answer to that question. So much for the 'real human beings' Declan — where were you?

Yours in disillusionment.
KATY AND PAULA, Killiney, Co Dublin
Nobody's perfect, not even Clark Kent. — PERRY WHITE

ELVIS COSTELLO fans — please don't ring the phone number scratched on the 'special pressing' on his new album. "This Years Model". If you do you will find no "Moira" giving away "prizes". You will in fact find *me* at WEST END CENTRAL POLICE STATION.

INSPECTOTR RADAR, West end Central C.I.D., London.
Hello, hello. . . the plot thickens. — M.S.

SCENE — It's Easter, in the Batcave BATMAN and ROBIN have been doing a review for the Gotham City music press. But are now having Lunch.

ROBIN: Holy Ghost, Batman! My brand new copy of CLARK KENT's elpee states on side 2: "A porky prime cut".

BATMAN: True, Robin, that's expected, isn't it?

ROBIN: Wait Batman, side one is strange. It says "SPECIAL PRESSING 003, RING 434 3232 ASK FOR MOIRA FOR YOUR PRIZE". Can I borrow 2p for the Batphone???

BATMAN: No, stop Boywonder! I think we should contact the *NME* under the Freedom of information Act, because if I'm right the whole wide world could be in danger from RIVIERA GLOBAL PRODUCTIONS LTD!!

ROBIN: You don't mean that Jesus of Cool The Riddler and his friend Joker Jake, do you???

BATMAN PUTS HIS HAND IN HIS UTILITY BELT.

BATMAN: Ugh! Penguin! Yes Robin I do . . .

ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN DOOMED! PLEASE WILL NME INVESTIGATE THESE STRANGE FINDINGS AND THE MYSTERIOUS TELEPHONE NUMBER . . .

JERRY SKELTON, Potterne, Wilts.
Not too mysterious, comic cats. That number is The Golden Shot and your special prize is a sepia poster of Bob Monkhouse. — BERNIE THE BOLT.

DEAR NICK LOGAN,

I'm afraid to disappoint you but Ma Logan is somebody else's Ma, not yours. She is actually the mother of Jimmy Logan, well known Scottish entertainer, and Annie Ross, well known Jazz singer. I wish you luck in your quest.

T STEELE (England's Alex Harvey).
Quite a blow. Thanks anyway. — N.L. (NME's Dame Harold Evans).

WHAT if there was a Blondie and no one came?

F.S.L. LYONS, Dublin.
The world might be a better place and a lot of dry-cleaners would go out of business. — M.S.

I HAVE two copies of "Alright Now" by Free. One is on the Island label and the other is on the A & M label. How come?

AN OLD HIPPY.
Because, dodo, you're too stoned to read the small print. The A&M one is American — DR FRED DELLAR

I WAS disgusted at the snippet you put into *Thrills* the week before last concerning the Rush dinner. It brought out to me, yet again, the reason why I loathe punk (or is it New Wave) so much. The only thing they want to do is enjoy themselves at someone else's expense.

For a long time I have been a fan of Rush and as far as I know they think very highly of the people in Britain who enjoy their music so much. Christ, I wouldn't be at all surprised if these views have been entirely changed by the mindless behaviour of these cretins. What's more is that your paper actually seemed to find it amusing. God what an amazing sense of humour you've got. *(Thanks. — Ed.)*

Rush, and the people of Phonogram, must have been extremely embarrassed and I only hope that they don't think that these 'punks' represent the majority of the population and that we all, yet again, apologise for their pathetic behaviour.

There are many people in this land who want Rush respecting us as much as we respect them but if these 'people' continue doing the same sort of things that they are at present doing then we fear greatly losing this respect.

All that is left to say is that I hope Rush can ignore the few and come back to please the many.

ME, Reading, Berkshire.
Modest Bob 'Geldof' and the other 'Rats' (and 'ladies'?) are really sorry for causing any embarrassment. 'Honest'. Burp. — ROBBIE THE ROADIE.

NEVER mind the Bollocks, when's the next Clash LP, maaan!

IMPATIENT
When they've got through putting people in camps, maaan — A BIG KNOB.

JUST a short letter to say HI! and also that I shan't be going to Knebworth this year unless they book some better bands.

D PEARSON, Goole, N Humberside.
P.S. I ain't never been to Knebworth.
And I ain't never been to Chelsea . . . well, only once, when Wolves played there. — SAMMY CHUNG.

WITHIN THE past week or two, German television has treated me to full-length concerts from Spirit and Dickey Betts (went on until 5 am with simultaneious VHF radio), Ian Dury doing "Sweet Gene Vinvent" and "Upminster Kid", Graham Parker doing "New York Shuffle" and "Don't Ask Me Questions" as well as bits and pieces from Ultravox (well, nobody's perfect), No Dice and The Stranglers (Jean-Jaques Burnel broke a string miming to "Grip"). Of course there's been plenty from such no-hopers as Sweet and Smokie but at least over here on the Continent they (the media) don't seem scared stiff of giving extensive coverage to both the New Wave (even if it is shop-soiled) and "minority" or "cult" groups i.e. those who are neither Fleetwood Mac-type mega-sellers nor nice safe outfits like the two mentioned above. Spirit, by the way, were little (if at all) short of superb — very tight, very powerful — and it's a shame that, according to the announcer, this was probably their last concert together. B.O.F.s? Never! Wake up BBC otherwise you're likely to get annexed.

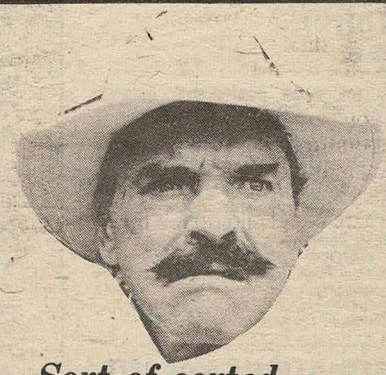
MIKE JONES, W Germany.
We got Spirit here, too, Mike, but anyway you deserve a bit of bunce if you're living in Bundersleagueland. — M.S.

CREEPY CRAWLEY must need a brain transplant. I too am a regular punter at the Greyhound, and unlike his mates, I go to see the band play — not to stand around and pretend I'm the greatest thing ever to walk into the gaff (I don't need to pretend). There have been some really excellent gigs up there in the past, particularly by the Rats, Heartbreakers and Buzzcocks. The only thing that spoils the place is the skinheads, who, until they discovered Sham 69 a few weeks ago, were punks. They'd deny that now — after all, punk's dead, ain't it?

Even when this moronic bunch were punks, they still insisted on buggering up everyone else's evening with their constant spitting and bickering. Now that they've discovered Sham, they think they're really great, truly wunnerful, and the latest and greatest in a long line of trends. And, don't forget kiddies, this entitles them to screw it all up for everyone else who appreciates good music.

Like someone said after he played up there, they're a bunch of insecure macho weekend punks (skins) with a masculinity problem. If they can suss out what that means.

K.T.



Sort of sorted by Monty Smiff

I THINK you are really un-hip, especially CSM. I have paid my weekly fee for you're boring old paper for nearly three years and will no doubt continue to do so, but will you please take a lesson from your hip letter writers, and sack CSM and others, bring in some good witted persons, and call the paper Gasbag and make Gasbag *NME*.

FOX TITS, Northolt, Middlesex.
Right you are Mr (or Ms) Tits. Order next week's Gasbag now. — M.S.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY I HATE YOU. How dare you call Flintlock Wimplets. They're a darn sight better than Ignorant Pigs like you, who doesn't know a good song when they here it. *(Sic).*

"Mony Mony" by Flintlock is the best single I have ever heard and anybody who says anything different had just better watch out.

A MADDENED FLINTLOCK FAN.
Blimey, they've got it in for Charlie haven't they. Tough bunch, eh? — M.S.

I HAVE just returned to England after being lost deep in the Amazon Jungle for two years. Could you please tell me what this new wave punk thing is about?

MAJOR FARQUER FFORBES Cheltenham, Glos.
Basically, Major, it's an on-going energising situation which has managed to polarise the punters. There's a bit of rock'n'roll in there somewhere, too. — M.S.

FIRST M.O.R., B.O.F.'S AND H.M., now H.E.L. Why not abbreviate the whole lot and fit in all on one page? T.T.F.N.

M.F. ACTION, Fulham, SW6.
O.K. — M.S.

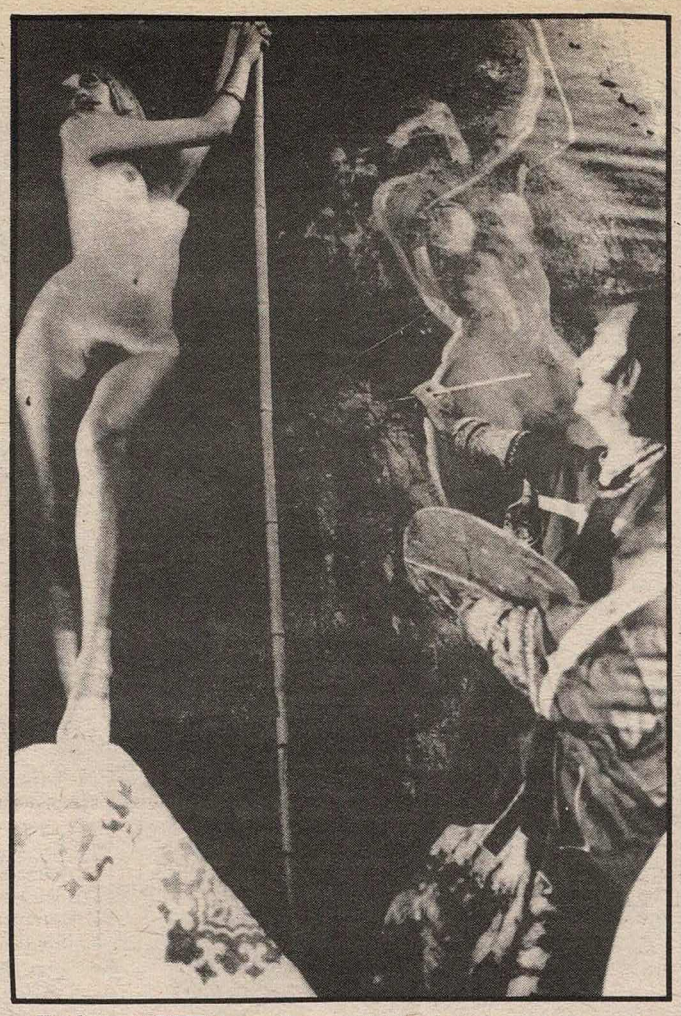
I AM a Sabaff fan,
And I am a little fick.
I've seen the band a hundred times,
'Cos I fink Sabaff's it!

I never wash my hair at all,
My clothes look like old sacks,
And every time I shake my head,
The dandruff falls down my back.

We cannot clap our hands in time,
They miss and go elsewhere,
So instead we raise two fingers,
And wave them in the air.
THE END.

M. OLIVER, Dagenham, Essex.

Sent in by the original ANON ENTITY



We here at NME have always prided ourselves as being in the forefront of the fight against sexism. So after our Iggy exposure in T'rills a coupla weeks back, we proudly present (for purely artistic reasons, of course) SALVADOR DALI in the process of painting a portrait of the very lovely AMANDA LEAR.

teazers

A WEEKLY EXHUMATION

HAD A NICE Easter then? Gotten nice'n sick of an O.D. on Easter eggs, have you? Fine — you're in just the right mood for *T-zers,* the column that makes it easier to be queasier ...

You could end up feeling almost as queasy as celebrated guitarist and moustache-sporter **Joe Walsh, Eagle**-about-town and Californian resident, who this week took out an extraordinary advertisement in *Music Week.* For the benefit of those of you who aren't regular readers of that periodical, *T-zers* takes the liberty of quoting said ad to you.

From the top: "To the English Music Community: I wish it to be know that the current ABC / Anchor release 'Joe Walsh So Far So Good' (ABCL 5240) was initiated without my consent. I was not involved in any phase of the LP's release. Best regards, Joe Walsh."

We here at Teazers weren't involved in any phase of that album's release either — even though we don't bother to announce the fact unless provoked — but we rang Anchor Records anyway. Were they helpful? Not a lot. Apparently the album "turned up on their release schedules" so they put it out, and they don't know what the hell's going on either. So how could such a thing happen to a man who — in his capacity as an Eagle — is managed by one of the heaviest (and we mean that most sincerely, friends) managers in the biz, **Irving** ("Joe Walsh is now an Eagle and as such does not talk to the press") **Azoff?** What's the point of a manager who can't even make sure that record companies don't issue "product" without an artist's consent?

Still, for the last eighteen months, **The Eagles** have been selling a million albums every thirty days, so they should worry ...

And so it goes, so it goes: pop stars have been Saying Things again. Fab **Macca** told *US* magazine: "I used to wake up to chicks and old drinks. Now I wake up to my own children. 1977 has been a recording year for Wings. We didn't want to go out and do live stuff because that is very hectic, what with a new baby. You can't leap offstage and say, 'sorry folks, we've just got to have our baby, excuse us a minute ...' We've heard of lack of forward planning, but that's ridiculous ...

Tickets for **Graham Parker and The Rumour's** *Old Groaning Gristle Test* show — complimentary from The Beeb to lucky people — changing hands for a fiver a throw in the pubs down Shepherd's Bush before the taping; those who were in the studio saw what we at home missed: GP doing an encore with a white ferret on his arm ...

Antipodean entrepreneur **Robert Stigwood** — the **Rupert Murdoch** of rock — apparently well pissed off that the **Bee Gees'** soundtrack for *Saturday Night Fever* hasn't been nominated for any Oscars (boooo! hissss! shame!) Still, the list of folks who showed up for the premiere was so star-studded that all we here at *T-Zers* can say is getcha heads down for a solid wodge of black type: **John Travolta, Robin Gibb, Keith Moon, David Frost, Helen Mirren, Peter Sellers, Bianca Jagger** *(who?—Ed.),* **Quentin Crisp, Charlie Gillett, Alvin Stardust, Dee Harrington, Alan Ayckbourn, Joyce McKinney** (the Mormon bondage girl), **Jordan, Adam Ant, Lionel Bart, Graham Chapman ...** had enough? Oh, alright then ...

More loose talk: **Hot Rods'** shy retiring **Dave Higgs** gives vent to the longest Dave Higgs quote we here at Teazers have ever seen: "New York bands don't realise they all have to play the same song together. They don't realise that you all have to tune your guitars with one another. They don't realise that the drummer has to be playing in time with the bass player, that the rhythm guitar player has to play in time with the rhythm section, or that the singer has to sing in the same key that the band's playing in." S'funny, Dave, reminds us of a few not-too-distant Rods gigs ...

Hey, here's a *rilly nice T-Zer* for all you concerned human beings oot there: plans are currently afoot in L.A. *(where else, maaaaaan? — Ed)* to promote a "Save The Whale" gig which'll make The Concert For Bangla Desh look like a village fete. Slated to appear are **Eric Clapton** and **The Beach Boys,** plus a yet-undisclosed herd of other assorted Pop Stars, and — believe it or not — there are rumours to the effect that all of **The Rutles** *(I don't think you've got that quite right, somehow — Ed)* — sorry, all of **The Beatles** — will be performing there as individuals with their own groups. Yawn, snore, believe it when we see it, blah, blah, etc ...

And if you think that's small potatoes, bub, wait'll you pop the peepers onto *these* french fries: the most expensive rock concert ever in the history of the universe (until later this year when some megalobozo promoter is sure to try for a bigger one) is currently being put together at the Ontario Motor Speedway in Ontario, California (not to be confused with Ontario, Canada, or Ontario anywhere else). An entire temporary city is being constructed to house the anticipated audience of between 300,000 and 400,000 punters, and the "entertainment" consists of **Aerosmith, Foreigner, Heart, Dave Mason, Ted Nugent, Santana, Rubicon** and **Bob Welch.** Ain't you glad you don't live in California? ...

The New Wave may be boring, quasi-respectable and Last Year's Thing an t'ing to hipsters like you, mush, but not to the U.S. Immigration Authorities: **The Stranglers** only got their U.S. visas six hours before their flight was due to depart. Nubiles and others may be interested to know that the bully boys' new album will be called "Black And White", even though **Billy Preston** and **Buddy Miles** will not be guesting ...

Revenge revenge revenge is sweet sweet sweet: after **Wreckless Eric's** impugning of **Elvis Costello,** The Ministry Of Instant Karma is moderately amused to report that Hull's hottest product since **Mick Ronson** used to play in a coupla hometown bands called **Addis And The Flip Flops** and **Rudy And The Takeaways** — bet *they* never thunk they'd get their names in *T-Zers...*

Would you let these men flick *your* Bic: a line of Rock Lighters are being launched in the States imprinted with the logos of **The Bee Gees, Boston, Doobie Bros, Commodores, Peter Frampton, Jefferson Starship, Steve Miller Band, Fleetwood Mac, Foreigner, Marshall Tucker Band** and **Yes.** *Naturlich,* all these bands will receive royalties from the sale of the lighters ...

Remember when **Jack Nietzche** swore that after **Mink DeVille** he'd never produce another rock band? Well, Jolly Jack is due to go into the studios soon with none other than The Big Zim himself, **Bobby Dylan ...**

Awards time comin' right up: Pre-Easter Gig Ligger Of The Week goes to **Brian James** of the soon-to-be-defunct **Dimmed,** seen at just about every major London gig and at Bedford College to see **Bethnal.** Reminding yerself of how it's done before The Dumbed farewell show, Bri? ...

Flat-out Schnurdo Of The Week is **Nicky Horne** for cutting into **The Pop Group's** final number at the Capital Radio **Otway / Barrett** gig at the Lyceum with a somewhat premature "Thank you very much, lads"...

At the Capital Radio Awards, only **Wings, ELO** and **Elton John** actually showed up to claim their prizes — oh yeah, and **The Boomtown Rats** showed, but they didn't win. Man Of The Match was good ol' **E.J.,** who pointed out that as he hadn't had any records out for two years "this award really belongs to **Elvis Costello".** Couldn't've put it better ourselves, Elt, and ... hell, let's dish out a third award for Gunga Din Of The Week to the Rethatched One, okay ...

Re last week's *Thrill* about the Badge Boom: we've been informed by **Andy Renton** of Communication Vectors that they go "to enormous lengths" to contact artists and managers whose names and logos they want to use on badges, and in fact pay a six per cent royalty to artists concerned. Andy also tells us that they were given to understand by **Tom Robinson Band's** management that they were permitted to produce a TRB badge, and when things were sorted out they halted production on the badge immmediately. So, if you so desire, you can buy a Communications Vectors badge secure in the knowledge that your faves ain't getting ripped off, see? ...

Here's a puzzler: which soon-to-retire rockmag editor (no, dumbo, it ain't **Nick Logan**) had his **Randy Newman** interview blown out when Randy had to rush off to comfort his wife, who was in the throes of childbirth (congratulations on the arrival of a new Short Person, Mr N) ...

When the three legends clash: JOHNNIE ALLEN, DAVE EDMUNDS and LEE BRILLEAUX sluice the juice at Dingbat's during a Carl Mann. Lensman: PAUL SLATTERY.

Seems that the **Boomtown Rats** and **Reggae Regular** won't be bopping too happily next time they hear **TRB's** "2-4-6-8 Motorway", reports our Motoring Correspondent **Crash Barrier:** on the way back from a gig in Bristol, R.R. swerved to avoid an articulated lorry that was being silly ahead of them and got shook up, while The Rats swerved to negotiate the gap and only succeeded in ripping the wing off their car ...

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	last week		
Cult figure, Modern World, T.V. Tube, Heart, 30p	1	(1)	BLONDIE (B/W)
Flamin' Groovies, Don't F - - -	2	(2)	BUZZCOCKS
With The Million, Dick Envy,	3	(N)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
Jesus Of Cool, Bernie Torme,	4	(N)	YELLO
Rush(x4), Seen, 25p	5	(5)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
Magazine "Both Sides"	6	(6)	F**K OFF (Wayne County)
Clash City Rockers	7	(7)	CLASH—POLICE
Zappa, 20p	8	(4)	ANARCHY IN THE U.K.
	9	(3)	SHAM 69
	10	(N)	999

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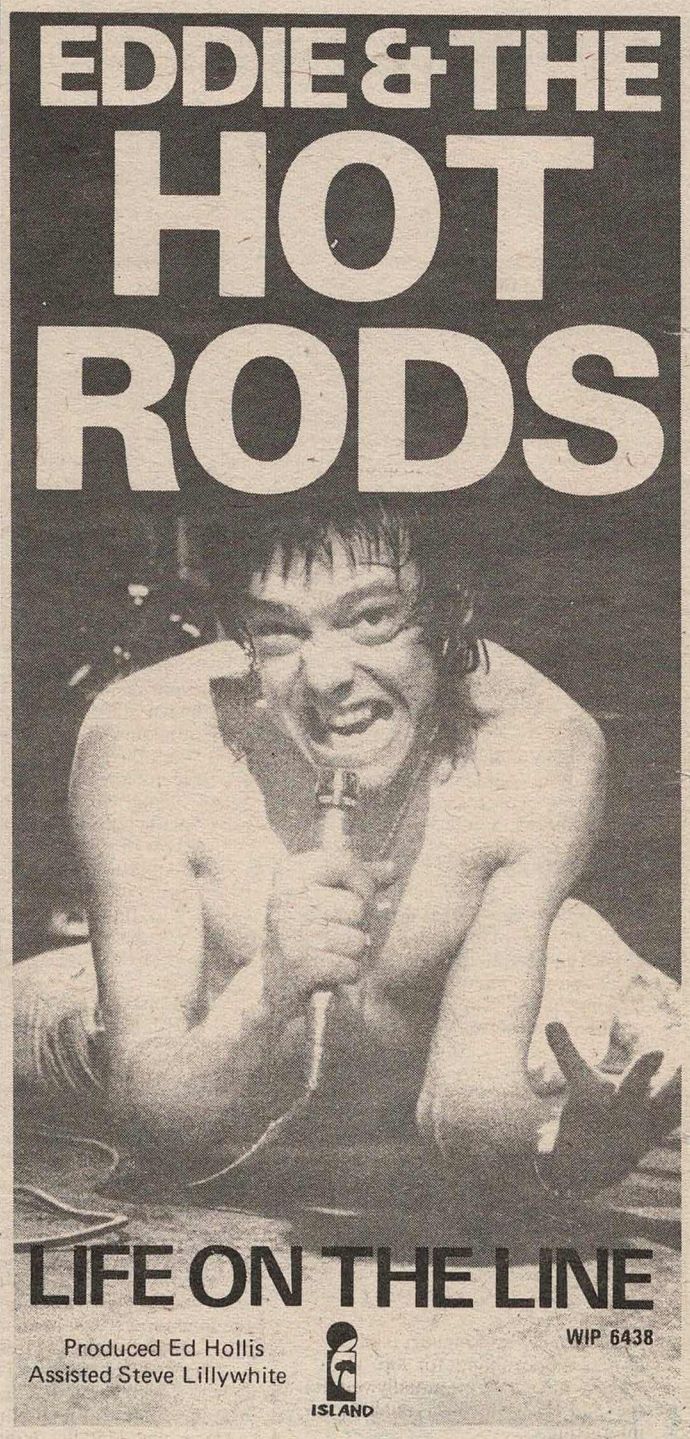

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